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The Canadian Magazine

THE WINDMILL

From the Etching by André Lapine, in the National Gallery of Canada

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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THE FIRST LORD LANSDOWNE

A SOLEMN WARNING AGAINST A PREMATURE AND DISASTROUS PEACE

BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN

IT is one of the curious coincidences of history that Lord Lansdowne, who is being censured for his eagerness to accept an inglorious peace with the Germans, is the direct descendant of the statesman who is responsible for the unfavourable terms of the peace made in 1783 between Great Britain and the United States. This was Lord Shelburne, who became the first Marquis of Lansdowne. The present Marquis is his great-grandson. The marquisate was conferred upon Shelburne for his services in arranging the treaty. This mark of favour is not to be regarded as proof that either the monarch or the nation was satisfied with his achievement. Far from it. George III., in a letter to Lord North, uttered his famous lament that he hoped posterity would not lay at his door the downfall of "this once respectable empire", while the principal public men of the time were of one mind in believing that "the sun of England's glory had set forever". Shelburne's reward was a form of polite dismissal. He was never afterwards employed in state affairs, although he lived on for more than twenty years. The British Empire did not, as so many feared, sink into insignificance, and soon regained its commanding place in the world. But the error of the first Lord Lansdowne brought many evils in its train, because the injustice of the peace kept alive misunderstandings, and created fresh ones, between two countries which ought to have been as friendly a century ago as they happily are to-day in the face of a common danger.

The useful purpose to be served in recalling the events of 1783 is to illustrate the permanent evils that follow a badly negotiated peace. The Americans, after France came to their aid, fairly won their independence. Whatever comfort we may extract from the causes and the circumstances of the defeat, a defeat it was. After Yorktown there could be no other result than an acknowledgment of independence. The English people, who backed the King at the start, had grown weary of the war. The House of Commons declared for peace, the Ministry of Lord North fell, and the King could not find Ministers willing to prolong the war. In this way the Rockingham and the Shelburne Ministries came into existence. They lasted rather less than one year. Lord Rockingham died three months after the Government was formed and Shelburne, continuing as a Secretary of State, became also Prime Minister. All the negotiations for peace with America, therefore, passed through his hands. There are few instances in history where a far-reaching blunder in a matter of high policy is so completely attributable to one man. Lord Shelburne, having served in the army, held a place at court in the early years of George III's reign. In due course, he embarked in politics, and as a follower of the elder Pitt shared that statesman's opposition to the American war. Being an Irish peer, he was eligible for a seat in the House of Commons. As an upholder of "the trumpet of sedition", which was the King's epithet for Pitt, Shelburne was not in the good graces of his sovereign and he was selected as the agent of the court in forming a ministry in 1782 not because he was liked, but because he was less hated than Fox. Between Shelburne and Fox there existed an undying feud. Fox complained that on a previous occasion his vote had been secured—oddly enough on the peace treaty which closed the Seven Years War—through gross deception on the part of Shelburne who was generally distrusted by his contemporaries on grounds the justice of which cannot be easily determined. He was styled "Malagrida" after the Italian Jesuit who was accused of conspiring against the King of Portugal, and it is related that Oliver Goldsmith who, we are told, "wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll" made one of his maladroit remarks respecting the nickname. "Do you know, my lord, I never could conceive why they call you 'Malagrida,' because Malagrida was a very good sort of a man." He meant to say, of course, that as Malagrida was a good man his name should not be used as a term of reproach.

It is a commentary upon the wretched state of the political situation at this time, that Fox and Shelburne, each jealous and mistrustful of the other, should have sat in the same cabinet when the dangers confronting the nation imperatively demanded unity. Fox was what would now be called Foreign Secretary and conducted the relations with foreign countries. Shelburne was Secretary of the Southern Department, which included all dealings with the colonies. The country was at war with France and Spain as well as with America, so that when the peace negotiations began in Paris, two sets of negotiations, proceeding apart, were set on foot. The agents of the two Secretaries did not confer together and were not in one another's confidence, being bound, as they properly enough believed, to keep secret the instructions given to them. The lack of co-operation certainly contributed to the final misfortune. Shelburne had secured from George III. an undertaking that if a treaty were presented to him he would sign it. Benjamin Franklin, who was in Paris as one of the American commissioners, had previously written to Shelburne, with whom he appears to have maintained friendly relations throughout the war, and this afforded an opportunity for opening informal communications. The person selected by Shelburne to approach Franklin was Richard Oswald. The choice of Oswald was entirely unsuitable. He is described as a Scottish merchant resident in London and known to the Government as an army contractor, possessing large interests in America and familiar with conditions there. Furthermore he had been consulted by Government both before and during the war and had evinced a desire to serve the state. But he was entirely without experience in diplomacy and but meagrely educated. He could not even speak French and an interpreter was employed when he called upon the French Minister, M. de Vergennes. He was guileless innocence itself in his interview with the astute Franklin. "I told him," Oswald records, "that I could not but congratulate him in his present happy situation, since I considered the settlement of a peace on a fair and equitable basis to be entirely in his hands. Since, to speak the truth, I could not help thinking, that when they as Commissioners of the Colonies were satisfied, they had it in their power to draw the line of such reasonable termination as ought and must content the other powers."*

Franklin naturally wrote to Shelburne that if he desired the negotiations to succeed he should entrust them to Oswald. Finding the British agent wedded to the American view, Franklin suggested a lasting peace by cession of Nova Scotia and Canada and the complete withdrawal of Great Britain from this continent. Oswald thought the demand reasonable and asked that the proposal be put in writing, undertaking to deliver it to Shelburne. Franklin cautiously replied that as the other American Commissioners had not arrived he was speaking only for himself. However, he obligingly drew up a memorandum of his claim for all the British possessions in America, and Oswald took it back with him to London.

On the receipt of this valuable suggestion, Shelburne had an opportunity of putting himself right. The unfitness of Oswald for such negotiations must have been evident. He could have been thanked for his services and an experienced man sent to replace him. The document, which came to be known as the "Canada Paper," might have been shown to the Cabinet. When the proposal ultimately became known to the other ministers, they were startled, especially Fox. Shelburne handed it back to Oswald without comment, although Oswald thought, mistakenly it seems, that it would be dealt with later, and probably form part of the terms of settlement. He encouraged Franklin, on returning to Paris, with this assurance, and the other American Commissioners were brought to consent to receive most of the North American continent instead of only a part of it. As the "Canada Paper" is not usually found in histories of the period it may be quoted here:

> To make a peace durable, what may give occasion for future wars should, if practicable, be removed.
>
> The territory of the United States and that of Canada by long extended frontiers touch each other.
>
> The settlers on the frontiers of the American provinces are generally the most disorderly of the people, who being far removed from the eye and control of their respective Governments, are most bold in committing offences against neighbours, and are for ever occasioning complaints and furnishing matter for fresh differences between their states.
>
> By the late debates in Parliament and public writings, it appears that Britain desires a reconciliation with the Americans. It is a sweet word. It means much more than a mere peace, and it is heartily to be wished for. Nations make peace whenever they are both weary of making war. But if one of them has made war upon the other unjustly, and has wantonly and unnecessarily done it great injuries, and refuses reparation; though there may for the present be peace, the resentment of those injuries will remain, and will break out again in vengeance, when occasions offer. Those occasions will be watched for by one side, feared by the other; and the peace will never be secure; nor can any cordiality exist between them.
>
> Many houses and villages have been burnt in America by the English and their allies, the Indians. I do not know that the Americans will insist on reparation. Perhaps they may. But would it not be better

---

*The Administrations of Great Britain, by Sir G. C. Lewis.

> for England to offer it? Nothing would have a greater tendency to conciliate. And much of the future commerce and returning intercourse between the two countries may depend on the reconciliation. Would not the advantage of reconciliation by such means be greater than the expense?
>
> If, then, a way can be proposed which may tend to efface the memory of injuries, at the same time that it takes away the occasions of fresh quarrels and mischief, will it not be worth considering, especially if it can be done not only without expense, but be a means of saving?
>
> Britain possesses Canada. Her chief advantage from that possession consists in the trade for peltry. Her expenses in governing and defending that settlement must be considerable. It might be humiliating to her to give it up on the demand of America. Perhaps America will not demand it. Some of her political rulers may consider the fear of such a neighbour as a means of keeping the thirteen States more united among themselves, and more attentive to military discipline. But in the mind of the people in general, would it not have an excellent effect if Britain should voluntarily offer to give up that province; though on these conditions: that she should in all times coming have and enjoy the right of free trade thither unincumbered with any duties whatsoever; that so much of the waste lands there shall be sold as will raise a sum sufficient to pay for the houses burnt by the British troops and their Indians, and also to indemnify the Royalists for the confiscation of their estates.
>
> This is mere conversation matter between Mr. O. and Mr. F., as the former is not empowered to make propositions, and the latter cannot make any without the concurrence of his colleagues.

Shelburne has been defended by a high authority for not disclosing this vital proposition to the cabinet. In doing so, no doubt, he would have discredited his agent, and another negotiator would have stiffened up the terms with America, because as time went on the victories of Admiral Rodney over the French at sea and the defeat of the attack upon Gibralter proved that England's position was not so hopeless as her statesmen believed it to be. Sir George Cornwall Lewis argues that as the paper was confidential, drew forth no answer, and was handed back, Shelburne was not obliged to communicate it to his colleagues. Oswald was again sent to Paris, this time as a regularly accredited representative with authority to sign a treaty and Shelburne thus assumed responsibility for what had happened before and for what happened afterwards. About this time, Fox resigned, refusing to serve under Shelburne. Until the Americans put forth their demands in set form, it does not seem that Oswald had any special instructions. No definite statement was given him as to the limit of concession or what things the honour and the interest of England regarded as inviolate.* There are notes among the Lansdowne papers on the negotiations and even a reply to the "Canada Paper," but there is no evidence that they were shown to Oswald, or that he used them to secure the best terms possible for his country. Nor had Shelburne the excuse that he did not recognize the incapacity of his representative. He wrote to him on finding that he backed up every American demand:

> I should act with great insincerity if I did not convey to you that I find it difficult if not impossible to enter into the policy of all that you recommend upon the subject of the fishery and the boundaries, and of the principle which you seem to have adopted of going before the Commissioners in every point of favour and confidence. The maxim is not only new in all negotiations, but I consider it as no way adapted to our present circumstances and as diametrically opposite to our interests in the present moment.

The American Commissioners thus had the game in their own hands and they played it skilfully. With Franklin were associated John Adams, John Jay, and Henry Laurens. Laurens arrived too late to join in the principal discussions. Although each of them acquitted himself with distinction the palm must be awarded to Franklin. This remarkable man was then in his 75th year. He had complete knowledge of his subject, and to unrivalled powers of dissimulation added resolute courage and vigour of mind. Surveying the whole field of the revolutionary war and the treaty which concluded it, the services of Franklin were of great value to his country. The criticisms that have been levelled at some of the proceedings of the Commissioners do not challenge their zeal and ability. One complaint is that they broke faith with Congress and framed a treaty without consulting France. Technically they were in the wrong, but as they knew that France and Spain were hostile to their demand for the Western territories and that France had sent a confidential agent to London to warn the British Government against making too generous concessions to the Americans, they kept the negotiations secret, and the result justified their precautions. They held out, unwisely as time has shown, against protection and fair terms for the Loyalists, but they could point to the excited state of feeling at home which, in their belief, would not permit any real concession. The article in the treaty on this point turned out to be quite illusory, as they must have known it would. American historians censure the treatment of the Loyalists as an error in national policy, but the Commissioners, as the leaders in a successful revolution, could not be expected to keep their heads on every point. In the exultant enthusiasm of victory the present was bound to outweigh the future. It was far otherwise with Shelburne, who earned neither the applause of his own generation nor the approval of posterity. He had not even made the best of a bad bargain. The treaty of peace, hastily made and bungled in the making, proved unsatisfactory to both countries. The acknowledgment of the independence of the United States took place before it was signed, and was not therefore dependent upon it. Peace was not ensured, and war broke out again within thirty years. The fisheries settlement proved a bone of contention for more than a century and nearly provoked a third war. The much-vaunted water boundary between Canada and the Republic was the scene of British defeats in the war of 1812. The betrayal of the Loyalists injured the honour of England and made partial reparation a costly business. Worse than all, the treaty complicated the relations and estranged the feelings of the two branches of the English race. The Americans naturally felt no gratitude, and the English suffered from a humiliation which long kept them aloof. The career of Shelburne has been presented dispassionately and adroitly by his kinsman and biographer, Lord Fitzmaurice, and the Whig historians, more intent on the justification of theories than on facts, have dealt kindly with his failures.

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*It should be stated that the King's Commission and Instructions to Oswald, dated July 31, 1782, contain brief but definite directions as to the course to be followed. But Oswald had already given his case away in the preliminary conversations with Franklin.

But the chief legacy of the first Lord Lansdowne to his countrymen is a solemn warning against a premature and disastrous peace.

BATTLES AGAINST ODDS

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

A PROVINCE of warfare which British soldiers have made peculiarly their own since the earliest days of our military history is the battle against odds. The excitement of battle is a strong wine to all men worthy of the name. It is far too potent a vintage for the heart and head of a coward, inspiring in him bestial panic instead of inculcating valour. No men of fighting race answer to its fierce intoxication or carry it so magnificently as our fighting men. It lifts them to a fine, clear-eyed madness, in which they forget all consideration for themselves but do not forget their honour; in which they flame to a splendid anger but do not forget mercy; in which they become something even finer than the fine men they are. Men of lesser breed become beasts or cravens in the madness of that intoxication.

The battle against odds may be a matter of attack or defence. It may be a matter of hundreds against thousands, of scores against hundreds or of individual against small parties. It is more often a matter of defence than of attack.

I have been reading lately of the battle of Inkerman. There was a case of fighting against odds on a grand scale, in a grand, rough-and-tumble, death-or-glory manner; of defending an open position that possessed no trenches and but a few artificial defences of any kind against vastly superior numbers of infantry and weight of artillery metal; of fighting and winning a great battle against odds that were not entirely of the enemy's creation. The battle was fought and won by piquets and battalions unsupported by any organized system of defence or scheme of operations. A protected two-gun position known as the Sandbag Battery, and a short wall of loose stones across a road as the Barrier, were the extent of our preparations for holding that vital plateau. And yet it was known to us that an attack was imminent. None of the glory of that day—the fifth of November, 1854—belongs to the General Staff. Our staff work has improved since then, thank Heaven!

Read the story of that battle in any one of a dozen histories of the Crimean War. It is timely reading now, for the officers and men of our battalions and batteries fight to-day even as they fought then. Read of the heroic struggles in and over and around that old Sandbag Battery, and the glow of pride that you feel for those heroes long dead will warm your heart with a pride as great for our more recent dead and for the men who even now bar the way to Amiens.

The parapet of that poor fortification was too high to permit of its defenders firing over it. It served as a rallying point rather than a defence. It changed hands again and again during the battle which surged around and over it.

> The mortal strife was hand to hand, foot to foot, muzzle to muzzle, butt-end to butt-end. It must not be supposed that we always stood rooted on our ground, that we never budged. The fight was now back-

> ward, now forward, now sideways. Here a Grenadier party, after a frantic tussle, would be forced by overwhelming swarms out of the battery; there a knot of Coldstreamers would arrest the advance of an entire Russian battalion; in another place a cluster of Fusiliers, rallying after a repulse, would fling themselves upon a column and send it slap-dash over the height's crest. . . . Ammunition had become frightfully scarce; in many cases, indeed, the soldiers had none left, and were reduced to rifling the pouches of their fallen messmates; and when that resource failed, to pounding away at the ugly Calmuck visages with stocks and stones.

Read again, of that same battle and position, how "The Guards moved to the extreme British right where Adams, at the Sandbag Battery, with 700 men, was trying to bar the march of 10,000 fresh troops". And again of "Four officers of the 41st, all of them young and one of them desperately wounded, who challenged each other by name, ran in on their own account upon Russian masses and died desperately fighting".

Of such heroic stuff is the whole story of the battle of Inkerman. Thus the British Army fought against odds in 1854—the Guards, the old Line Regiments, the army of a time when ignorant men and hopeless men and wasters formed the majority of those who took the Queen's shilling and were led for the most part by dandies and wealthy idlers. When the pinch came, the wasters were lavish with their own blood and that of the enemy, the dandies forgot their vanity and the idlers their worldly wealth. Great fighters against odds! Their deeds are the traditions and inspiration of the great fighters of to-day. Whatever the kind and quality of the raw material changing times and conditions bring to the British army, the ability of that army to battle splendidly against odds never changes.

Thousands of miles away from the plateau of Inkerman lie the ditched fields of Flanders. Far removed in time from that struggle of Guards and Fusiliers against swarming Russians in and around the Sandbag Battery is another great battle against odds that glorifies Britain's story.

On the 22nd April, 1915, the Germans projected their first attack of asphyxiating gas against a point of our Allies' front. Turcos and Zouaves fell back strangled and blinded. The British left was exposed. A four-mile gap lay open to the Huns. A division of new troops held our left—the Canadians! Well, they continued to hold it—and they blocked the four-mile gap. They held up Germany, gas and all. There was no such things as gas masks in those days, but the Canadians were undismayed by that new terrific form of murder. A few of them had fought in South Africa; a few both officers and men, had served in the Regular Army of normal times; but otherwise they were of the Canadian Militia, officers and men alike. Summer camps in Canada, the great camp of thirty-three thousand at Valcartier, the mud and hardships and weariness of Salisbury Plain—these had never once fooled them into a belief that they knew anything about actual warfare. They had soldiered under various conditions and mastered their drill and musketry, that was all. Actual battle was a new thing to them. They did not pretend to know anything about it. All they understood of it was that they wouldn't like it but that it was their duty to face it and stick it. They had left their offices and shops, their schools and farms and mills, with the intention of fighting the Hun and in return, of suffering the worst he could do to them. They did not expect him to fight like a sportsman, or even like a human being. So they accepted the gas as part of the day's work. It was the last day's work for hundreds of those good workmen.

They were a new division of the army, those Canadians of April, 1915. They fought a great battle against odds of men, of metal, of machinery and of devilish chemistry.

The wonder is not that this thing was done by Canadians, but that it was done at all. It is still a world's wonder that any one division in any army in the world could have done it. But the chances are that no other division, old or new, could have done it better. It was done in the high, unfaltering, grip-and-hold, war-tested English way against all the old flesh-tearing machinery of war—and *gas, as if for a make-weight.*

I think that the Canadian Division was as ready for that fearful test as any other division in the field. The men possessed courage and discipline. They knew how to use their weapons and their brains. They knew and trusted their officers. They were patriots of the finest type. They had come a long way and given up much to kill and to be killed. They had proud traditions to live up to and die for, and their own personal pride. It is well to remember the personal pride of those free men from a rich free land. No combination of beer-swilling Huns could put anything over on them, old or new, and "get away with it". And they had military traditions to hearten and steady them—all the glorious traditions of Great Britain and the British Army in addition to those of Canada and the United Empire Loyalists and the Canadian Militia.

You smile at mention of the traditions of the United Empire Loyalists and the Canadian Militia. Then it is the smile of ignorance; and I suggest that you read in history of the men and women from New England and New York and Virginia who made Canada for the Empire, and of the Militiamen who held it for the Empire on Queenston Heights and many another Canadian battlefield. Those engagements also were battles against odds, Canadians fought against men of their own breed then—their very brothers—the men of the big, ambitious young Republic to the South. We were in the right of that dust-up. We fought for hearth and home. We used shot-guns, and our equipment was various; but we fought in a just cause and walloped our big brothers. That was more than one hundred years ago. That family-unpleasantness of long ago, almost forgotten during generations of mutual friendship and respect, is now burned out utterly and forever in the flame of this great war. The men of the big Republic fight shoulder to shoulder with us now. They are more than Allies—for they, too, are of the old, right breed. They are our brothers.

To return to Flanders and to April, 1915. The story of that battle is told as nearly and truly as it has ever been told in the first volume of "Canada in Flanders". I have no intention of trying to retell it, as I had no thought of trying to retell the story of Inkerman, but I shall attempt to catch your eye with an illuminating incident of that battle.

At midnight, April 22-23, the Tenth and Sixteenth Canadian Infantry Battalions charged and took a strong German position in a wood which lay to the west of the village of St. Julien. The attack was made on open ground, in the face of strong machine gun fire and deliberate rifle fire. The two battalions lost heavily, but were still sufficiently strong upon reaching their objective to bayonet the enemy out of a portion of it. One Baker, a corporal of the Tenth and an enthusiastic bomber, gained the hostile trench in company with sixteen other bombers of his battalion. He and his party immediately set off to the left along the trench, exploding the reluctant enemy out of that narrow way as they went. This was not an isolated or self-contained position which the Canadians had captured, but simply a point in the face of a trench system. The Germans were strong in other parts of that trench and in the trenches behind it. They retaliated heavily with rifle fire and bombs, checked Baker's advance at last and put nine of his men out of action. The dead lay where they fell and the wounded crawled away. Then the Germans blocked the trench in front of the

Canadians and dug a cross-trench behind the block. Here the unequal duel of the eight against the superior but unknown numbers in the redoubt continued throughout the remaining hours of darkness. Ammunition, which was scarce, was used sparingly on both sides; but the Canadians maintained the offensive and the Germans were content to defend.

The first hour of daylight brought reinforcements of men and a fresh supply of grenades to the enemy. Thus strengthened, they immediately took the offensive and sought to blow the invaders out of the trench with the sheer weight of their fire. Corporal Baker, who lay close in to the block, escaped injury from the exploding bombs; but his seven companions were killed. One would suppose that the German offensive had succeeded—that they had cleared the trench and could now cross the block. This was not the case, however. One Canadian—one British soldier—remained alive on the other side.

He armed himself with the bombs of his dead comrades and continued the fight. His fire was so accurate and well-timed that the fire of the hostile bombers slackened. He held his position all that day and all the next night, and returned to his battalion just before the dawn of the 24th.

Comment on this minor incident of that great battle would be superfluous. Grenadiers of the British Army, of Home and Overseas regiments alike, have shown the same spirit and the same skill as Corporal Baker again and again in this war. The fact that Baker and his sixteen belonged to a Canadian Battalion is neither here nor there. It neither adds to nor detracts from the glory of their achievement; but it proves that, whatever their peaceful vocations in Western Canada before the war, they were of the right breed—new soldiers, but brothers and equals of the old guardsmen who fought in and over the Sandbag Battery on the plateau of Inkerman.

LAST
STAND OF THE OLD ARMY

BY MAJOR A. CORBETT-SMITH

AUTHOR OF "THE RETREAT FROM MONS"

THIS inspiring chapter describing the heroism of the defenders of the Ypres salient is taken from a new book, "The Marne and After" (Toronto: Cassell and Company), by the author of "The Retreat from Mons":

And now at the very moment when Germany was about to hurl the flower of her army against the meagre British line, when the enemy purposed to turn every available gun of an overwhelming strength upon the handful of men who dared to oppose his will, there happened an event as dramatic and momentous, surely, as any in the war.

To realize the significance of it you must first bear carefully in mind all that your imagination can picture of this desperate battle against odds; and then understand that a field battery of six guns, firing on an average 700 shells a day, was even then firing all too little for the needs of the moment.

Then learn that on this day the order was issued that every field gun in the force must be placed on a *daily allowance of ten shells only!* In other words, a battery was allowed each day sixty shells to fire when 700 was not sufficient.

What the gunners said and what the infantry thought I leave you to guess. But I would also have you think of the high moral courage of the Commander-in-Chief, who, upon the urgent representation of the Q. M. G. (Sir William Robertson), dared to issue such an order at one of the most critical moments of the world's history.

To put the matter very briefly, there were no more shells for the howitzers and eighteen-pounders in France, and the reserve at home was practically exhausted. It is probably no exaggeration to say that had we gone on firing at the old rate for another fortnight we should have had to "cease fire" altogether.

The courage of Sir John French's decision (if I may venture the comment) seems on a par with the one already noted when he dared to extend his line still farther north instead of supporting the battered 7th Division. By issuing the order about the shells he was able to build up at least something of a reserve to be used when any battery was faced with some supreme crises. Though the price was very, very heavy, the situation was saved. Had he not dared to pay the price and to place once again his perfect trust in his indomitable infantry and cavalry, who shall say what the end might have been?

And it is well that the world should

hear of this, for surely it throws another and a still stronger light upon the heroism of the first Seven Divisions during those fateful days. And will the German Staff ever dare to tell the German people how their armies could not break through even then? I think not.

On Wednesday, the 28th, there were but few attacks made, and the enemy's guns were almost idle. It was, however, but that solemn, deathly silence which seems to brood over an Eastern sea before the breaking of the typhoon. You may picture German G. H. Q., where William Hohenzollern is present in person, sending out through their admirable organization the final orders for the great assault. You can see the officers and men of every unit making their last preparations, nerving themselves for a fight the issue of which cannot to them have been a moment in doubt.

Would you compare the two armies? Turn, then to Shakespeare's *Henvy V*. and read once again the fourth act, from the prologue to the closing scene. There shall you find it all set down in matchless verse. Here I can add nothing to that picture of genius.

At daybreak on the 29th the storm burst. Heralded by a whirlwind of shells of every size, the German infantry charged down upon the devoted remnants of the First Corps, the 7th Division, and the Cavalry.

And just as the tidal wave tears from the rocks the seaweed and limpet clinging fast, so was the 1st Division torn from its trenches and hurled back, gasping and blinded.

A moment's pause, the battalions turned, and, with the 2nd Division, crashed back again in a counter-attack.

A second time were the British forced back; a second time they recovered their ground. And so the fight swayed backwards and forwards. "Blinded, bloody and torn they reeled," but ever they won back again. And the enemy drew off, swearing that their spies had played them false, that there were two army corps facing them where they had thought it to be a division only.

"Another gap," they cried. "Take the break to the south where the Cavalry are."

So another corps threw themselves at the men of the 7th Division. And the British cavalry, shattered remnants of two brigades, stood to it. Such was the weight of the enemy's gunnery that one troop of them was buried alive. The rest, o'erborne like the 1st Division, were thrust slowly back, struggling with impotent arms against the great wave of Germans.

Back they went, clinging fast to every point of vantage—rallying, charging, and back again. An infantry battalion, close by, sees their plight and dashes straight at the Germans in a counter-charge. One skeleton of a battalion against eight German battalions! And that little one beat them, routed them; two score prisoners it took, ten score dead the Germans left behind.

Again and again the Germans charged; and the day passed into night—a night of blood-red flame and smoke. And still the British held the line. And ever the Germans drew back with their dying and their shame.

The blood-red night melted into a cold, grey dawn, and with the first hint of daylight, the German gunners were at work again.

Now the British battalions are but little companies. The line which they have held is no more a line; but here and there are little groups of ghosts.

The Bavarians *must* capture Ypres. The "War Lord" is with them, and he commands. Therefore it must be.

And the ghosts of men who have said "No" through the last ten days of hell say "No" once again. It shall not be.

So the Bavarians came on, and

the British Infantry and the British Calvary met them as they came.

In fair shock of battle they met. And they fought together as men have never fought before. Never at such odds have men fought. And the daylight drifted into darkness again.

All down the line the battle swayed this way and that. Here is a general in command of two companies of infantry; here a corporal acting as a battery commander—a battery of two guns. There is a junior subaltern leading his battalion in a desperate charge—a battalion of a hundred men. Every man is in. Here are cooks, grooms, officers' servants from a Gunner battery lining up with picks and shovels. branches of trees, or bare firsts. Why, in Heaven's name? To hold up and repulse half an advancing brigade.

"God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?"

So wide was one of the gaps in the British line that a German Corps had actually succeeded in marching through and taking up a position immediately to the flanks and rear of some half dozen of the skeleton battalions.

Then it was that these devoted regiments suddenly found themselves assailed, as it seemed, by their own comrades, for who save British should be behind them? Through the fog-laden, rain-soddened air the deadly streams of machine-gun bullets tore through their ranks. And as the British crouched low and tried to peer into the mist to see how they should reply a Field Battery of ours poured its shells into the mêlée, unfortunately striking down several of our own men.

Who can tell the delirium of the hours that followed! The enemy to the front. to the rear, to the flank. A German Reserve Corps against the remnants of six British battalions, the men worn to a shadow by exposure, want of sleep, want of food. And yet they fought on. Now one battalion is gone, destroyed. A second has 150 men left out of 650, four officers out of sixteen. A third no officers and but a handful of junior N. C. O.'s to lead. And yet they fought on.

The slaughter of it all seems to pass human understanding. You hear of one single British company so surrounded by the enemy that the Germans did not even know it was there in the midst of them. And you hear of those few men within five minutes annihilating a German battalion, accounting for more than 800 of the strength. And still the enemy pour their masses into the battle.

You hear of the last remaining gun of a battery being brought into action on a road and fighting a duel at 500 yards range with a German field gun, knocking it out at last by a direct hit. Of a lance-corporal sitting in a shell-hole with a machine-gun firing methodically for an hour or more into the enemy ranks before they discover him—so mad is the confusion.

And how do they fare in Ypres and Hooge, where the Divisional and Corps H. Q. are? Of what are the Army Chiefs thinking? Within three or four miles of the battle, sharing, too, in the storm of shell, there is never a hint of disaster. The Staff go about their work as though the operations were fifty miles away.

The next evening there sped out of Ypres a dispatch-rider. One of those cheery souls he was who had come over with his motor-bicycle straight from a public school, all for the "fun of the thing." And what a record of gallantry, endurance and cheerines under all hardships have those youngsters created.

"Carrying dispatches and messages at all hours of the day and night in every kind of weather, and often traversing bad roads blocked with transport, they have been conspicuously successful in maintaining an extraordinary degree of efficiency in the service of communications." That is the tribute of the Commander-in-Chief.

So Stanmore rode up and delivered his message.

"How are things going?" said I. "And how are you getting on?"

"Having a simply ripping time," said Stanmore, chuckling all over. "You never saw such fun as it was yesterday."

(This was some of the fighting I have just been telling about.)

"Oh," said I, "what was it?"

Stanmore sat down on a bench and nearly choked with laughing at his recollections.

"Had to get a message through to 1st Corps H. Q. at Hooge. Wipers! You ought to have seen Wipers. It was too funny. Not a soul in the streets, every other house in the place burning like mad, and shell pouring in all over the shop. I had to get off and wheel the bike because there wasn't any road left. Great shell-holes you could bury a 'bus in, and all the rest broken bricks and glass. It was a mess. One place I *actually had to pull up* because one of those Black Marias came along, took away the whole of a front of a house, went clean through and smashed into the house opposite. (Fits of laughter.) It was too silly to see all the floors and furniture just like a doll's-house. Dead horses and dogs and cats flying about. Two cats just missed me as they fell off a roof. A harlequinade wasn't in it. I simply rolled into a doorway and laughed till I could hardly see. Of course, H. Q. had been shelled out long ago, so no wonder I couldn't find the blessed place. Ran 'em to earth a bit later. Had the devil of a job getting back climbing over the ruins, and just as I was getting out of the town—oh, lord, you would have laughed—a big shell plumped down about 100 yards in front, and right out of the dust and smoke came one of our chaps wheeling his bike. The silly blighter had been and got a puncture." (Complete collapse of Stanmore.)

What German army, I ask you, is going to contend against a spirit like that?

But it was a few days later that Stanmore brought the most delicious piece of news. Several of the Staff of the 2nd Corps, being apparently bored with life and inaction (think of it!) had actually gone off to London on 48 hours' leave!

Leave, in the middle of all that fighting! It was really too gorgeous. And how mad the Germans would have been had they known.

Of course, one did not know then that the greater part of the 2nd Corps, being absolutely exhausted, had been withdrawn from the firing line. Nor could one foresee that officers and men on active service were going to be given occasional home leave. At that time such an idea was incredible. In fact, when, about Christmas, a certain number of officers were told they might go back to England for 96 hours, several declined the leave, saying that they preferred to stay and see the business through. So convinced was everyone that two or three months at most would bring the end of the war. And of the officers who took the leave one at least returned before the 96 hours were up, being unable to bear the seeming apathy and ignorance of those at home.

The third day of the great battle for Ypres had dawned. The 7th Division no longer existed as a Command, and the heroic remnant had been placed under the orders of Sir Douglas Haig. Yet there could be no withdrawal of the men, for there was none to replace them. The line must still be held. Or if it can no longer be held, the Germans shall advance only over the English dead.

Once more came the whirlwind of shells; once more the blue-gray masses of the Germans swept down upon the defenders. At every point of the defence they struck. To the north where the 1st Division clung on grimly; at the 2nd Division, the 7th, the Cavalry, and to the south at Messines, and where Pulteney's 3rd Corps fought.

Once again the 1st Division was swept back. And now as the very heavens seemed to rend apart with sheeted flame and pour down their deluge of thunderbolts, as the ground beneath rocked and heaved to the mighty concussion, so it seemed that exhausted nature at last snapped and broke and men went mad with the shock and horror of it.

The British were swept back, but some remained, remained to be clubbed down or trampled underfoot by the storming wave. The discipline which they had learned kept them there to the last, crouching in the pitted ground, but the brain of them had gone and left them helpless and unconscious, gibbering with unholy laughter.

"At all costs the line must be held," cried Sir Douglas Haig. And with the inspiration of their leader the Division rallied. Once again the enemy advance was checked.

All down the salient and far to the south one British group of men after another (we cannot say battalions or companies) was hurled back; to rally and counter-charge, check the Division rallied. Once again the terrible price which must be paid for it!

Hour after hour passed and the issue still swung in the balance. Shortly after noon German shells crashed into the Headquarters of the 1st and 2nd Divisions, the brain centres of the Corps. The General Officers commanding the Divisions were both put out of action, General Lomax wounded, General Monro unconscious; three Staff Officers of the 1st and three of the 2nd were all killed.

Within half an hour Sir John French was on the spot with Sir Douglas Haig. But nothing more could be done. The issue was in the hands of God.

From two to three o'clock the suspense was unbearable. It was the most critical moment in the whole battle, indeed since Mons, Sir John French has said.

You may picture those two men, the Field-Marshal and the General standing quietly by the great map spread on the table of the battered château: you see the Staff going quietly about their work; and if the strain is telling you must needs look close into the eyes to detect it. There is nothing more to be done. Not even may any unit be withdrawn and thrust into another corner of the line. If the breach is made there can be no repairing. The seacoast and ports will be lost to us.

Slowly the minutes pass. A quarter past two.—Twenty past.—Half-past.——Are they holding still?

Suddenly over the wires comes the message, "The 1st and 2nd Divisions are *attacking* the German right."

General Landon, who, at a moment's notice, has taken over the command of General Lomax, is making the supreme effort.

Then, "German right being pushed back fast." Then, "Gheluvelt retaken —bayonet charge."

Is the tide turning? Can they do it?

Swiftly now come the messages. The left of the 7th Division is *attacking*. The 7th Division! Do you hear that? And they are *attacking!*

This retaking of Gheluvelt sets free some of the Cavalry, the 6th Brigade, which has shared throughout in the glory of the 7th Division. Sir Douglas Haig seizes the chance on the moment, and the order is at once flashed to the Brigade Commander.

The squadron leaders (what matter the names of the regiments—they are of the 7th Division!) rub their eyes in astonishment. "Boot and saddle"? Horses? They must be crazy at H. Q.! But there is the order. "Get to it, lads!"

The lads get at their horses where they can, and the horses are as amazed as their masters. "This is a joke. Another ruddy route-march." But even a route-march is better than nothing.

"And where on earth have you been all these years?" say the horses, as they nuzzle for carrots.

"Sorry, old lady," says Trooper Tomkins. "Couldn't help it. Another job on. And a pretty——one, too. But we're for it now. *Get up!*" And in goes the bit, on goes the bridle and the saddle.

"Hurry up, boys," sing out squadron commanders; "not a moment to lose."

Squadrons fall in, some mounted, some on foot. And off they go hell-for-leather straight into the torn and tattered woods where the Germans lurk.

What a round up! "In at them, boys; get to it!" Horses crash and cannon off broken tree trunks in the headlong race; men on foot come smashing through the undergrowth, firing wildly from hip or shoulder as the Germans bolt from cover to cover. Clean through the wood they go; nothing can stop the amazing charge. Through the woods and out into the open again. On, on!

"It's Berlin this time, anyhow," gasps Trooper Tomkins.

At last they pull up as they throw themselves into a gap in the infantry line.

"Cheer-oh," says Private Williams as Tomkins drops down by his side. "'Ad a bit of a beano, 'aven't you?"

"Not 'alf," says Tomkins.

By the late afternoon the British had won back almost all of their original positions, and before midnight, "the line as held in the morning had practically been reoccupied."

Just after the tide had turned, at 5.0 p.m., a French Cavalry Brigade got up to Hooge and pushed forward, dismounted, to the help of the Life Guards and Horse Guards.

And now turn to this little paragraph from Sir John French's dispatch:

"During the night touch was restored between the right of the 7th Division and left of the 2nd Brigade, and the Cavalry were withdrawn into reserve, *the services of the French Cavalry being dispensed with.*"

Who can resist a thrill of ineffable pride in reading that last sentence? Hard set themselves, our gallant Allies had done all they could to send in time the needed support. Everywhere possible—a regiment here, a squadron there—they had given through those days of crisis; but the strong, solid reinforcement which would have meant so much was beyond their power until later.

No, it had been a square fight between British and German, and the British Commander-in-Chief was determined that once the tide had turned the day should be to his men alone. So I read it.

The day was won, the crisis was safely passed. But the cost of it in human lives and suffering had been a terrible one. The flower of England's chivalry, her knights and yeomen had perished. The Old Regular Army had fought its last fight—the last, the greatest of all. And it was in the noblest cause for which England has ever sent forth her sons.

Of the 7th Division, less than one month before there had sailed from England 400 officers. Forty-four returned. Their men had numbered 12,000. There were left 2,336.

"We thought," said a German officer, "that you had four Army Corps against us there."

In every Division the toll was almost as heavy. The 1st Division and the 2nd Division lost nearly three-fourths of their strength. The 1st and 2nd Cavalry Divisions each lost a half.

Forty thousand men is the loss which they say the British suffered. Of the Germans there fell perhaps 250,000.

That it was a victory, and a decisive victory for our arms there can surely be no doubt. The Germans set out to achieve a definite object: they failed. The British determined to defeat that scheme: they succeeded. How the enemy failed, though massing against the defenders such overwhelming strength, we cannot say. And yet may we not cry in all reverence—

> "O God, Thy arm was here;
> And not to us, but to Thy arm alone,
> Ascribe we all!—When, without stratagem.
> But in plain shock and even play of battle,
> Was ever known so great and little loss
> On one part and on the other?—Take it, God,
> For it is none but Thine!"

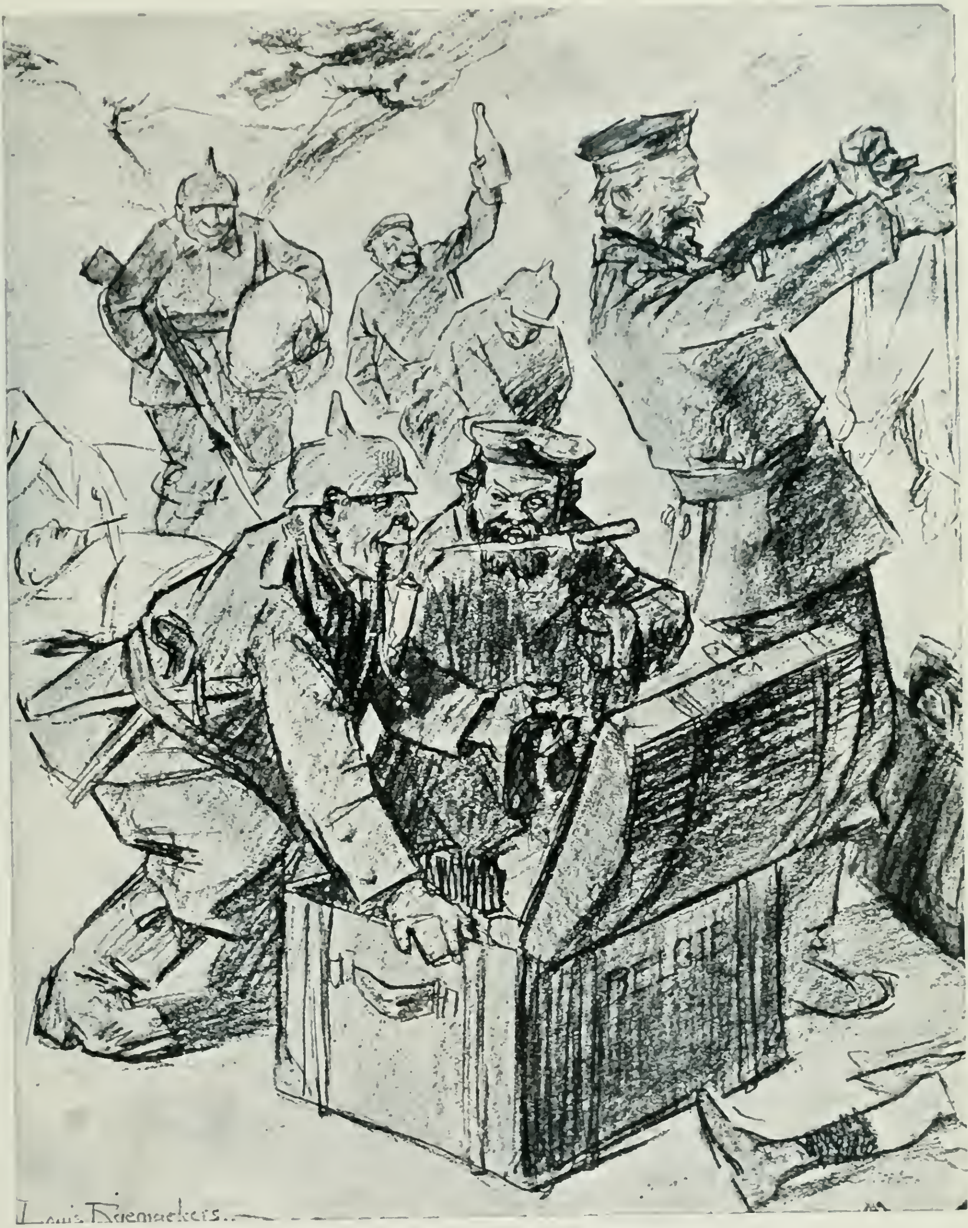
And England never knew.

SEA MORNING

By LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

IT is a silent, shimmering world of blue—
A place of strangeness, lonely, cool and sweet,
Filled with a wonder and a shining peace.
There is no sound here on this quiet shore
But slow majestic thunder of the waves—
Unless perhaps the sunshine ripples sing
In lilting treble notes I cannot hear.
Always the dawn in my green woods of home
Is filled with bird songs, here the dawn is still.

I think it may be like this when one wakes
For the first time after the sleep of Death,
And on a strip of silent crystal sand
Learns how to see, and hear, and breathe, anew.
Now in the distance—is it sea or sky?—
A small white sail drops down beyond the rim,
As if it left me here in a new world.
Now a white butterfly floats past me on
Over the sandy shore, to salt sea foam—
Far from warm honeyed gardens, Little Wings—
So frail and tiny in this majesty;
Perhaps a soul has gained new wings this dawn
And these its old ones, drifting on the shore.



THE SPOILS OF WAR

From a drawing by Louis Raemaekers

LAKE LOUISE, IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

LAKE LOUISE

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

I THINK that when the Master Jeweller tells
His beads of beauty over, seeking there
One gem to name as most supremely fair,
To you He turns, O Lake of Hidden Wells!

So very lovely are you, Lake Louise,
The stars which crown your watching peaks at even
Mistake you for a little sea in heaven
And nightly launch their shining argosies.

From shore to dim-lit shore a ripple slips,
A sigh which seems the very breath of night—
The Night herself, asleep upon this height,
Captive of dreams and smiling with white lips.

Surely a spell, creation-old, was made
For you, O Lake of Silences, that all
Earth's fretting voices here should muted fall,
As if a Finger on their lips were laid!

ENGLAND IN WAR TIME*

BY T. T. SHIELDS

ENGLAND at any time commands the attention of all who would trace the streams of civil and religious liberty to their source. Her historic treasures and associations invest her with a fascinating interest for the man who would learn to view his own day and generation relatively, and to appraise their qualities and values by the criteria of history. But England in war time; England in thoughtful, serious, determined, mood; Britain awake, alert, and girded for battle; John Bull, with all the family resources mobilized, standing with sleeves rolled up, and fists clenched, and muscles taut, and eyes blazing, defying all the world's forces of tyranny and reaction; John Bull defending his own castle and incidentally playing Big Brother to the whole world—well, he is just John Bull! There is no other like him! Matchless in his magnanimity, and truly terrible in his naked might, and with all incomparably magnificent!

John Bull and his wife (*she* is the spirit of Britain), with their sons from overseas about them, present a most interesting spectacle. It may be that these sons, with their new homes in far-away lands, with all their new and absorbing interests, seemed sometimes to think less of the Old Home than filial affection and duty required. And perhaps John Bull and his wife were too content to have it so, so long as they knew the children were doing well—and so long as letters and parcels, I say *and parcels*, were frequently exchanged. But a crisis in the family fortunes assembled the whole family over night. And notwithstanding the grief of the occasion, John Bull and his spouse undoubtedly have found much consolation in the fact that all the sons are home again.

And Britain shows her true maternal instincts by her treatment of the men from overseas. I speak not now of the official treatment only, but of the treatment accorded our men by the British people generally. And Britain's attitude goes far to explain the historic development and present unity of the Empire. She is not displeased by her children's growing independence, nor too jealous of her own maternal rights. She has acquired the true mother's habit of magnifying all the exploits of her children. And it is indicative of the mother-spirit of Britain, that her men from England and Wales, and Scotland and Ireland, offer no complaint at the generous praises bestowed upon the men of the Overseas Forces. I have talked with British soldiers, officers and men, when they did not know that I belonged across the seas. And I have found them enthusiastic in their praise of Anzac and Canadian achievement. I cannot recall an exception to that attitude. And that is one of the marks of Britain's greatness; for jealousy, whether in the individual or national character, is the distinctive vice of littleness of soul.

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*Written after a visit to England a year ago.

Oh, the Mother-spirit of England! She spreads wide her hospitable arms, and would welcome the whole world to her table, if only they would come peaceably.

But John Bull and his wife are continually giving each other little love-taps which sometimes sound or resound as though they might hurt a little. But it is only their playful way of prolonging the honeymoon. They are always finding fault with themselves, and with each other. From reading the English newspapers at certain periods, and in certain editorial moods, one might almost suppose that the United Kingdom was the worst governed country in the world. They complain of their habit of "muddling through"; and they nurse the phrase as if they were rather fond of it. They survey themselves in the mirror, and declare that their clothes are ill-fitting, and unbecoming in their general effect, and inappropriate in all particulars, and old-fashioned and hopelessly out-of-date altogether; and old John remarks, "What fools we are!" And if some incautious meddler ventures to approve the sentiment, John knocks him as flat as the proverbial pancake, exclaiming, "How dare you call me a fool!" And when his critic meekly replies, "I only quoted your own words, sir", John flares back, "How dare you quote my words, sir! I did not speak them to be quoted: and what is more, I won't be quoted!"—And then to himself, "A fine state of affairs indeed! when a man dare not speak his own mind, in his own house, and to his own wife! I suppose I was a fool to let the fellow hear me."

"But I did hear you. I——"

"Hold your tongue, sir! If you were able to stand up, I'd knock you down again for your impudence. Well, well, what doddering idiots we are! What did you say?"

"Nothing."

"H'm. 'Nothing'. You had better say nothing. Everybody had better say nothing! My dear, let us have a cup of tea; and send for the boys, and have them come to dinner; and we'll plan to get some things done."

And when the boys come in from Australia, and New Zealand, and South Africa, and India, and Canada, how do they deport themselves?

When they were younger they were rather critical of the Old Home and its ways. Indeed, it must be confessed some of them arrived from afar on this occasion, not wholly devoid of what is known as "swank". But boys grow to be men in a week when a man's burdens are laid upon them; and these boys have attained to a riper judgment by the experiences through which they have passed. And they have learned that Father John and his wife are a pretty shrewd old couple after all, with a life-long habit of getting up very early in the morning. The fact is, they are generally out and about their business before other folks are around! And it must be confessed that the present aforementioned family crisis is not un-related to this habit of early rising. For a certain ill-tempered neighbour, by the name of William, got to the market too late, and found that all the best apples and the best potatoes, and the best of nearly everything else had been bought by earlier marketers; and that is what all the row is about. And as for old John's wife—she may be old-fashioned in her habits, and in some things she may seem to be rather slow, but she always manages to get the washing on the line before any of the neighbours. And she has had many a wash-day, in which she has addressed herself to the removal of many a stain from the garments of this old world. But her husband always helps her with the washing, and they never put their tubs away until everything is made clean and white! And the boys have seen them at their work and have a growing respect for many of the Old Folks' ways of doing things.

But to drop my parable; the Overseas Forces need no apology. Of course there are individuals whom no soap or nitre could make clean. But they are relatively few. Canadian manhood generally is not deteriorating from association with the old folks at home. I visited several Imperial camps as well as most of the larger Canadian camps; and so far as a civilian could judge, neither suffered by comparison with the other. I venture to believe, indeed, that our Canadian camps in England will bear comparison with civil communities of the same population in Canada. I did not content myself with casual and cursory observation, but obtained official figures. For the week ending June 2nd, 1917, the "drunk" report for all Canadian areas in England was as follows: Shorncliffe, nine cases: Shoreham, two; Seaford, one; Hastings, two; Crowborough, one; Witley, one; Pirbright, one; London Area, one; Bramshott, nil; a total of eighteen cases for one week. I doubt whether the record of an equal number of civilians, even under prohibition, would be as favourable.

For the seven months ending July 31st, 1917, in the Bramshott district, there were 119 cases of drunkenness, and eleven "drunk and disorderly". That is to say, in a camp whose population I was told varied during that period from 16,000 to 20,000 men, in thirty weeks there was an average of about four cases of drunkenness a week, and only one case of "drunk and disorderly" in about every nineteen days.

These figures are taken from the official camp record and I quote them only to show that our camps in England are well controlled. And if this record were compared with the pre-prohibition record of civil communities of equal size in Canada, I fear we should have something to blush for; and I am not sure that even our present showing would not look as if the topers had stayed at home.

I should like this article to bear testimony to the efficiency of our Canadian Military control in another direction. So far as the camps were concerned, I saw no evidence of anything being permitted in the areas actually under military control which would have a tendency to corrupt the morals of the men.

There is still another side to this question, which may be of interest to Canadian readers. Personally, I am a prohibitionist, and would make an end of the liquor traffic everywhere, if I could. But we must not too harshly blame the British Government for failing to prohibit it in Britain. Undoubtedly, there is a large body of public opinion which would support the sternest measures. I recognize that it is somewhat hazardous for a mere visitor to attempt to understand so large a question with only comparatively limited opportunities for observation. But so far as I was able to observe there is room to doubt whether the present state of public opinion in England would be sufficient to support the Government in such a radical measure as total prohibition. But certainly the next best thing is being done. And while there is little doubt that the Traffic still does much to hinder our getting on with the war the severe restrictions placed upon it have accomplished wonders. England has greatly improved, in this respect upon her condition of two years ago.

To a discerning mind, with some sense of historic relations, the mere physical fact of successfully evading the submarines, is of less significance than the triumph of moral principle which such a passage implies. On the ship on which I crossed last summer, we had an American military unit. The officers and men were all splendid fellows. Most of the officers spoke apologetically for being behind time. They felt they were more than two years overdue. Their Commanding Officer, at a concert at sea, reminded them and other passengers that their participation in the war under such circumstances was only possible because Britannia rules the waves. I heard one of the officers, who belonged to the Regular Army, lecturing his men one day as we were passing through the war zone. And when he had instructed them on various matters, he concluded, "I want every one of you to make himself look like a British soldier". While that was complimentary to the British, it was equally complimentary to the American officer: if he had been a little man he would not have said it. He is a wise man who is willing to profit by the experience of others.

If one could only foresee the issues of these pregnant years, with what thrilling interest should we regard even apparently trivial events. More than one hundred and forty years ago, Edmund Burke, in a great speech, pleading for conciliation with the rebellious American Colonies, having observed that "an Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery", said, "The mode of inquisition and dragooning is going out of fashion in the Old World, and I should not confide much to their efficacy in the New". Little did the great statesman dream that the mode of violence he deprecated would persist so long, and that nearly a century and a half later, armed legions would recross the trackless deep from the New World to join hands with the pioneers and champions of freedom in the Old, to put that mode out of fashion forever.

Germany has talked much of "the freedom of the seas". But the seas have long been free for certain classes of people: it is impossible that they should ever be free for everybody. I once asked a Syrian pedlar, who came to my door, of his experiences in some of the many lands through which he had travelled. He assured me that his native country was one of the finest countries in the world; but he added, "Turkey no good law". When I asked him of Germany, he replied, "Oh, in Germany, too much law". When I inquired how he fared in England, he said musingly, "England? England? Oh, in England, no law at all."

"No law at all, "I said, "what do you mean?"

"In England," he replied, "mind your own business, no law at all." And no professor of constitutional law of any university in the English-speaking world could possibly have packed into a single sentence the whole genius of Anglo-Saxon civilization more comprehensively than did that poor unlettered, but widely experienced Syrian.

And the British Navy exists to see to it that no tyrant shall presume to interfere with other people's business. For all others the seas are as free as they have always been since Britannia became their Mistress. Therefore, I say, England acquires a new glory when you land on her shores at such a time as this. Your passport has a spiritual significance. It is a certificate of character and citizenship, a patent, entitling you to rank among the freemen of the world.

We all have heard of the proposal to starve England. On the map, it looks as though it might be possible; for there she appears to be a magnified Muskoka Island, dependent upon the daily visits of the supply boat. But thanks to the heroism of those men whose business is to "bring a cargo up to London town", and who will not be denied the right to ply their trade, England can never be starved.

And what of London? Who can deny that this is the world's Metropolis? Always of cosmopolitan character, in war time her relation to every people, and nation, and tongue, is more apparent than ever. Commercially, religiously, politically, she is the most influential city in the world. And never was she so influential as to-day.

Of what do these monuments, these peculiar customs of the old City, these historic political and religious buildings, speak? Rightly to understand London at war you must reflect that many a battle has been fought on ground which now is trodden by the feet of London's millions. Briton, and Roman, Saxon, and Dane, and Norman have all wrestled for the mastery here. And in the later centuries, opposing principles have found re-incarnation in courtiers and kings, in soldiers and statesmen, in lovers of freedom, and lovers of power. And London, typical of the Empire of which she is the centre, has not hesitated to buy her privileges with blood. From the time of the Cæsars she has refused to be ignored. Without deliberate design, her missionaries in search of spiritual wealth and conquest, her mariners and explorers in search of new adventures, her merchants, in quest of trade and gold, have put the whole world under tribute to her greatness. And the same subtle, intangible, magic, something which keeps such perfect order in London streets, has cast its spell over India, and Egypt, and Africa, and the Islands of the Sea; and has made the wilderness and the solitary place glad for it, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose. The principles of justice and liberty, of law and order, cultivated in the blood-soaked soil of Britain, and transplanted to Australia, and New Zealand, and Canada, and India, are responding to the enemy's challenge with all the Empire's resources of money and of men. The daring policy of restricting government to the one requirement, that a man shall mind his own business and refrain from interfering with other people's, has converted a rebellious South Africa into a valiant defender of the Imperial cause.

Something more than two years ago Prince Von Buelow said in a speech, "All our eyes are directed upon our army and fleet. Never in its thousand-years-old history has the German people shown itself so united, determined, strong, and great, as in the present war. Respectfully we bow our heads before such greatness, and are convinced that victory will not fail such qualities, such pure merit, and proud peace will be concluded, worthy of our heroic efforts and gigantic sacrifices." It seems to be a German habit respectfully to bow its head before such greatness as the mirror reflects.

But Britain's greatness is of another order—born of centuries of simple greatness, and that a secure struggle, not so much with others as with herself. Where can you find a spot in England where men have not died for liberty? To the Briton, liberty is a family tradition, a precious heritage, bought and preserved at the price of blood. And to the man with historic hearing, who is at all sensitive to historic relations, London is vocal with the crimson testimony of the past, the cries, the travail cries, of that Great Mother of whom the world's liberties were born.

Sometimes it appears that Britain carries this exercise of liberty to almost absurd lengths. But it may be that some safety-valves are wisely allowed to blow off. Still the Hyde Park dissentient—the place whence Cromwell's horse threatened the Parliament—descants upon all possible subjects, and denounces nearly everything beneath the stars except his own opinions. For London in war time must talk as usual, whatever else she does. They will do it at Billingsgate, and really it would be a pity to stop them. I have seen and heard them at five o'clock in the morning in war time. There you will hear a wit superior to Sydney Smith's, a mordant irony surpassing that of Junius. And there you will see the fish, tons upon tons of it, brought in from the sea by those intrepid trawlers for London's breakfast. And even the fish is more intelligent than ordinary fish, for they have scorned the corrupting society of German submarines, and have preferred a British trawler's net.

And Covent Garden is not without its war-time message. Still you will hear a quaint humour, rich as Mark Twain's, as some merry coster's tongue seems to fill the world with laughter. And there are the flowers in war time—London's beautiful flowers, all the way from the Scilly Isles, across the stretch of water where the murderous submarines have been the busiest; here they are, and seeming by their fragrant beauty to say, "Good morning! I have come to cheer you up, that you may see in me a symbol and a prophecy of the survival of all beautiful things in life, over all that is barbarous and brutal."

And there are the trains, and the trams, and the underground, and the 'buses—and women, women, women, everywhere! And such women! With their modish uniforms, their leather leggings, and their bewitching hats! How easy to earn a grateful smile by saving them a climb upstairs by offering them your fare below. How easy, and how well worth while! It makes you feel like paying a second fare, when she comes through asking, "Any more fares, please! Any more fares, please?" Oh, London in war times is not without some charming compensations!

Think of a full-grown man stepping on a 'bus, say, on the Strand; and he is greeted by one of these charming bits of femininity who smilingly informs him , "Seat upstairs, sir". And as he climbs the winding stairs, and the lumbering 'bus moves on, she calls, "Hold Tight!" At first one is amused, until one reflects that she is the typical mouthpiece of the Women of England to the full-grown men of the Empire —"Hold Tight!"

One day in August London heard that some blood-relations for whom she entertained a strong affection, and for whom she had long been waiting, sons of her Uncle Samuel across the sea, had arrived, and would march through the city next day. Hundreds of thousands of Londoners turned out to greet them. I viewed them as they marched along Whitehall toward Trafalgar Square. They had been only six weeks in uniform, but evidently had made good use of their time. They were splendid fighting men in the making. Each unit was preceded by its officers, who were accompanied by a British officer; and each American flag was followed by a British band. And as the American Flag passed by all heads were bared. But there was not much cheering. It is not easy to move London to enthusiasm now. She has seen so much. She has been an armed camp now for three years. And she has seen her own men go direct to the Front by thousands, and by tens of thousands, and by hundreds of thousands, and by millions. And many, many, have not and will not come back. And London had welcomed other allies. Not in the same way perhaps, nor in the same numbers; but representatives of France, and Belgium, and Russia, and Italy, and Serbia, have been there; and had been greeted long ago as comrades in arms. But London welcomed the Americans heartily, and solemnly, but quietly. I heard people round about me talking; and I think I could feel the suppressed gladness of that vast multitude that their new Allies had come. But London seemed to say, "Your ships must have been delayed! I expected you earlier, but, of course, you are heartily welcome, just the same." London's attitude reminded me a little of Martha and Mary, when they welcomed One they had been long expecting, with tears, saying, "If thou hadst been here my brother had not died".

But that is the personal side. There was in many a deeper feeling. I had chosen to see the American troops in Whitehall for a purpose. I stood outside the old Whitehall Palace, but a few steps from where the scaffold stood on which Charles I. was executed, and within whose walls Cromwell, the great champion of civil and religious liberty, died. And not very far away was the place where the old Hall of Westminster stood, in which Pitt the Elder, the great Lord Chatham, had opposed the measures which resulted in the American Revolution. And near the same place was the great Abbey within which the ashes of the great statesman lie, and the great monument, which commemorates his great achievements, stands. And I remembered to have read his great speech from which I will venture to quote. Addressing the House of Commons, he said: "It is a long time, Mr. Speaker, since I have attended in Parliament. When the resolution was taken in this House to tax America, I was ill in bed. If I could have endured to be carried in my bed—so great was the agitation of my mind for the consequences—I would have solicited some kind hand to have laid me down on this floor, to have borne my testimony against it". And when he had given his reasons for opposing it, he continued: "Gentlemen, Sir, have been charged with giving birth to sedition in America. They have spoken their sentiments with freedom against this unhappy act; and that freedom has become their crime. Sorry I am to hear the liberty of speech in this House imputed as a crime. But the imputation shall not discourage me. It is a liberty I mean to exercise. No gentleman ought to be afraid to exercise it. It is a liberty by which the gentleman who calumniates it might have profited. He ought to have desisted from his project. The gentleman tells us America is obstinate; America is almost in open rebellion. I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people, so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to have made slaves of all the rest."

That was said one hundred and fifty-one years ago. And now, behold, these marching men, passing the site of the very Hall in which these memorable words were uttered. Only four thousand of them, but the vanguard of hundreds of thousands, and, if need be, of millions more.

A little later I saw this vanguard of the American armies pass the gate of Buckingham Palace, where the King received the salute. His Majesty was accompanied by Queen Alexandra, Lord French, Sir John Jellicoe, and the Right Honourable David Lloyd George. The Americans were warmly welcomed at this point also, but it was abundantly evident that for that great London crowd before Buckingham Palace the chief object of interest was his Majesty the King. There can be no doubt of London's affection for the King, and in this respect London speaks for the Empire.

There could be no doubt of the heartiness of London's welcome to the Stars and Stripes, and the splendid men who carried that Flag; and as they marched past Buckingham Palace gate saluting the King, and the King saluting the American Flag, the event was to me symbolic of the reunion of the Anglo-Saxon race in Freedom's sacred cause. No man of refined sensibilities, responsive to moral atmospheric influences, can breathe the air of London, and of England, generally, without feeling a deepening assurance of the ultimate triumph of the Forces of Freedom. Anglo-Saxondom is the proof of their invincibility.

"FOREIGN" WOMEN WHO WORK FOR CANADA

BY VICTORIA HAYWARD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDITH S. WATSON

THE "foreign" woman in Canada is to-day an object of compelling interest throughout the entire country—a sister in the Dominion's great home army. By reason of her "foreignness" we are more curious as to her habits of life and her attitude at this time than ever before.

These "foreign" women are found in greater numbers in the West, ensconced in prairie homes, than in any other one section of the country. Galicians, Russians, Ruthenians, Mennonites—constituting one of the most important human working-forces of the prairie, the garden-land of Canada.

A "farm hand" in this region is worth her weight in gold to the country and the world at this time. These women are all farm hands born of a long line of peasant farmers back in the region of the Carpathians and the Russian Black-Sea Provinces where wheat raising was known and practised before America was discovered. So that in these farm hands Canada has just the kind of "expert" she most needs at this time, when the "Doughman" has become "the mascot of the world".

A visit to some of these Galician homes in their settlements of Western Canada is in the nature of a revelation. One is struck at once by the ease with which the women labour, by the absence of all apparent effort in accomplishing the heaviest manual labour. They have worked so long that far from exhibiting our nervous energy in setting about any task, they act with deliberation and assurance making every move tell.

Thus one gets from them in the first moments of meeting an impression of the spirit of permanency and stability, qualities greatly needed in newly-settled country. The West far from seeming crude and new appears old, established and time-softened as you look into their strong faces and note their capable hands and sturdy bodies. This assurance becomes very precious, nothing less in fact than a *national asset* when we realize that the entire development of certain sections of our great Northwest is in the hands of these pioneer women.

The city-born woman could not content herself in the "wilderness", so utterly and completely as these sturdy sisters. Far from being discontented these women glory in the thought that they are establishing themselves and their name on the land. They love the land, this Canadian earth that produces wheat of a quality better than that of their native soil, and heart and soul they are spending themselves to repay to this free country all that it has done for them.

But these women also have their ambitions. Peasants, rather than mere

Ruthenian Women working in a market garden near Winnipeg

labourers back in their native land in the farming region of Southeastern Europe their one ambition here in the Canadian West is to build for themselves a home, like in architecture to the little cottage left behind nestling in some Carpathian glen. Possessed of very little ready money on landing here, it is only by the greatest thrift and economy and their ability to do the heaviest manual labour that their dreams for a home can ever become realized. That they do succeed, thousands of little foreign-looking cottages on the treeless prairie bear evidence.

Not only are these foreigners supplying the Canadian West with farm labour, but they are also giving to certain sections an architecture that is distinctive.

Take the typical little village of Gonor near Winnipeg. The little whitewashed cottages that here line both sides the street are among the most picturesque in Canada, not even excepting the quaint habitant homes of rural Quebec, which they most resemble.

On first seeing these little foreign houses one finds it difficult indeed to realize oneself in Canada. Rather you must be in the Near East. It takes a moment or two to realize, that instead, here is a bit of the Near East—a bit of the Balkans and the Black Sea,—transplanted—a row of little Carpathian cottages brought over

Galician Women working in a field of onions near Winnipeg

here enshrined in the hearts of these home-loving people and materialized here on the plains, before the memory of those other faraway homes has been effaced by the newer sights and the box-like dwelling which in the West forms the average working man's home.

These cottages stand too, as proof against the much heard statement that "in a new country a man has to take or make any house he can, to live in without regard to its looks". It is not so. A man builds as he has inspiration from within. It is as cheap to build attractively as not. Often much cheaper in fact. But it is not always possible to obtain, as here, in a new house, the appearance of genuine time-softening, which the architects of these little Gonor houses have accomplished to perfection. For not only are these little homes European in design but they have "age," like Europe—a *charming* age, minus all signs of decay. Imagine what an effect is this, in the midst of the prairie, where the first general impression of every house is its "newness" and lack of—atmosphere.

The point of vital interest about these tiny homes, however, is that they are very largely the product of skillful women's hands. First a frame work of rough hewn logs and then thick coats of plaster within and without—the plaster prepared and mixed and laid-on by women, a square yard or two at a time, in between times, when no other more urgent work is on hand. The process of plastering an entire house may thus extend over many months or perhaps years, but when done it is well done—no slap-dash masonry for these earnest women who are building to last, and for the comfort of many generations.

The plaster even if only partly done at a time is always neatly whitewashed at once, especially about the tiny window set under the shingled, steep and overhanging roof.

There is no fault to find with the cleanliness and neatness of these little houses or with the women who dwell in them. Indeed neatness is a characteristic of the Galician woman. And like their sisters everywhere they have the faculty of dressing neatly with very little expense. This of course is due to their ability to spin and weave and sew. Embroidery too comes easily to their hand, as to all European women of their class.

Very quick to acquire languages is also characteristic of these women, no doubt arising out of the fact that they grew up in a land that is the frontier of many tongues. To acquire English, therefore, has come easy to most of them, especially to the younger women. There are a few old-timers of course who find the "Inglese *difficult*," but even most of these can make themselves understood. One young woman who was at the moment picking beans in a large field, told me as a matter of course that she spoke *five* European languages, and could understand several others when spoken to, though she herself was not fluent in them. The field where she was working at her task of picking "beans for the Allies" formed a part of one of those many Dutch truck-farms, or "market gardens" as they are called back in old Holland, which seem to have their beginnings where Winnipeg's main streets leave off. There is no city in the Dominion that can compare with Winnipeg in its supply of fresh vegetables in season, and all the labour on these gardens, a Dutch proprietor informed me, is done by Galician, Ruthenian and Mennonite women, at a wage of two dollars a day and carfare. Last winter during the food shortage in the United States carload after carload of cabbages were sent from Winnipeg to the markets across the International boundary line—East and West, North and South—an impossible thing but for these women. Winnipeg also boasts several of the largest "pickle" factories in Canada. The tomatoes, onions, cucumbers and cauliflower used in the preparation of these pickles are almost solely produced by the labour of these "foreign" women. Much of the harvesting of grain in season is also accomplished by this foreign labour. Canada could not get along without this experienced labour on the wheat lands of the West at this time when a pair of hands counts for so much.

During the last week in August I stood at the head of a field of onions in Manitoba, onions destined for the pickle factories of Winnipeg, and watched a company of Galician women weed-hunters advance, baskets in hand. They came on, like a regiment marching at the "quick", eyes and hands down, weeds flying through air into the baskets as if by magic. In the rhubarb fields it was the same. Skillful fingers tore away old leaves, picked the fresh, crisp stalks, then carried them in armfuls to the bundling bench where two of their sturdy sisters "set-up" the strong cord around the rhubarb by means of a small hand winch. This rhubarb, the product of the Galician woman's hand, finds its way to every city-market in Canada.

If there is a food-producing army in Canada to-day it may be seen that the Galician woman stands high in its ranks, that she in fact is a commanding officer. It is the complaint of the United States that the Galic-

A Mennonite Woman in a Western field of beans

Russian Woman working in a garden near Winnipeg

ians who in times past came to her shores, as soon as they made a little money trekked across the border and took up homesteads and farms in Canada, and thus Canada reaped all the benefit of their skilled labour—a plaint which shows how highly the United States valued their "skilled labour" for her new lands, and how sorry she was to lose them to the Dominion.

As the years of war proceed it becomes more and more evident that the woman who farms is working for Victory even more than the woman who knits.

I know, for I write these lines on a stomach that has not tasted white bread in weeks and only a scant slice or two of "war" bread in that time. I am one of hundreds of thousands who right here in this Western World—our own America—are having to substitute vegetables and anything we can get hold of for bread. And the situation is daily growing worse rather than better.

The centre of life in the Galician prairie-village is the little Greek Catholic church with its distinguishing "cross" standing on a post near-by, forming a veritable "landmark" silhouetted against the blue of the prairie sky.

This "cross" differs in form from the cross that marks the wayside in rural Quebec by having three transverse bars, the lower one oblique.

Galician Woman preparing mushrooms for supper

Dutch Woman doing her "bit" towards settling the West

The "cross" here, always stands before the church, whereas in Quebec the two may be miles apart.

The Greek-Catholic always bares his head before the "cross" in passing.

Inside of the church Mass is said in Slavonic and a prayer is made for the Pope instead of for the Czar, we were informed, but as we were never present on Sunday, a service in the attractive little church was not one of our experiences.

At Gonor the church-bell is likewise set up outside the church in the churchyard, in a rustic little belfry of a kind which we have seen employed by the Church of England in many a sub-tropic isle of the British West Indies where sunshine, clinging vines and overhanging palms are employed to make an artistic setting. Truly the world is a small place and even its newest settlements are often reminiscent of the oldest.

The women of these foreign settlements often wear sheepskin, as in the old country, the old timers in particular find these sheepskin garments very comfortable during the rigorous weather of the prairie winter. But those who have discarded sheepskin or who may not own one of these valuable garments often wear a man's vest while at work in the fields. This garment being sleeveless leaves the arms free for hoeing, digging and weeding, beside having a convenient pocket for the clumsy watch and chain, the older women so often carry, which looks like a family heirloom—the handiwork of some old craftsman of an age long gone by in the watchmaking trade and having little about it of intrinsic value except the works, but very precious from the point of view of associations.

These women are all fairly good cooks, understanding to a nicety how to make the most tempting dishes out of the mushrooms which spring up wild in the neighbourhood.

To aid them in the culinary arts and in the baking of bread, they have built great out-of-door ovens similar to those seen in the country parts of Quebec. These ovens are covered with all sorts of flotsam and jetsam to keep out the weather and are not much to look at, especially when the door consists of half a barrel-head propped up with a long stick from the ground in lieu of a hinge, but the bread!—no Vienna roll or French loaf can compare with it! No war bread for these folk dwelling in what is the fountain-head of the world's wheat. Of all the ovens in the world none are at the moment better supplied than these same curious kopje

Galician Women Hoeing

affairs constructed entirely by women, out of adobe worked up from the mud and stone of the Canadian prairie. Most women would fuss in these days if they had to make their own bread, and what wouldn't we say if we had to make the oven too?

These women are particularly thrifty and saving. Store-bought and factory-made glassware and china which is so irresistible to seventy-five per cent. of the world's working people everywhere seems to have little charm for the Ruthenian and Galician woman whose one central idea seems to be to put as much as possible back into the land. Thus long after she has acquired savings that would permit of many comforts she still continues to live frugally as in the old country, working hard to buy a bit more land or to clear a piece already purchased or to more heavily fertilize that already in her possession, especially if it is a truck farm that she owns. Some of the most prosperous of these Western truck farms are both owned and operated by women.

This kind of ambition naturally keeps them modest and economical in the matter of dress. It is said that a woman who owns the farm cannot be distinguished from her helpers in

GALICIAN WOMEN HOEING

From a Photograph by Edith S. Watson.

the field. Thus of five or six women working together one may be a landowner and quite well-off, but the casual visitor would never know it.

This is a most valuable asset to the country at large, this ability of theirs not to be too set up by a little prosperity. This ability to keep down to fundamentals, always keenly perceiving and following what is essential, buying necessaries rather than luxuries, saving rather than spending foolishly, in nearly every case putting a high percentage of their profits back on their farm to the profit of their own family and the improvement of the land, their one aim being to produce. Hence it is not only the older women, who were nearing middle age when they first came to this country, who still wear a simple inexpensive and becoming kerchief on their heads, but the younger women and children still follow the old custom as well. What more appropriate head-covering could a farm woman adopt? Having proved its utility the Galician woman would not think of discarding her kerchief because some neighbour does not wear it and rather scorns her for doing it; perhaps even calling her a "foreigner" and ignorant and unprogressive and a hundred other unkind and self-revealing names. But it must be said that this sort of thing under the strenuousness and sorrow and heroism of the times is fast disappearing. These foreign women as producers are far too necessary and important to have it matter whether they scorn our accepted fashions or not. They are giving food and they are giving homes to Canada and reinvesting their capital in the land. Some of them are bringing their savings here from the United States, and putting them to work on Canadian soil. But best of all those already here are bringing to the West the knowledge of the kind of farming that the West needs, farming on a large scale of grain crops, as well as the more specific knowledge required for utilizing every inch of space in growing successive crops at one and the same time, the secret of success in the more intensive form of market gardening.

In short, these foreigners understand by intuition how to make a farm self-supporting in all its many departments of the field, barn and home. The Galician just beginning makes by hand his own garden implements and a rude little shelter for himself which by constant tinkering he finally evolves into one of the charming little cottages so typical and attractive. But his effort does not stop even here. The furniture of the little cottage is likewise handmade, done in spare moments during the long winter evenings. Sometimes even the planes and saws and other tools employed are likewise handmade. Every scrap of board is saved. Every little sapling cut down in clearing land lengthens out the rodded fence around the yard by just so much. Children are brought up to feed and care for the chickens and help with raising the flowers that make keeping of bees for honey possible. Young girls manipulate the handmade churn. The mother is a cook and a knitter—a spinner and weaver in the winter months when there is no garden-work in progress to take her into the fields. With her home-grown wool she defies the arctic wolf of cold. With her store of grain and vegetables she holds the frontier of the Canadian wheat lands, from whence by her labour as much as by any other, come the bread-loaves for the "Allies" and the world fighting for Democracy.

THE THIRD ACT

BY MAX PEMBERTON

THERE were twenty-four hours in which to finish it and no line of it was yet written. Geoffrey Chale admitted the fact and no will of his seemed able to alter it.

Twenty-four hours and the theatre waiting expectantly for the new play and his daughter's whole happiness depending upon it and the opportunity of his life at stake. What spirit of evil had come upon him? He was forty-one years of age and this was the second play he had written. His greatest enemy could not say that he was written out. They had called him at the theatre the man of a hundred ideas, and as great had been their confidence in him that they had put the first two acts of his drama into rehearsal before the third was finished. Now suddenly inspiration had failed him and he could not write a word. "My God, it is ruin," he cried, and the words came from his heart. What would Joan say? What excuse could he make to her?

She was to be married in a month's time and all that humble house was full of the joy of a woman's love. The poor room had become rich with the trifles which go to make a woman's happiness. They seemed to reproach him as he sat with bowed head and nerveless pen. A week ago he had rejoiced in the work and found it easy. To-day, his mind was a blank. He could devise nothing; the story of his play seemed hopeless. He could pursue it to no further.

It was tea-time now and Joan came back from the rehearsal, wild with excitement and the glad bearer of great tidings. Everybody was delighted with the Second Act, she said. The comedian had declared his part to be "a scream". The love scenes were beautiful and the girls had cried over them. None could guess the end of the play and all were waiting for it just as though it were the end of a serial in a popular newspaper.

"Of course you've finished it by this time, Dad, dear," she exclaimed, and she looked at hm as though the answer must be in the affirmative.

"It will be done by the morning," he rejoined evasively. The hope of to-morrow had been his salvation heretofore; but the to-morrows were becoming few, and Hartley, the manager, had declared this very morning that he would wait twenty-four hours and no longer. Joan knew nothing of that. Her father was such a quick worker, she would tell you. He wrote everything at the last minute and it was the better for that.

"You must work after tea, dear," she said; "I'm going back for the last half of the Second Act and I expect we'll be late. There's call for ten o'clock in the morning to hear you read. Oh, I shall love it, I'm sure. It can't help being beautiful after what you've done."

Geoffrey said nothing, though the light in her eyes was precious to him and he beheld again the face and figure of her dead mother as she moved about the shabby room. Success in a measure had come to him, but too late to save that gentle soul from the rigours of poverty and its humiliations. Joan was the very image of her—the very voice of the dead sounded in his ears when she spoke.

"Well," he said, anxious to turn the subject, "you'll know all about it in the morning, my dear. Now, get your tea and tell me the news of Jack. Is the leave all right? His Colonel doesn't say 'no,' I suppose—not after seeing you, my dear. How long's he got and when's he coming here?"

She liked to talk of this and babbled away merrily. Jack was in the North of England with a machine-gun battalion. He could get a week and that wa sall. He might be going ot the East afterwards, but she hoped not. In any case they would have some delightful days at Silloth and his people had lent them the cottage there.

"We shan't want very much money, Dad. I'll see to that, dear. Jack's people are rottenly poor and, of course, he can't do on his pay as a lieutenant. But with the fifty pounds you are going to give us and the money I saved out of my salary in London, we shall do all right. Jack says he has taken jolly rooms for me at Cleethorpes, and I shall stop there as long as he is in England. You'll have to come and stop with me—I do hope it will be for such a long time."

He knew well that she meant it, and the gladness in her eyes delighted him. All her joy, however, but added to the weight of that anxiety which weighed upon him intolerably. What if he must tell her that this play would never be finished, that inspiration had failed him and that the money which would unlock the golden gates was not to be forthcoming? A great apprehension seized upon him. No tragedy at the theatre could surpass in its terrors this thought that the house of his dreams was about to fall and that he might ultimately be dependent upon his daughter's pitiful earnings for his very existence.

Of this, to be sure, he said nothing to Joan. They had a cozy tea, with a bright fire burning, for summer had not yet come; and when the meal was finished, she put on her hat and went back immediately to the theatre.

"You can work when I am gone and it will be nice and quiet," she said; "if you have finished, perhaps you will come round and take me home. But it doesn't matter if you can't, for Elsie Hamer and I always come back together. We shan't be very late, Dad—Mr. Hartley said nine o'clock, so I can get your supper all right and you won't be disturbed. Now, is there anything else you want before I go—quite sure there's nothing, dear? Well, then I'll be off and cheer oh!"

She kissed him on both cheeks and went down the stairs singing. He listened to her sadly and did not, as was his wont, stand at the window to see her go. The thought that the morrow might change her joy to tears unnerved him as nothing had done since his beloved wife's death. Good God, what an irony it was that he could not immediately take up his pen and write—he who had been so fertile in idea yesterday! Yet such was the case. A sudden paralysis had overtaken his mental faculties. He sat and stared at the white paper and his mind was a blank. Confused images passed before him, but none remained. He had written too hastily, he said—there was no true foundation to build upon and so the story had come to a premature end.

Two hours passed and found him still where Joan had left him. He knew not why the image of her dead mother had shaped so clearly before him this night, but such was the case. She, also, had been an actress and for many years husband and wife had drawn a pittance from the "fit-up" theatres of the North and waged a war with destiny which often had been bitter enough. The dead woman stood very near him to-night. There had never been any other in his story—he loved her memory and he had loved her in the flesh, ardently and with a devotion that had ever been passionate. And he knew that if she had lived, inspiration would never have failed him.

II.

At a quarter to nine, abandoning all hope of doing anything in his lodging, Chale put on his hat and went over to the theatre.

Perchance the light and babble of a familiar scene would do something for him, he thought—and with this in his mind, he carried his sheaf of papers and the little red stylo pen with which all his work was done. The rehearsal was still in progress when he arrived at "The Grand" and he heard his own words spoken directly he set foot in the place. They were rehearsing his Second Act, and those about him took the opportunity to say that it was the best thing he had yet done. "The woman's part is so fine," they said. He thanked them and crossed the stage to the little wooden table at which "the producer" sat. "The Third Act, I suppose," exclaimed that worthy, indicating the manuscript under Chale's arm. How much he wished that he could have said "yes".

Hartley, the manager, still wearing that fur coat, which he called the "rat skin", came up presently and said the same thing.

"Glad you've brought it," he remarked; "the time was getting short, old man—you've given us all a bit of a fright, I can tell you. Well, that's all over and bully for you. I suppose we can call a rehearsal to read it at eleven to-morrow. Better not be later."

Chale said that eleven would do. though his heart fell as he did so and the words seemed to be spoken by another. He could see Joan amid the company and he nodded and smiled to her as though to say, "it is all right, my girl,"—and at that she clapped her hands and threw a kiss to him. Then the rehearsal went on in its matter-of-fact way. It was a play which told the story of an adventuress. who at heart was a woman, and the first and second acts showed her carrying everything before her by sheer cleverness. The audience would like that, for this was a woman against the world and they wanted to see her win all through. "I must give her a great scene in the Third Act," Chale thought and he sat back in his chair and tried to think. Even here, however, the key eluded him. He could not unlock that door of inspiration which alone would make his play a success.

The rehearsal drew to an end presently and there was all the bustle of home-going. Joan came up to him and asked him if he were ready, and to her surprise he asked her to go with Elsie Hamer.

"I want to do a few things to the script," he said to her apart; "it isn't quite finished yet, though everybody here thinks I have done with it. Go home, my girl, and don't wait up for me. I think I may be able to do something when they have all gone."

She was not a little surprised, but promised to do as he wished.

"I'll get supper and leave it in the oven, Dad. Don't you be late now, for you'll have to read it to them in the morning. If it's as good as the rest, our fortune's made—I do hope so, dearest, you know how much."

He knew it well enough and kissed her "good-night" with a tenderness which betrayed some unusual emotion. To Hartley, the manager, he said that he wished to make a few alterations in the manuscript and would prefer to do it at the "prompt" table. "You won't grudge me the light, old man," he said, and the rejoinder was in his own spirit.

"As much as you like, my boy—burn the old theatre down if you can get a success. Don't make Joe drunk and don't overdo it. You'll have a heavy day to-morrow and we can correct as we go along. The chief thing is that you have finished the Act. Thank God for that anyway—"

He did not see the flush of colour which came to his friend's face and he was still congratulating him upon finishing a great play when he left the theatre. Joe, the night watchman, now came up and suggested that a bottle of stout was a good thing to work upon. "Sort of keeps you going," he observed, and went on to relate the history of other night watchmen whose lives undoubtedly had been saved by alcohol imbibed at the proper time. Chale sent him off to the public house and promised to see that the theatre did not catch fire in his absence. Joe was fast asleep in the corner of the fire-hose half an hour later. It was friendly, he thought, of this writing gentleman to offer him such real hospitality.

Chale, meanwhile, sat upon the darkened stage and dreamed many dreams. The place was very still and to him it was full of ghosts. He remembered how he and his dead wife had tramped to this identical house nearly twenty-three years ago—and how she had sung and danced to Hartley's predecessor, in the hope that he would engage her at the paltry salary of twenty-five shillings a week. Their common life had been a sad struggle those days. Often they were near to starvation; but she had never complained, striving always for the child's upbringing. The price of her sacrifice had been her life, laid down cheerfully for Joan's sake. Well he knew it; for the story of it was written upon his heart. Such success as he had had would have been riches to them in those days. How many years of his own life would he not have given could she have shared them with him.

And yet she must know of them. Nothing, he believed, had been hidden from her. She knew the money he had been able to lay out on Joan's education, the years of labour, the disappointments, the trials. The loom of tragedy which lay upon him could not hide it from her eyes. She must suffer because he suffered. That was his faith, which nothing could change.

He took up his pen and the demons of past failures came to haunt him. There were old and dead actors upon that empty stage and they pointed the finger of scorn at him. What—old Geoffrey Chale write a play! Nonsense. Of course it must be a failure. He hadn't the wit or the education. What the devil was he doing in that galley? Out with him and his infernal conceits. He heard and saw the same men ranting in the old parts—this fellow as a preposterous Pericles; that, as a beery Hamlet. Dead women, too, were there—mere girls pirouetting for bouquets, now become women whose very names the theatre had forgotten. He pitied them and remembered that his wife had been of their number. How proud he had been of her. What a beautiful creature she was!

His eyes were moist at these thoughts, but there was none to see him and he took up his pen and sprawled a line upon the unblotted page. Act III., Scene: a Restaurant in Paris. He had written these words often before, but he must write them again to-night with the same hopelessness. Beyond them lay the void. He heard the clock strike twelve and the shadows seemed to gather thick about him. Was he alone or did another stand near him? Shivering a little as with the cold, he uttered the beloved name—Joan. But it was not the daughter but the mother whom he called.

"Joan, help me, girl."

The shadow grew blacker, but he was not afraid of it. Far away, as though the sound of it came across the still water, a voice answered him. "I am here, Geoffrey," it said. Again he spoke and again was answered from the great unknown. "Help me," he cried in despair, "help me, Joan, for the child's sake." Now he knew that the responding voice was coming nearer. A sudden chill struck him, but immediately afterwards it was as though his veins were on fire. The stage filled with figures familiar to him. "God in heaven," he cried, "they are acting my own play—and this is not the night, not the night."

It was all beyond his reason and

he could make nothing of it. There, on that stage which had been in darkness five minutes ago, stood the company for which he had written—comedian and tragedian, men and women and all the laughing girls who were to sing the music of his Second Act. But it was not the Second Act they were playing. Here was something new and wholly unfamiliar. He witnessed scenes so powerful in their drama that even he—practised hand that he was—could abandon himself to the cleverness of them and applaud like any amateur.

So the curtain fell—amid a torrent of imagined applause. The vision passed as quickly as it had come. In the far distance a church bell struck four—in the street without the dawn was breaking. Chale was unconscious, however, both of time and place. When Joe, the watchman, addressed him, the voice seemed to come from another place.

"Four o'clock, sir—you've had a good sleep, haven't you now?"

Chale started up amazed.

"Yes, yes, a good sleep. Is it really four o'clock, Joe? Then I must be getting home—"

He rose and looked for his hat. A terrible depression had fallen upon him, for now he realized that all had been but a dream. Day had come—the day; and his play was still unfinished. The vision had inspired him, but what of the reality! He was cold and ill and nerveless. How could he write, how recall the glamour of those ideas which had seemed such a very triumph of genius when sleep adorned them. He knew that he could not. He was a broken man and the end of his career was here.

"Aren't you going to take your papers, sir?" Joe asked. He smiled at the question, for paper was cheap enough then.

"Not much to take, Joe," he said, sadly. Joe did not agree with that.

"You've done a lot of writing in your time, sir," he said—"been busy to-night, too, I see. Joun me if I didn't think you was asleep, and here you've been working all the time."

Chale passed his hand over his forehead and then looked down at the papers on the table. He was almost afraid to look at first, so fantastic was the idea that had come to him. Well he knew that he had not written a single line since he entered the theatre and he could not understand what the man meant by it.

"All blank, Joe," he said evasively. How his heart beat when he said it!

"Then I'm dreaming, sir. Why they're no more blank than I am. Look at 'em yourself—"

He pointed to page after page covered by the familiar handwriting—neat to the point of wonder, elaborated with a detail which betrayed a master hand. Chale's eyes were afire when he followed the black finger of his destiny. What miracle had happened? What was this mighty thing which he had done in his sleep? He shivered as though stricken. The dead had written for him—the dead had been with him in his sleep. The Act of his play was there on the table before him. The woman he had loved had come back from the unknown to write it.

He staggered from the theatre into the cold light and found his way to the lodging. Joan was restless in her sleep and his step awakened her.

"Father," she cried—"what has kept you? Have you written it, dear? I could not sleep for thinking about you. Tell me what you have done—say that it is all right." He bent over her and kissed her on the forehead.

"Your dead mother has finished our work, my dearest. As God is in heaven, I believe it—" and he showed her the precious pages.

*

Hallucination! The imagination of an overwrought man working at the dead of night and unconscious that he worked!

Who shall say? Are there not more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in Horatio's philosophy?

Along the City Wall, Quebec

QUEBEC

THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF CANADA

BY CHARLES W. STOKES

IT is related of a westerner, prairie-born and encompassed, that when in middle age he made his first visit to the East he ingenuously suggested that Boston might be called the "Omaha of New England". There was nothing depreciatory in this; on the contrary, it was the highest praise he could bestow. Would that I might begin so naïvely! Quebec should be the Saskatoon of Eastern Canada; for Canada, being on the average a younger country than the United States, has its component parts in closer affinity as to age. Canada is a defensive alliance of nine states, the United States a loosely-knit offensive of forty-eight; and it is banality to say that defence—which in this case is the preservation of our nascent nationalism—creates the closer bond. But—! "Defence" might just as well be spelled with an "s" (as it probably is in Saskatoon, whose inhabitants, as I have had auricular proof, call their metropolis 'Skatoon) and be done with it, as institute this shuddering comparison.

A Panoramic View

Boston and Omaha, for all one is so highbrow and the other so lowbrow, are closer together spiritually than the city of Quebec and any other city in Canada. Any evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, they are first cousins, each exhibiting in a highly marked form some peculiarity which it does not deny, in a subdued form, in the other. They jointly prove R. L. S.'s argument that there is so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us that it ill becomes the most of us to talk about the rest of us. But Quebec has no family resemblance to anyone. It is neither sister, brother, cousin, uncle, or grandmother to Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg or Vancouver. It might perhaps be a kind of great-aunt, of the familiar type—a little inclined to be peevish in expressing herself, but stately in silence. Communities other than those mentioned will please accept this intimation that great-aunt feels the family tree is too big already. She will not muster a factitious sympathy in their teething troubles or promotion to short clothes, nor feign enjoyment in the sweet music of their infantile prattle. "Will not"—nay, cannot, for she was never young herself. Quebec was born old.

One of our current amusements is to draw comparisons between the East and the West of Canada, the extremist theory being that these parallel the East and the West of Kipling. But the only difference we need consider here, this being an article on the personality of the city of Quebec, is that in the East the personality is supplied by the general atmosphere whilst in the West the converse usually obtains. Saskatoon is 'Skatoon because its people are congenital 'Skatoonlets who hourly indulge in inevitable 'Skatoonisms, whereas Quebec is Quebec simply because it is Quebec, not because Quebeckers vent their feelings in irrepressible Quebeckisms. Another way to express it would be to say that Quebeckism is the olive of Canadian flora and 'Skatoonism the wild cucumber.

This, however, is a divagation, as Dr. Johnson would say; but it leads rather aptly to a paradox. At Quebec the European immigrant usually lands. Let us reverse the position, and envisage ourselves, Canadians,

of Quebec City

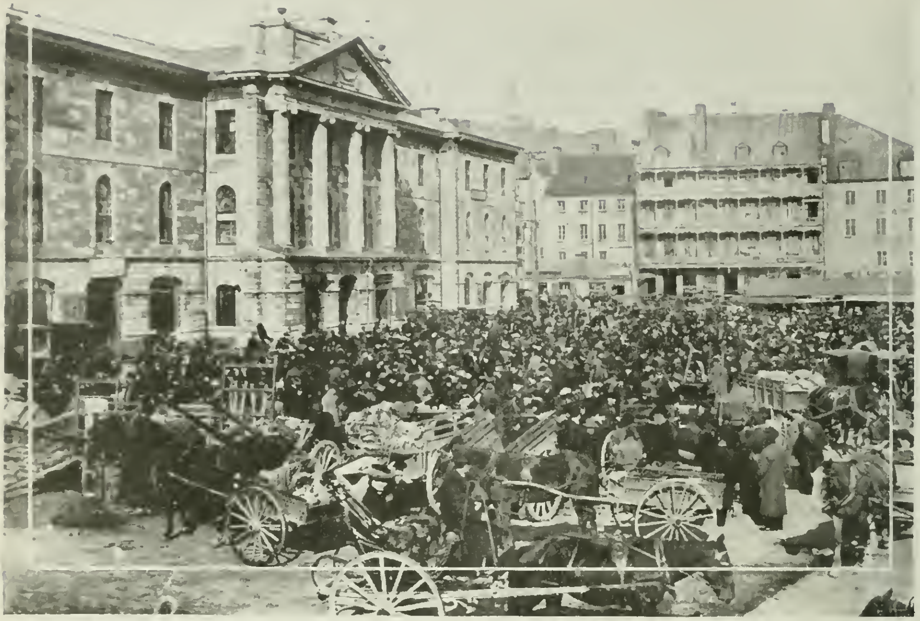
emigrating to England, our objective being free land in the fat acres of Yorkshire, or mill-work in the humming industries of Lancashire. Wouldn't it be rather disconcerting to land in remote Wales, to meet a people of alien mentality, to hear an unfamiliar language? The immigrant into Canada leaves England, or whatever his native land, mainly because he is "fed up" on the historic limitations that hedge around his development and opportunities for self-expression. In taking passage for a new country, he is less concerned with its being new as with its not being old. When it eventually looms upon his eager gaze, the first point of contact is with a country older than the one he has left or than he has probably thought existed!

Quebec is easy pickings for the descriptive writer. Because it has the most distinctive personality of all cities on this continent, it has the most obvious characteristics; but anyone who avails himself of the opportunity finds himself at a disadvantage (apart from the fact that if he really wants to consider the subject thoroughly he will want too much space) in that so many have preceded him. If he essay the merely practical, there are already several very thorough guide-books; and if the exalted, most of his forerunners—including no less than W. D. Howells, who set the fashion for honeymooning to Quebec—have been so super-lyrical, even when ostensibly writing prose, that he is out-Heroded before he starts. Competition in rhapsodical Quebeciana is now so intense that the pretence of prose cannot longer be maintained.

Here, to be exact, is a specimen, which I may assure the reader did actually appear in print:

"Silence and the mystery of night. Far stars, drowned in an ocean of unknowableness. Not a breath from the dim river, nor the unseen hill. High on her ramparts, ancient and aloof, Quebec crouches, sleepless.

"Quebec is French in her soul. Quebec's skyscrapers are her churches, her Bradstreets is a breviary, her history is ecclesiastical. Quebec wears altar candles before the door of her heart. She is the least modern, the most complex-characterized, and yet the most elemental of cities. Her eyes see farther than the farthest star.



A Market Scene, Quebec, showing in the foreground the vehicle known as the Caléche

"Quebec was born to tolling bells and chanting choirs and the sharp musketry of hostile Indians. Brave counts and braver friars have trod her streets from wall to church, from church to wall, and out beyond. Rough crosses, moulded in the wilderness, but green in heaven, rise where her sons have fallen. Red flowers, white flowers, bloom on their graves."

A few words regarding Wolfe, and then: "The fleur-de-lys went down before the cruder Anglo-Saxon, but not to die. The blunt, bluff conqueror wooed the star-eyed prophetess. Their union built the Quebec of to-day, strange blend of might and mysticism, legality and laughter."

A *da capo* to "high on her ramparts", and it is over. After this, why should the present writer try further, biting his pen for imagery or ransacking Roget's Thesaurus of its adjectival store?

It is possible that the citizens of Quebec endure rather than enjoy their "quaintness". I advance this as a theory only, having witnessed in Holland a very parallel instance. Holland suffered for many years the various drawbacks of being "quaint", until one inspired Hollander—for the Dutch are a very shrewd race—segregated the "quaintness", organized a company to maintain it properly, and now spends his declining days clipping bond coupons. Foreign inquirers in Holland for the wooden boots, petticoats, *et hoc genus omne,* are now directed to the segregated area, whilst the other ninety-nine per cent. of the population go about their daily round in factory and shipyard wearing Derby hats, tailored suits and suede shoes.

It is certain, at any rate, that Quebeckers of the past two or three recent decades have not viewed with any great equanimity the decline of their city's shipping trade and the

The Dufferin Terrace, Quebec, overlooking the lower town and the River St. Lawrence. Showing the Chateau Frontenac

more than corresponding growth of Montreal's. The only reason why an ocean liner stops at Quebec is that it draws too much water to make Montreal; and hence is much heart-burning. But Quebec has a new-born hope in its Bridge. That gigantic steel nexus, epically consummated on the ruins of two tragedies, may yet establish the ancient capital as a focal point in the new world's commerce, although, on a practical basis, its advantages have not yet been demonstrated. Whether lower rates in water transportation on the Great Lakes will continue to divert western grain from the all-rail route to Quebec across New Ontario, whether, even supposing the grain does cross the bridge, it will leave only paltry revenue behind in Quebec and the bulk in Halifax, is for time to show.

There are many guide-books to Quebec. Indeed, it is the only city in Canada—practically in America—where the guide-book is an everyday occurrence. Baedeker, Murray, Hare, all the standard compendiums of conscripted minutiæ, are run a close race by their brethren of Quebec. They serve you faithfully, these guide-books. To ignore them is to lead to the assumption that you have no eye for beauty. Not that I deny the "sights". The Chien d'Or stone, the story of Captain Horatio Nelson and the inn-keeper's fascinating daughter whom he nearly married, the statues, the time-worn ramparts, the city gates, Sous le Cap Street and the other steep, narrow thoroughfares, the citadel, the tin roofs, the churches, the convents, the monks, the *"marche donc"* of the hack-drivers (how the American tourist hungers for that touch of local colour!), the memories of Frontenac, La Salle, Champlain, Bigot, and the rest—I

The Wolfe-Montcalm Monument, on the Plains of Abraham

myself have worshipped at these shrines, and am not ashamed thereof.

> Dear friends, for Iesu's sake forbear
> To move the dust encloaséd here!

I have only one desire, and that is to have a Quebecker point out another native as an old-timer, as they do in the wild and woolly West.

Our friend the guide-book sends you to the Wolfe-Montcalm obelisk in the Governor's Garden, on Dufferin Terrace, with particular gusto. It says it is the only monument in the world erected to the united memory of victor and vanquished, and it is probably true; at any rate, the rhetorical instinct that lies latent in the prosiest of men is gratified with the grand motto: "Valour gave them a common death, history a common fame, and posterity a common monument". How Wolfe himself would have enjoyed that! It is the sentimentalist whom posterity remembers. Can you imagine Wellington saying, "Kiss me, Hardy", as he died? And yet it is Nelson's battle that is perpetuated in statues, not Wellington's, although the latter was immeasurably greater. The year 1759 saw other victories besides Quebec, of equal—probably of greater—importance to the British cause. It was the year of Minden, Quiberon Bay and Lagos; but can you enumerate who fought in them, or against whom, or even where they took place? Two years before had occurred the remarkable battle of Plassey, in which there were actually more than twice the number of men engaged on the battle-line than at the Heights of Abraham, with numerical odds four times as great

Little Champlain Street, showing at the end the "Break-Neck" Stairway

against the British as at Quebec; but did you ever hear of Clive going into Plassey quoting Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard", or remember whom he fought, where, and why? That "Elegy", since become the most familiar poem in the language, was then only newly published; one speculates whether the press agent of that time seized the unparalleled opportunity thrust upon him of making it famous in a day.

Dufferin Terrace is the Boulevard des Italiens of Canada. A long, broad, plank walk along the crest of Cape Diamond, stretching from the ancient and once impregnable citadel to the Champlain statue, it is by day the place of assignation for sun-worshippers, and by night the promenade

The Grand Battery, Quebec

superb. The daily panorama of river, cliff and mountain closes in a Wagnerian dusk. When the twilight fades over the blue Laurentians, as the lights of the Lower Town begin to twinkle, when the bells chime and the sunset gun is fired, when the band plays march music or the string orchestra in the hotel plays waltzes, all Quebec, masculine and feminine, lay and monastic, adjourns to the Terrace. Feminine Quebec especially is in evidence; and these Quebec girls —by dusk, at any rate, for we have no daytime data—are as fascinating as that unnamed pretty maid who was going a-milking, sir, she said, and almost as elusive. One of George Meredith's cynics said that romance little realized how much it owed to champagne; at Quebec, he might have added, to the warm languors of a summer's night. The subtle attractions of Quebec to the newly-married begin to appear more obvious.

But here we are, threatening to be as rhapsodical as the worst of them! Dufferin Terrace and its magnificent prospect must be blamed. The Terrace boasts one of the finest hotels in America—certainly the most delicately designed, for in addition to a site whose scenic value must be millions, its architecture is a perfect match with the old French setting, occupying as it does the former terrain of the historic Château St. Louis. Somewhat surprisingly, it was designed by a citizen of the United States, for the architecture of the country mentioned is more usually associated with grain elevators and reinforced concrete skyscrapers than with repatched old pictures. Facing the Château Frontenac is a poetically conceived statue of Champlain, plumed hat in hand, saluting the soil of Canada—round the corner is another of Bishop Laval. These are two notable sculptures in a city of statues.

Every visitor to Quebec, of course, goes to see the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, marvelling at the pyramids of discarded crutches that give

The Cardinal's Palace in Winter

evidence of the miraculous powers of the good saint. Incidentally, how musically liquid are the names of these French-Canadian villages and rivers! Our Lord, the Virgin Mary, the apostles, saints and martyrs lend lustre to many bare and lonely spots whose single sign of grace is the name they bear. Montmorency, St. Jean Chrystome, Visitation, St. Féréol, St. Raphael—these are some to be encountered in the vicinity of Quebec, as well as other sonorous patronymics, Limoilu, Sillery, Lorette, Point aux Trembles, Rivière des Chiens, the Isle of Orleans (or Isle of Bacchus, if you prefer the original name), Cap Tourmente, Cacouna and Ha! Ha! Bay. The city of Quebec, with its environs, is an epitome of the poetry and colour of the Province of Quebec. Montreal is, of course, the greatest numerical stronghold of the French race in America; but Montreal might be any place, because it tries to be every place.

Quebec, on the other hand, could never be anywhere else. In its light and shade, its quick temperamental changes, its vociferousness and riparian habits, it concentrates French Canada.

But I like Quebec almost as much in winter. When I was a boy, and read Hans Christian Andersen, I used to wish I could live in Copenhagen, because the old story-teller made winter there so attractive and we had such miserable winters. Quebec would have done equally as well. It bears the obsessions, the inconveniences, of winter better than any place I know—even transforms them into a soft attractiveness. Its architectural peculiarities, designed for winter, are enhanced by snow. Its narrow streets, snow-clad and hushed, sleighs jingling down them, red-cheeked children rushing helter-skelter from the convent school to snowball each other and passers-by, well-swathed nuns toddling off to mass—it needs a Thackeray, who could paint a casual, intimate scene as intensively

A Quebec Winter Scene

as any Dutch master could paint an interior on a two-by-four canvas, to convey this charming aspect to you.

To Quebec at this period of the calendar come yet other visitors, for Quebec has developed a winter as well as a summer tourist cult. Its winter sports, like everything that it does or has, have their own peculiar distinctiveness. To be "correct" in Quebec one must needs wear a snow-shoeing uniform, irrespective of whether one snowshoes or not. This uniform is a mackinaw of fantastic pattern, with nether garments and hat to correspond. The snowshoe clubs have each their own, of barbaric designs in lozenges and other charges, each of which is as full of mysterious meaning, rank and record of prowess as the badges on the arm of the graduate Boy Scout.

REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

VII.—WHEN LAURIER BECAME LEADER

AS I have said elsewhere, it is not easy to penetrate the secrets of a party caucus. Of this I had conclusive evidence when Honourable Wilfrid Laurier was chosen to succeed Mr. Blake as leader of the Liberal party. I knew that the caucus was to nominate a leader and that Blake's choice was Laurier. I knew also that there were influential elements in the Opposition unwilling to accept Blake's advice, and convinced that Laurier had neither the industry nor the energy required to discharge the heavy and exacting duties of the office. Furthermore, he was of the French race and a Catholic in religion. There was much feeling that Mr. Blake had received a meagre support from Catholic voters and a keen sense of exasperation over the realignment with Sir John Macdonald of the French Conservative "bolters", whose anger over the fate of Riel did not outlast the first division in the new Parliament. But caucus set aside these grievances, and despite his own resolute protest, Mr. Laurier was elected to the office of leader. The motion which prevailed was submitted by Sir Richard Cartwright, and seconded by Honourable David Mills, both of whom doubted the wisdom of the decision since both aspired to the position. But neither slackened in devotion to the party or ever conspired against Laurier. They were slow, however, to admit that caucus had acted wisely, and for years their speeches contained no eulogy of the leader. Mr. Mills cherished the hope that Mr. Blake would return; Sir Richard did not.

For hours I sought to learn whether or not a successor to Mr. Blake had been appointed. But every tongue was tied and every ear closed to my appeal. No one maintained a more resolute silence than Laurier himself. He would neither deny nor admit, confirm nor affirm, agree nor disagree. There was only blunt, deliberate, unequivocal refusal to give any information or even engage in any suggestive speculation. Finally, towards midnight, when the appeal from *The Globe* for a statement became imperative, I saw Mr. Laurier and told him that with or without his consent my despatch would announce in the morning that he had been elected leader. He protested that I could have no knowledge that the statement would be accurate and intimated with cold civility that he did not believe I would be rash enough to send out any such message. But I was rash enough to do so, and the message was substantially if not strictly accurate. I intimated in my despatch that the appointment was temporary and conditional upon Mr. Blake's restoration to health and resumption of the leadership. *The Globe,* however, amended the despatch, erased the qualifying sentences, and declared editorially that Mr. Laurier had been appointed and that Mr. Blake's resignation was final and irrevocable. In *The Globe* office there was fuller knowledge of Mr. Blake's position than I possessed, but for some time there was no disclosure of the proceedings of caucus. The truth was that Mr. Laurier was elected leader, but could not be persuaded to accept, and insisted upon the appointment of an advisory committee to counsel and direct the Opposition during the current Parliamentary session.

Curiously enough, my action never was questioned nor the accuracy of my despatch ever denied or admitted by any member of the Liberal Parliamentary party. It became necessary to see Mr. Laurier often, but he made no reference direct or indirect to the incident. On the day that Parliament prorogued, however, he called me down from the Gallery and intimated that he had definitely accepted the leadership, and that there was no reason his decision should not be announced. But I cannot think that his judgment was settled or that he was yet persuaded that he could command the general support of the Liberal party. He was comparatively unknown in Ontario and the East, and wholly unknown in the West, while in Quebec he was distrusted by the Hierarchy and regarded with more of respect than affection by the French people.

Once a group of Liberals were discussing the political outlook in Quebec as the election of 1896 drew near and the Manitoba school question hung heavily on the horizon. Laurier said, "How can I be strong in Quebec? I am an old Rouge, I have been fighting priests and bishops all my life." Dr. Landerkin, who was of the company and in very happy temper, rose to his feet, brought down his right hand with a sweeping gesture upon his bosom and declared with impressive fervour, "I am an old Rouge, too, but I am not such a d—— fool as to fight bishops."

There was a common notion that Laurier had no iron in his constitution, and at best would be an ornamental figure, obedient to the commands and submissive to the dictation of stronger men in the party. This, I believe, was the judgment of Sir Richard Cartwright. I know that this was the view of Honourable David Mills. Recalling the estimate in which he was held by so many of his Parliamentary associates one thinks of Bap. McNabb's little red rooster of which Herndon tells in his Life of Lincoln. Beaten in the ring it mounted a woodpile, flirted its feathers and crowed lustily. Bap., looking on in disgust, exclaimed irreverently, "Yes, you little cuss, you're great on dress parade but not worth a d——n in a fight."

Laurier had a reputation for eloquence which does not always denote strength, and a reputation for indolence which it was not thought he could overcome. If I ever had this impression it was soon dispelled. Shortly after he became leader I was his guest for a few days at his home in Arthabaskaville. During those days he talked much and I very little. In nothing that he said was there any suggestion of arrogance or boasting. But he revealed his knowledge of men and of books, his clarity and vigour of mind, his inflexibility of will and purpose. At least I thought I had discovered a man of very different quality from the amiable Laodicean whom many Liberals feared and most Conservatives believed had been installed in a position to which he was unequal. In a long letter to *The Globe* I sought to convince the Liberal party that Mr. Blake's successor would be an actual and dominant leader. If there were those who doubted and derided, in the judgment of history the prophet will not be dishonoured.

It was my fortune to accompany Mr. Laurier on his first visit to Ontario after he became leader of the party. He and Madame Laurier spent a short holiday in the Muskoka Lakes with Mr. J. D. Edgar and Mrs. Edgar. At Bracebridge, Port Carling, and Parry Sound the leader delivered short addresses, and at Parry Sound he attended a Methodist camp-meeting. Later he visited Orillia, Cannington, Lindsay, Sturgeon Point, Guelph, Mount Forest, Wingham, and St. Thomas. At St. Thomas, where he was the guest of Dr. Wilson, M.P., and Mrs. Wilson, he attended service at the Presbyterian Church, for which, by the way, he was gravely rebuked by the Conservative organs of Quebec. The preacher was Rev. J. A. Macdonald. The sermon was vigorous and eloquent. I have often thought that Dr. Macdonald is even more effective in the pulpit than on the platform. But most of his speeches are sermons, and perhaps I think of the pulpit as his natural setting. This, I believe, was the first meeting between Laurier and Dr. Macdonald, as it was my first meeting with the man who was to be my successor in a position to which I had no immediate prospect of appointment.

Mr. Laurier's only serious addresses were delivered at Cannington and Guelph. Again and again during those summer days in Muskoka and throughout his leisurely journey across the Province, Laurier insisted that a French Canadian and a Roman Catholic could not hope to secure the common allegiance of Liberals in the English Provinces. Again and again he protested that his elevation to the leadership could be no more than a temporary expedient. In his speeches he declared that he was only a tenant of the office of leader until Mr. Blake's restoration to health, and there can be no doubt that this was his hope and expectation. As a consequence he was not as aggressive nor as authoritative as could be desired. I did not think that he made a strong impression upon the meetings which he addressed. There was lack of vigour and confidence. There was no energy in his deliverance. Nor was even the attraction of personality which is his great possession fully displayed. Only at Cannington did he reveal his actual quality. An Anglican clergyman with amazing discourtesy arose in the meeting and shouted that they could not learn the true way from a Roman Catholic. Laurier retorted with passionate energy, "You could—in politics", and he proceeded in sentences of stern rebuke to flog the interrupter into humiliation and silence. The rest of the speech was animated and confident, in contrast to the tame and listless spirit in which most of it was spoken. I had the impudence to tell the leader that he should engage the belligerent divine to attend and interrupt at subsequent meetings. But Laurier seldom was embarrassed by heckling. Nor was he ever overcome by organized interruption. I cannot think, however, that his reputation was enhanced by his visit to Ontario in the summer of 1888, and I am confident that he did nothing to dispel the common notion among Liberals that he was too gentle and too gentlemanly for the hard, rough, uncompromising, aggressive warfare in which a political leader must engage if he is to establish his own position, control a party in Parliament and inspire respect and devotion in the constituencies.

It is curious that the qualities of decision and resolution which Laurier possesses in such remarkable degree were those in which he was thought to be deficient. It is just as remarkable that despite his reputation for indolence when he became leader of the Liberal party he was an example of industry in office, indefatigable in his attendance in Parliament and diligent and vigorous in the direction of the party which he recreated and over which he exercised such complete authority. No one who had knowledge of his career in Quebec before he became a national figure could have doubted his courage, but his comparative inaction in Parliament from 1878 to 1887 explains many misconceptions which prevailed in the other Provinces.. He loved the Library of Parliament more than he loved the Chamber of the Commons. He browsed among books, reading and thinking leisurely but spaciously, happy in a few intimate friendships, and content apparently with the position that he had achieved. For years I was a faithful patron of one of the second-hand book-shops of Toronto. My taste was for biography and memoirs, for the books which describe great figures, great incidents, great events in French and British history, and for the old books and pamphlets which relate to the political history of Canada and the United States. I learned that if I did not order as soon as the catalogues appeared the best books would be taken by Laurier. The range of his interest was wide and catholic, but of modern fiction he read little. While he was at Washington in 1899 he read Uncle Tom's Cabin. When I asked him if he had not read the book before, he admitted that he had, but declared that he found a second reading more interesting and profitable than any of the newer novels. Once I asked him what biographies of Lincoln he had read. His answer was that he had read them all, and that he thought the best was that by John T. Morse in the Series of American Statesmen. Few books have been written about Lincoln that I have not read, but I think the little volume by Carl Schurz has the first place in my affection. Mr. Isaac Campbell, K.C., of Winnipeg, who has read much of the Lincoln literature and has a very complete Lincoln library, values highly the volumes by Morse and Ida M. Tarbell, but he has read so many books illuminating so many phases of Lincoln's character that he hesitates to admit that one or other is a favourite. I once heard Mr. Laurier and Mr. Goldwin Smith discuss treatises on French cookery with a familiarity as interesting as it was surprising. It was this Laurier who did not aspire to be leader of a political party and who seemed to have settled in a way of life which he was reluctant to forsake. But the separation from these old tastes and interests was not at all complete. He read much while he was in office. One may be certain that he reads more in the greater freedom and leisure which he now enjoys. But surely there was a great reserve of ambition in Laurier which would have gone unsatisfied if he had never commanded a party and dominated a Cabinet.

It was commonly believed when Laurier became leader that he would submit to the stronger will of Sir Richard Cartwright. But if there ever was a struggle between the two the decision came quickly. I do not think there ever was any actual conflict, for Laurier prevailed without apparent effort or assertion. So all those who thought they might be Seward to Laurier were undeceived. It was believed that Sir Richard imposed Commercial Union, or Unrestricted Reciprocity, upon the Liberal party. But probably Commercial Union was conceived in *The Mail* office. Although Mr. Erastus Wiman was the reputed father, one suspects that Mr. Edward Farrer instructed Wiman, and by his persuasive and trenchant writing, made the programme attractive to the Liberal leaders. At this time *The Mail* was at variance with Sir John Macdonald, and there is reason to think that *The Globe* espoused Commercial Union because *The Mail*, by its vigorous advocacy of the new programme, was dividing *The Globe's* constituency. In those days *The Mail* was in search of a party, and the Liberal leaders were very willing to encourage its advances. There never was a complete union, but there was co-operation for mutual advantage which, as I well remember, *The Globe* regarded with disfavour and concern. Between Sir Richard Cartwright and Mr. Farrer there was a personal relation of long-standing, although not an intimate friendship, and probably Mr. Farrer persuaded Sir Richard to pronounce in favour of continental free trade before Laurier had committed himself. But Laurier was as favourable to the policy as his associate, even if he was not the first to deliver judgment. I am thinking only of the genesis of the movement and the suspicion that Sir Richard imposed his will upon the titular leader of the party and not of the wisdom or unwisdom of the policy to which they gave mutual sanction and support.

By a speech which Laurier delivered in Toronto in 1889 he dispelled many prejudices among English-speaking Liberals outside of Quebec and finally established himself as the national leader of the party. He could not have become leader at a more inauspicious time. The alliance with Mr. Mercier in Quebec was distasteful to the Liberals of the other Provinces. Indeed, it was not unusual for a French Liberal to whisper that he was a Rouge, not a Nationalist, a disciple of Dorion and Laurier, but a reluctant follower of Mercier. More than once I heard Mercier speak in Quebec. No one except Chapleau could exercise such wonderful command over a French audience. Eager, dashing, dominant, bold and direct, he set the blood of French Canadians leaping, and enlisted in his service all they had of emotional fervour, of racial instinct and racial prejudice. He was not scrupulous, but he had political genius and he was very competent. It was not easy for Laurier to maintain an alliance with this daring provincialist without loss of trust and prestige in the English Provinces. But Mercier was the stronger in Quebec, and any open quarrel would have destroyed the Liberal party in the French Province. There is a story, probably not authentic, that on the eve of polling in the Federal election of 1891 Mercier said to a friend, "If I were leader of the Liberal party I would have a majority of twenty in Quebec to-morrow." The friend asked why Laurier should not do as well since he had Mercier's most active and energetic support. "The reason," said Mercier, "is that Monsieur Laurier is an honest man." I have often heard Laurier say that Mercier had such influence with the French people that if he had determined to impose economical and conservative government upon Quebec he could have held the Province as easily as by the methods which he practised and which made his last days a tragedy instead of a triumph. At least Mr. Marchand did, and Sir Lomer Gouin has done what Laurier believed Mercier could have done to his own great honour and to the infinite advantage of his Province.

The Jesuit Estates Act, which produced the Equal Rights movement in Ontario, greatly embarrassed Laurier, not because there was any sound constitutional basis for the Protestant agitation, but because he could speak only with diminished authority against the tempest of sectarian feeling which swept over the country. In Parliament he opposed disallowance of the objectionable Provincial measure, as he was bound to do, and as, indeed, did the great majority of Parliament, but there was a formidable element in the Liberal party, as there was a multitude of Conservatives, who would not hear the voice of reason and against whose wrath over the appropriation of $400,000 for the Jesuit Order by a Canadian Legislature no constitution could prevail. While this flaming anger possessed the country Laurier was eager to come to Toronto in order to explain and defend his position. But the Liberal leaders of Ontario would not entertain the proposal. They insisted that he could not get a hearing, that he would meet with violence, that he would be humiliated and discredited, and would damage the party irretrievably. While I was his guest at Arthabaskaville he lamented again and again that he could not get permission to speak in Toronto, and insisted with absolute conviction that none of the untoward consequences which his associates predicted would follow. I was then President of the Young Men's Liberal Club of Toronto, and I suggested that if he was so determined to speak in Ontario I would go home and organize a meeting. It was agreed that I should make the attempt, although he doubted if I could succeed. I had his promise, however, that once the meeting was announced he would not have it cancelled no matter what objection might be offered or what pressure might be exerted to prevent his appearance at Toronto. I came home, at once consulted the executive committee of the club, explained that Laurier was anxious to speak in Ontario and suggested that we should organize a meeting. The committee agreed, we fixed the date, and without consultation with the editor of *The Globe*, any member of the Mowat Government, or any Liberal member of Parliament, I secured the Horticultural Pavilion and announced the meeting. There was much foreboding and head-wagging. But, as I anticipated, once the fact that he was coming was announced it was recognized that the decision could not be reversed and that all possible measures must be taken to ensure a crowded and successful meeting. But there were representative Liberals, afterwards his docile if not obsequious followers, who would not attend and who were only less vigorous in condemnation of the Liberal leader than in censure of those who were responsible for the invitation which he had accepted.

I was chairman of that meeting. The hall was crowded. Every member of the Mowat Cabinet was on the platform. Many Liberal members came in from the country. The bulk of the audience was not unfriendly, but there was a hostile element which was not easily controlled. During the first hour I was not so confident that those who had predicted confusion and disaster were not of the House of Wisdom. My few introductory sentences were taken well enough, and when Laurier rose there was generous applause. But one felt instinctively that there were undercurrents of suspicion and unrest. When he mentioned *The Globe* there was satirical jeering and hissing. As I was a member of *The Globe* staff, that was not pleasant, but since its attitude towards the Jesuit Estates Act and the Equal Rights movement had been so variable and vacillating I was more abashed than surprised. Once, I remember, I was stopped on the street by an acquaintance, who intimated, with stern displeasure, that he did not like *The Globe's* position on the Jesuit Estates question. I retorted angrily and in unparliamentary language that he must be d—— hard to satisfy since there was no possible position on the question that *The Globe* had not taken. The truth was that *The Globe* had first opposed disallowance of the Act, discovered later that public opinion was overwhelmingly in favour of disallowance, and finally argued that the Act should be disallowed because the Pope was mentioned in the preamble. Possibly the Pope had no business there, but since he had been there from the beginning *The Globe's* sudden anger at his presence was not convincing. Those indeed were grievous days for The *Globe* staff, and the hissing at the Pavilion meeting was only a disconcerting manifestation of the contumely to which we were continually subjected.

There was a far more disturbing demonstration when Laurier named Mr. D'Alton McCarthy and Dr. Caven, the wise, revered, acute, judicial Principal of Knox College, whose severely logical mind did not apparently perceive the illogical position of an Association which demanded disallowance by the Federal Government of an Act within the constitutional competence of a Provincial Legislature. For ten or twelve minutes Laurier struggled to recover control of the meeting. But again and again the cheering for McCarthy and Caven was renewed. There was nothing violent or ruffianly in these demonstrations. There was perhaps a suggestion of respect for the speaker, but with this there was cold, stern, deliberate displeasure over his attitude and resolute, uncompromising allegiance to the champions of the Equal Rights movement. One could see that Laurier felt the actual physical strain of the struggle. Not only was there a hostile element in the meeting determined to express itself, but on the faces of many of those who were voiceless there were no evidences of concern or sympathy. There was not, as so often happens when a speaker is badgered and harassed, the quick and fierce rally of the defensive forces and the greater volume of counter cheering which overwhelms a body of disturbers. Laurier had not only to silence interruption, but to dispel coldness, create sympathy and compel conviction. If he did not wholly succeed, he did at least reduce the meeting to subjection and inspire respect for his courage and tenacity. There was no further disorder and as he proceeded there was frequent cheering and manifest agreement with many of his arguments. But the sentences which were applauded were those which recalled his battles for freedom against ecclesiasticism in Quebec, which asserted his devotion to the principles of British Liberalism, which pleaded for sympathy and understanding between Ontario and Quebec, and which deplored racial and religious intolerance. I think of the long roll of cheering when he quoted the great sentence, "No Italian priest shall tithe or toll in our dominions", and the fine fervour of his peroration, "When the excitement has subsided let us remember that though divided by different tenets and of different religious creeds, we all worship the same God. Let us remember that though divided by religious forms, still we all believe in Him who came to earth to bring to men peace and good-will, and if we are true to these teachings, if we are ever ready to give and to take, to make all allowance for the opinions, nay, for the prejudices of my fellow countrymen, for my part I shall never despair of the future of our young country".

The man triumphed, but the Jesuit Estates Act was still an alien and a fugitive in Toronto. The triumph was greater than appeared at the moment. There could be no better evidence of the temper of the meeting than the conduct of Sir Oliver Mowat. He had prepared a speech for the occasion, and the manuscript was in *The Globe* office. But not a sentence of that speech was delivered. Wary and cautious, as he ever was, he felt the ground step by step, never going an inch too far, nor ever reaching the point of danger. He was cheered by those who had harassed Laurier, although he did not actually challenge any argument that Laurier had advanced. He spoke for Mowat with keen, shrewd appreciation of the feeling in Ontario, and the danger of any open rupture with the Equal Rights Association. The eulogy of Laurier which he had prepared was not pronounced, and any positive support for the position of the Federal leader was withheld. Laurier at most carried only a portion of the meeting; for Mowat there was universal cheering and vast enjoyment of his smooth, deft, adroit handling of an audience which knew as well as he did himself that he was manœuvring for safety and leaving Laurier to such judgment as would be pronounced upon his own appeal and argument. At the close of the meeting Mowat whispered to me that he could not afford to make the speech which he had prepared and that I must destroy the manuscript sent to *The Globe* office. As he spoke his eyes twinkled behind his glasses.

It was discovered next day that the common judgment on Laurier's speech was far more favourable than could have been expected by those who had attended the Pavilion meeting. Even Sir Oliver Mowat and many of those who had opposed the meeting admitted that Laurier had greatly enhanced his own prestige and had convinced many doubting Liberals that objectionable as the Jesuit Estates Act might be, the demand for disallowance could not be conceded. At a luncheon to Laurier at the old Reform Club on

Wellington Street, Mowat spoke of the Federal leader with none of the reserve and caution which had characterized his speech at the Pavilion. When he had finished, Laurier said to his neighbour, "Why, why, did he not say that last night?" I have heard Laurier declare that the Pavilion meeting was the most severe ordeal of his public career and that there were moments when he was mortally apprehensive he would have to abandon the struggle for a hearing. But he prevailed and never since in Ontario has the Liberal leader found an audience unwilling to receive his message, although often enough he has breasted public feeling as adverse as that which was expressed at the Pavilion nearly thirty years ago.

Not only was Laurier embarrassed by the alliance with Mercier and the eruption over the Jesuit Estates Act, by the Protestant Protective Association and the movement against Catholic schools in Manitoba, but also by the agitation of which Mr. D'Alton McCarthy was the inspiration and protagonist against official recognition of the French language in the Western Territories. In the memorable debate which McCarthy precipitated in the House of Commons in 1890 there was a greater display of fervour and passion than in any other to which I have listened. Mr. McCarthy was assailed by both front benches and defended only by the faithful O'Brien, by Mr. John Charlton, whose letter expressing despair for the Liberal party under a Catholic leader and connection with the Equal Rights movement revealed his political temper, by Mr. Alexander McNeill, whose personal devotion to McCarthy was only less intense than his devotion to the British Empire, and by a small group in Parliament responsive to Presbyterian or Orange influences. For five days McCarthy sat silent, patient, unprotesting under the persuasive, insinuating, impressive reasoning of Sir John Macdonald, the luminous, sympathetic, tolerant arguing Hon. Edward Blake, the cold, unfriendly logic of Sir Richard Cartwright, the angry, bitter, arrogant attack of Sir Hector Langevin, the nervous, elevated eloquence of Laurier and many other speeches from both sides of the Chamber aspersing his motives or attacking his position with all the resources of persuasion, dissuasion and denunciation they could command. I cannot remember that he ever showed a symptom of feeling or interjected a word of protest until the resources of the attack were exhausted and he was free to reply. Then he spoke for three or four hours with superb self-control, remarkable precision of statement and complete concentration upon fundamental facts and principles. If he did not convince, he commanded attention and respect, and the whole effect upon a hostile Parliament was singularly pervasive and profound. Those I have always thought were Mr. McCarthy's great hours in the House of Commons. If he was overwhelmed in the division, he triumphed in the debate, and the triumph was accentuated by his high bearing and grave repose. The man was in his cause. He spoke for it and not for himself. At least that was the impression made even upon those who were cold and unresponsive. No one was more generous in praise than Laurier or more convinced that the effect upon the country would be still greater than the effect produced in Parliament.

There was a time when Laurier was not so far removed from Mr. McCarthy in the House of Commons and Sir William Meredith in the Legislature of Ontario. In "The Day of Sir John Macdonald", by Sir Joseph Pope, there is this passage: "About a month before Sir John Macdonald died Mr. Laurier came to his office in the House of Commons to discuss some question of adjournment. When he had gone the Chief said to me, 'Nice chap, that. If I were twenty years younger he'd be my colleague.' 'Perhaps he may be yet, sir,' I remarked. 'Too old,' said he, 'too old,' and passed into the inner room." I think I know where Laurier, if he could have disencumbered himself of obligations and conditions, would have made his alliances thirty years ago. It is interesting to remember that just before his death Mr. McCarthy had agreed to accept from Sir Wilfrid Laurier the office of Minister of Justice, which he would not accept from Sir John Thompson. From the meeting at Toronto in 1889 Laurier was firmly and finally settled in the Liberal leadership. If his withdrawal ever was imminent it was because entire devotion to the public service entailed financial sacrifices too onerous for his slender resources. But when one thinks upon the questions which disturbed and divided the country thirty years ago, of Nationalism in Quebec, of Protestant agitation in Ontario, of acute division over schools and language in the West, it will be admitted that the leadership of a Federal party was a delicate and difficult undertaking for a Frenchman, a Roman Catholic and a citizen of Quebec.

"The Old Man and His Ways" is the attractive title of Sir John Willison's Reminiscences of Sir John A. Macdonald, to appear in the December number.

ARMA NOSTRA LAUDAMUS

By P. M. MacDONALD

THE fear-awaking arms our warriors bear,
On Europe's war-cursed fields, and bravely use
Against our cunning foe, with deadly bruise,
And swift blood-letting thrust, and gross impair
Of tenements that sheltered souls once fair,
Resplendent shine, we deem, with glorious hues—
Despite the gloom of grief's great revenues—
For they who bear them in that hell-filled air
Are just and right in their strong hearts' intent:
They strike to lay a despot in the dust;
They charge to crush Ambition's regiment;
To weed the advancing world of ways unjust:
That men, or strong or weak, may find the ascent
That leads from doubt and strife to peace and trust.

CANADIAN LIBRARIES AND THE WAR

BY GEORGE H. LOCKE

CHIEF LIBRARIAN OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, TORONTO

TO a nation, or, rather, a colony—for we are not ashamed of being a colony—with no standing army, with no regular troops and no garrisons, the great war came with a suddenness that was terrific in its effect. It is true, we were not close to the war and liable to invasion. Therefore we were not panic-stricken in any way. But we were so far from the centre of difficulties and so imbued with the idea that war was impossible because of the peacefulness of our immediate neighbours, that we could only with difficulty realize that war was on. But we recovered our breath, sent over to London our good wishes, and offered to help out with men and munitions, our principal munition being wheat and flour.

We did not wait for our offer to be accepted. The wheat and flour left in the first available steamers. The "fiery cross" set all the country aflame and thirty-three thousand men gathered at Valcartier, near the historic Port of Quebec, the flower of the nation, and eager for the fray.

Everything was done in feverish eagerness and within six weeks of the declaration of war this Armada left the historic Port of Quebec to help the Motherland. We were in it because Britain was in it and were to stay in it because it was a fight for justice, liberty, and the right of the small and weak.

As Sir Wilfrid Laurier expressed it on the eve of the sailing of the Armada:

"We are British subjects and to-day we are face to face with the consequences which are involved in that proud fact. Long have we enjoyed the benefits of our British citizenship; to-day it is our duty and our privilege to accept its responsibilities, yes, and its sacrifices. It is our duty, more pressing on us than all other duty, at once, on this first day of debate in the Canadian Parliament, to let Great Britain know, that there is in Canada but one mind and one heart, and that all Canadians stand behind the Mother Country, conscious and proud that she did not engage in war from any selfish motive, for any purpose of aggrandizement, but that she engaged in war to maintain untarnished the honour of her name, to fulfil her obligations to her allies, to maintain her treaty obligations, and to save civilization from the unbridled lust of conquest and power."

For every man who went, five had volunteered, and at once we began the work of training in our various camps the reinforcements which we knew would be necessary. The work was carried out with an intensity of purpose and a feverish haste, both of which were natural in the face of the great emergency, but which made drill and food the great essentials of the moment. When, however, the work of the camps got into its stride, so to speak, it was seen that the organized force of the Y.M.C.A., which was handling with such great success the canteens, was the best agency through which to help the soldier in his leisure and sometimes lonely hours. The public libraries near the training-camps, the schools in the larger cities, the church societies and the clubs became the feeders of the Young Men's Christian Association canteens, and poured in books and magazines in great quantities. The work was not highly organized and was indifferently done, as one might suppose, in the midst of the confusion of the early days. It might have been done better if we had had the warning and experience of other nations. With us the personnel of the camps was changing so rapidly because of the use of training-camps in England, that we considered that backing up the Y.M.C.A. was our best plan. And we did. What we might have done if there had been time to organize would make quite another story. Certainly we should have done it "on our own" as they were doing, and not trusted to any other organization.

When there was a great winter camp at the National Exhibition Grounds at Toronto in 1915, the Toronto Public Library installed a War Camp Library of specially selected books, in charge of a librarian from its own staff, who now is serving in the artillery in France. This was greatly appreciated by the men, so much so that many of the books accompanied them abroad. When the camp broke up, the Library was kept in readiness for use, and when the Young Men's Christian Association opened their Red Triangle Hostel in Toronto this Library was placed in their building, where to-day it is doing duty for the returned soldier.

And so from Victoria in the extreme West, where Miss Helen Stewart, the Librarian, not satisfied with providing for the men in camp, went herself to the Front for a year and a half as a voluntary worker, and since her return has been providing for the men in hospital, in camp, and in vocational training centres; to Calgary and Edmonton, where the public libraries have co-operated with the Military Y. M. C. A., and furnished books and magazines to the great Sarcee Camp; to Regina and Moose Jaw, where Camp Hughes, of that province, was supplied by those public libraries with books through the chaplains and the Military Y.M.C.A.; to Winnipeg, where there were many soldiers and where the Public Library established special reading-rooms, branch loan stations, and furnished discarded books to the camps and departing military trains; to Ottawa, which co-operated with the Y.M.C.A., bought quantities of inexpensive but interesting reprints for the camp and opened rooms for instructional purposes; to Westmount, Quebec, where Miss Saxe organized the women of the city in her usual efficient manner, this work, new then to all the world, has been in progress.

And of the Library with which I am identified, let me say that we supplied 25,000 books, most of which were from our own stock, some given to us, and some specially bought by us. The range of our activities may be seen when I enumerate the soldier circles which we have entered by peaceful penetration: Camp Borden, Niagara Camp, Exhibition Camp (which had the first War Library on the Continent), Barriefield Camp, in Eastern Ontario; Ketchum Barracks, Ravina Barracks, Gerrard Barracks, Gerrard Base Hospital, Spadina Hospital, College Hospital, Kapuskasing Internment Camp, Muskoka Sanitarium, Great War Veterans' Club, Maple Leaf Club, and Red Triangle Club.

Seven of our men went to the Front —all who were physically fit—and one of them has been decorated with the *Croix de Guerre*, with the palm, and a special medal for valour.

We sent also an ambulance for the Red Cross which for nearly three years has been helping in that great work. It was last heard from late in

August of this year and was still "going strong", and the legend "Toronto Public Library" on its side was often the subject of comment. Possibly it is the only "Public Library ambulance" at the Front.

We had no government aid and little government sympathy. We were not disappointed in this, for we have been identified too long with the promotion of intelligence in communities to hope for immediate and complete recognition.

But what was the most important result of all our efforts was the feeling, new to many in our country, that Libraries were a necessity to the communities and that they had a definite value. In many places there had been a vague and hazy feeling that this was so, but now this became clear and definite.

It was a war which needed explanation and description. It came without any warning and in the midst of peaceful unpreparedness. At once the Library was discovered as the place for public information and was visited and talked about. It became socially recognized. Where there was an efficient librarian or an intelligent board. this responsibility was greatly welcomed; in other cases there was a local panic or hopeless recrimination.

But more than this, it was a war which demanded intelligent mobilization of social effort, and the knowledge that here in a town was a social institution already established which could be used came almost as a shock. There were no sectional, denominational, or social jealousies to be considered in the use of this public institution, and so it became the organizing centre for all the committees engaged in patriotic effort.

As a result, the Public Library has become better known in the community, and in its case to be better known is to be better appreciated. Library grants were not cut by the municipal councils except in some isolated communities handicapped by poor library boards, who had little or no influence in the community.

And now we have had three years of experience, and let me give you the cheering word that appropriations for public libraries in the Province of Ontario have advanced forty per cent. and that circulation of books has increased thirty-five per cent. This has not come without effort, and most of all in Ontario we owe our progress to the Superintendent of Public Libraries for the Province, Mr. W. O. Carson, a Government official all too rare, full of energy and intelligence in regard to every phase of his work.

There may be a tendency in some places to neglect the regular work for the special and more spectacular. There is a glamour about war work, there is a feeling with many persons and institutions—if such can be said to have feelings—that there must be the "soldier contact" and that to miss that experince is to be neglectful of one's duty. We have passed through this stage. It has been difficult sometimes to persuade people that to do their work efficiently and to co-operate so far as time and strength will permit in the patriotic efforts, is the best way to serve their country. An efficient cataloguer is restless to become a Red Cross worker at which she would be but an average person. Her idea is that she will then be doing something for her country—especially if she had a uniform.

And this same phase of unrest imperils our libraries themselves. The spectacular work of the camps and of societies in connection with patriotic effort—all necessary to be done and to be encouraged—makes our regular work of supplying information and going through the routine of daily duties, the keeping of the home fires seem gray and uninteresting. Let me warn you as one who has come through this and is now interested in the soldiers who are returning in large numbers maimed and broken in health but cheerful and wanting to get into harness again, that the Public Library which has been kept lively—not merely alive—in the interval will have won its very way into the lives of the people to such an extent that it will be the centre for co-operation with government commissions, schools, vocational training centres, hospitals, convalescent homes and thus will be a positive and permeating influence.

That is what we are trying to do in Toronto. We have many discouragements, but we are not easily cast down. There is a big job ahead of us in trying to get suitable literature to the convalescent soldier in hospital, rest home and club. This will be difficult, as we have found already, for government officials often "fancy themselves" and their choice of books is too often without intelligence. I am sure from experience that anyone can picture the official who says that anybody can run a library and choose books. He is sure he can and does not see the obvious moral the librarian draws.

In this connection let me urge that you keep your work organized for the years after the war and you may be able to help very definitely the soldier in his efforts to re-educate himself. The theory that the unambitious man can be made ambitious by education or that the war can bring out ambition and talents in a man who had them not is a fallacy that needs to be dealt with at once. We are suffering from some of that kind of false educational doctrine in our efforts towards re-education.

We are on the threshold of a vast educational undertaking too vast and far-reaching for most of our educators just as the conduct of the war itself has been too vast for those trained under former conditions. Let us throw aside that faith in experience which hampered the early conduct of the war and which will likely hamper us in dealing with that most conservative social force, education. Let us acknowledge that experience is not the great thing needful, but youth with its imagination, hope and energy and we in Canada who were forced to remain at home, and deal with the prosaic are trying to place the institution with which we are identified as prominently on the map of political and social intelligence, as our representatives in Europe have placed our country on the map of the world nations.

We are a nation of less than eight millions of people in a vast country which is bounded by three oceans and a friendly neighbour. We have equipped and sent to the great war 500,000 men; we have manufactured fifty millions of shells, forty-five millions of cartridge cases, and sent millions of bushels of wheat to needy France and starving Belgium.

And in every good work in which we had a chance to help—or could make a chance—the institution which I have the honour to represent, the Public Library, has been "on the job" and whenever possible led the way. We expect to be even more necessary and more useful in the reconstruction days to come.

A SOLO FLIGHT

BY A CANADIAN AIRMAN

THIS place is most certainly a mighty fine camp, and the boys that are here at the present time are top-notchers. We don't get very much time to ourselves, and it is very hard to get into Margate, except on Saturdays and Sundays.

I like flying very much, have made my solo flight, and am getting on fairly well. I'll tell you what, it makes you feel very nervous, the first time you go up by yourself. When you get up a thousand feet or so and look around and find you are on your own—I'll try and give you a little idea of how it feels.

Along about 4.30 a.m. the caller wakes you. The sun has hardly had time to drive the ground mist up, and all is crimson and gold, glittering in the early morning light. Up you scramble out of bed, shivering and blinking, and trying at the same time to get both feet into one trouser-leg, stumbling all over and waking your tent companion, who curses you for a noisy idiot and rolls over on the other side, to enjoy a few more snatches of sleep, while you envy him to the best of your ability, and finally fall out of the tent door, pulling your goggles and helmet on at the same time.

Once outside, things take on a different look, as you hurry out into the field (generally after having tried to rouse the cook, unsuccessfully, for a cup of hot cocoa before going up). Arriving out there, you pick out your machine and inspect it for frayed wires and controls, then climb up into the cockpit and try your engine.

With a clutter, clutter of the engine you are off, whirling over the ground at an increasing rate, till you feel your tail lift. Then the ground appears to be sinking fast away beneath you and the horizon fades farther and farther into the bluish haze of the early morning. The machine wabbles and bumps just like a dinghy in a choppy sea, so your attention is taken off the landscape for a few moments while you correct your engine speed and keep levelling your craft to the unavoidable bumps which you continually run into. Gradually the rocking of the machine eases up, generally at about 1,000 feet, and you are again able to gaze beneath you and to the far distant horizon.

All about you like an unlimited circle lies *terra firma* gradually drawing farther and farther away, and it is then that you realize what an atom you are in God's great universe. How puny and weak you look in comparison with the earth and sky! Honestly, mother and dad, it was never brought home to me so much as on my first solo flight.

Look to right and left, and you see grayish spots lined like a checkerboard, with long, winding, silvery threads leading into them, the whole land is as if on a many-coloured patch-work quilt stretching as far as the eye can see, while now and again long weblike wisps of carded wool outline portions of the spider-web formations below. Now and again the whole circle seems to rock about and tilt up to meet you—it much resembles a saucer balanced on a needle an drocking about, but it is only the banking of your machine to take a curve. Here and there are farms and hedges, roads and rivers, which you never knew existed, but which now stand out like a huge relief map. The landscape looks as if in the course of a few seconds an immense roller had erased all hills and valleys and made it into a concave saucer, with you in exactly the centre. There appears to be no distance, for you and your machine seem to be overlooking everything at once. The earth appears to be sliding past far below and you to be stationary until you lift your hand up over the wind-shield and feel the terrible rush of air past you.

As you gaze out along the weblike wings, which seem almost too frail to support you, and listen to the deafening roar of your engine, which shakes and jiggles the machine until you think it must surely fall apart, you imagine all sorts of things and what might happen if one of those little wires, which on the ground were loose and sagging, now strained to their utmost limit, and shrilly screaming above the roar of the engine, were to snap. But that seldom happens, as they only support about half the weight they are tested to.

After cruising about the country, it comes time to make your descent. Backing the machine up until she feels as if should you hold her over another inch, down she must come. But her speed keeps her up; and finally pointing her nose toward home, you gaze below at any smoke to find the direction of the wind, as a plane must always be landed into the wind. Having found this, you read your altimeter and make a quick calculation of how far away from the hangars you must shut off your engine to glide home. Having done this, you wait till the machine has reached the point of your calculation.

Pushing ahead your control lever and quickly shutting your throttle, the machine dives earthward at a terrific pace for a few minutes, while the needle on your air-speed indicator ticks up fifty-five and sixty knots. With a bang-bang of your engine, everything becomes silent, and you feel just as if you were seated upon a huge bladder, when suddenly someone punctures it and you gradually sink earthward. The wires hiss and hum, then presently begin to sing shrilly, while occasionally, from behind you, the bang of the engine backfiring gives you confidence, telling you in engine talk that it is slowly revolving and there in case of necessity, or a friend to lend the helping hand if you have miscalculated your distance when starting your downward flight and are going to land in a ploughed field or some other such place that is liable to cause you to crash. The machine groans and creaks with the strain as it rocks from side to side—now this way, now that, now diving down, now lifting up, as the different air currents strike you as on, down and down, you swoop, while the earth rushes up to meet you and the horizon narrows in and about you at a speed approaching sixty to seventy knots (approximately eighty miles an hour). Your "tummy", which is a creature of moods, keeps persisting in trying to lodge in your chest.

You grip the joy-stick as if it was your very dearest friend, while your eyes are constantly trying to look at about four different instruments at the same time—the point of landing, air-speed indicator, spirit level and other machines.

Tiny specks evolve into men, little green patches into forests, gray dots into houses, silver threads into roads, the large slate-coloured checker-board into a town. Still down, down and down you sink, and every scream of the wires, groaning and creaking of the strained machine, are heard.

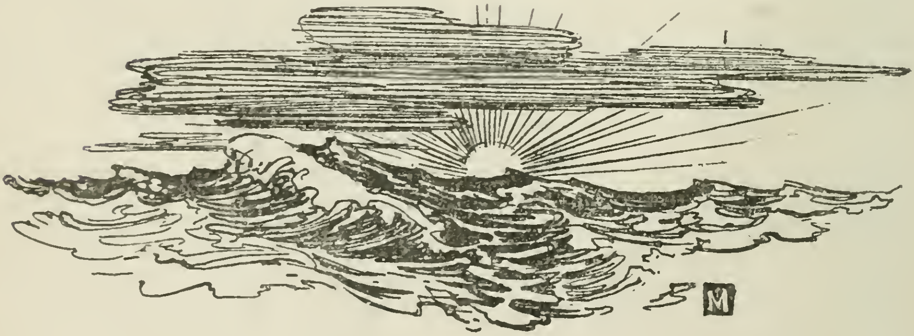
Presently your hangars appear far below, and you pull your machine over. Dropping your nose and pressing your rudder-bar, you go into a spiral, pivoting around as if the tip of your wing was fastened to some immovable object and you were being hurled round and round, while the earth below tips and sways about, while in reality you are making immense circles. Gradually the horizon has narrowed into a few patches about you. Easing up your ailerons, the machine comes to a level keel, and you and your machine rush at the earth.

At about twelve feet you ease up your elevators and glide almost level over the earth, sinking gradually to the ground, till with a gentle bump and the rumble of your wheels over the tops of the small bumps you sink properly onto the ground. Switching on your engine, which roars out as if delighted to reach mother earth again, you roll along the field to the hangars, joggling over the rough ground as you go.

Arriving at the hangars, a couple of mechanics seize your wing-tips and wheel you round into position. Reaching out over the side, you switch off your engine, which dies down with one or two kicks and then is silent. Undoing your safety-belt, you climb onto the ground, heave a big sigh, and reach for a cigarette.

With your ears still ringing with the roar of the engine, you slip free of the machine and run for the mess-room for that long-promised cup of cocoa, and talk to everyone to get the superfluous talk you have been saving in the air out of your system, meanwhile slapping your hands to get the blood going once again.

But it's a great life, after all, when everything goes right. The unexpected is what we watch for. Therefore, while admiring the beautiful scenery you are constantly looking here and there for a good level field with short grass to land on if the engine cranks, which, I regret to say, often happens, even with the best of engines, and this makes for quick thinking.



CANADA AND THE VICTORY LOAN

BY SIR EDMUND WALKER

SINCE August 4th, 1914, when the Minister of Finance and the bankers met to prepare for war, so far as our national credit was concerned, and the 6th when we decided to take part as belligerents, we Canadians have had many problems of vast importance and extreme difficulty presented to us. We have met them with such credit that our status as one of the most stalwart of the young nations of the world is so established that only failure in meeting some new problem can lessen the glory of our recent history.

At the outset of the war we determined to raise 50,000 soldiers and in two months we enlisted, equipped, trained and shipped more than 30,000 in the largest number of transports and convoys that had ever sailed the seas down to that time. Since then we have raised 550,000 soldiers and nearly 500,000 of these by voluntary enlistment. We, a people not highly skilled as manufacturers, were asked to make shells to be loaded and the fuses made in Great Britain, and in a few months we were told that we must make the explosives and load them and also make the fuses, it having been supposed that no factory in North America could make that part of the finished shell. We learned in a few months to make both time and graze fuses, the many parts of which must work more accurately than a Waltham watch, and for a time the entire British Army depended on us for 60 per cent. of the fuses used in action. We have made countless forms of manufactured munitions, military clothing, airships, and sea-ships for Great Britain, Canada and France, and now we are making war munitions ranging from airships to pistols for the United States. Our farmers, with their sons at the Front and with farm labour practically unobtainable, have raised foodstuffs which it is not too much to say have saved a large part of the allied armies from starvation. When the war began, we who had borrowed year after year vast sums from Great Britain for the development of our country realized that that avenue was closed, but we arranged to obtain five million dollars a month to pay for our share of the war. We soon saw that Great Britain must not be asked to help us and we undertook to find elsewhere what was needed. As the money markets of Great Britain closed, those of the United States gradually opened and some loans, public and private, were placed there, but long before those markets were also closed to us, we learned that we must depend solely on ourselves. We found, indeed, that we must do much more than pay our own war cost; we must devote every energy of production to making war supplies for Great Britain and for these we must give credit, that is for these objects the materials and labour for which had been paid for by the manufacturer in cash and for which he must clearly obtain cash on delivery, someone in Canada must lend an equivalent amount in order to produce the cash, and must accept the long time obligations of Great Britain. Now to the extent that Canada has to sell bonds to meet her share of the cost of the war the same condition arises. The wages received by the worker, the cost of the materials, the food sold by the farmer, has all been paid for in what we call cash, but this cash is only possible of existence so long as there are people in Canada ready to buy the long time bonds of the Dominion in order to provide it. Every war contract, every purchase of wheat, beef, bacon, cheese or butter, depends on there being someone who will by purchasing a Victory bond make it possible to pay in what we call cash for such contracts or purchases.

The fourth great Canadian War Loan, the second Victory Loan, is about to be offered for subscription. The Chairman of the Dominion Executive of the Victory Loan Committee of 1918, Mr. E. R. Wood, one of the ablest, most unselfish and most public-spirited men in Canada, has already set before the public the facts connected with the next loan, including the statistics showing both the sources of our prosperity and the nature of our financial needs, and it seems unnecessary for me to add to what has been so clearly presented. Why, indeed, do any of us doubt what the response to the second Victory Loan will be?

First of all there is the responsibility of those on whom rests the duty of presenting our needs to the public. They do not dare to miss a single argument lest a single subscriber to the loan should be lost. When a man is ploughing a great field and has reached the last furrow, he is apt to let horse and plough and his arms get slack as he comes down to the end. Victory is in sight and many may think like the ploughman that the great strain upon our energies is past, but there has been no moment in the war when the strength of an unbending purpose was more needed. Peace is perhaps also in sight, but if our soldiers and our civil representatives are to secure the peace we have been fighting for, vast military action, a long period of time, and the continued presentation of a stern, unrelenting and victorious line of allied soldiers, are the guarantees on which we must rely. The best army in the world at the present time in the opinion of foreign military critics is the British Army and while we will not say that the Canadians are the best soldiers in the British Army, there are many who say so. What do we owe to these sons and brothers who have lifted our name so high? What can we do to feel that we have the right in any measure to share in the glory which they have brought to our country? If money is wanted for the charities of the war, shall we not turn out our pockets for the hundredth time much more cheerfully than for the first? But we are only asked to make an investment at a high rate of interest in the best bond that was ever issued. No government that is borrowing for the conduct of this war has such a vast unopened territory on which to build its future. We are fighting not for the liberty of eight millions of people but for the future of the hundred millions who will people this vast country and who because of what our boys are doing at this moment will glory in the great fact that they are Canadians.

We have carried the financial burden of the war with wonderful ease and very many people find themselves greatly enriched while many wage-earners find that they have much more to spend than ever before, despite the enormous advance in the price of everything they buy; and so when we are urged to economize and are told that every cent is needed for the war, there are many who do not believe there is any necessity for such restraint, but our added wealth is almost entirely in credit obligations representing mainly the cost of the war. We have not made important public or private improvements to our land, we have not accumulated the only forms of wealth in which debts to other countries can be paid, that is, gold or balances due by other countries which can be drawn against. We have merely provided food and other materials for our soldiers and those of Great Britain and some of the Allies, and for these we have received credit obligations. We can therefore only keep changing one form of credit obligation for another, whether we are paying a day's wages, or buying wheat, or paying for a steel ship. Each bank must balance all of the credit obligations of its customers and of its own, either over its counters or at the Clearing House, and the Dominion Government must balance its accounts after the use of all funds derived from its various imposts, by selling bonds to its people.

Some Canadian individuals or institutions must provide all that is necessary by buying these Victory bonds, otherwise all that we are doing must stop absolutely. We cannot feed our soldiers, we cannot maintain our munition works, we cannot buy the products of our farms, we cannot, indeed, exist as an honourable nation, unless the second Victory Loan is a success. Almost every person who has a single dollar to spare has it because of the money distributed in paying for the war. He owes it to his country to turn that dollar into war bonds, or war stamps, and if he thinks that with so much loyalty and enthusiasm his little subscription does not matter, he is adopting the worst kind of attitude. Every spare cent is needed.

Let us then as a united people put our backs once more under this task and show to the world that we are not weary, that those who cannot fight are glad to pay, and that until a Peace dictated by the Allies when the Hun has unconditionally surrendered is accomplished, we are in the war with our last man and our last dollar.

John Murray Gibbon

JOHN MURRAY GIBBON

A BRITISH NOVELIST IN CANADA

BY BERNARD K. SANDWELL

I AM inclined to regard "Scots in Canada", "Hearts and Faces", and "Drums Afar" as the three first volumes of "Gibbon's British Empire". Their author is only forty-three, and has ample time to give us the fifteen or twenty additional volumes which would be needed to furnish a complete picture of the life of that vast entity at the present time, and the result, while not quite so voluminous as "Gibbon's Roman Empire", will be fully as instructive and have a great many more readers.

Nobody is better qualified to give us a general view of the great Anglo-Celtic community which speaks the English language and pursues British ideals of communal and individual development. Look at the career of the author of "Drums Afar" up to its present stage, and note its effect upon his successive writings. John Murray Gibbon was born in Ceylon, where the breezes are still spicy but man is no longer considered so vile as he was in the days of Bishop Heber a century ago. From earliest youth, distance was nothing to him; halfway round the world was merely halfway home again: the stupendous spread of the British Empire became as familiar to him as the features of his own county are to the average English novelist, or those of his own state to the average writer of American fiction. Bear in mind, though, that he was not a mere traveller, noting the externals of each country's life with a curious eye and passing out from it as much a stranger as he came in. He found work to do wherever he sojourned, and it was work that threw him into the main current of life, never into its eddies and backwaters. He was educated at Aberdeen, both at school and for three years at the University; and, thus protected by a substantial Aberdonian integument from the unduly assimilative powers of an English university, he proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford. Now Oxford may be likened to a huge rendering-vat in which the minds of thousands of students are boiled down together until they emerge, beautifully clarified indeed, but reduced to an absolute uniformity of flavour, aroma and specified gravity. Gibbon was clarified but not reduced. He left Oxford, having learned both what Oxford is and what Oxford is not, the latter being a special course not supplied by the college authorities. His academic courses were philosophy and ancient history, and he topped them off with two terms in Goettingen, devoted to Sanskrit and Greek inscriptions.

So far, the map of his wanderings is much the same as that of many a student pursuing the conventional tactic of learning sufficient about one subject to entitle him to turn round and teach it to others—and stop learning about anything. The mere map, that is; for the method with which he wandered was, as we can now see, far different. When he left Goettingen he abandoned even the map of conventional studentship. He went to Paris. He went to the Paris art schools. Much of what he learned there is to be found in "Hearts and Faces"; as much of his Goettingen acquisition (not relating to Greek inscriptions) is to be found in the earlier part of "Drums Afar". He was really studying life, but he did not make the mistake of thinking that Greek medals and the principles of painting were no part of life and should therefore be neglected by the student of it. Indeed, his way of studying life has always been to plunge into the thickest of the activity of whatever phase or section of life he wanted to examine, and to learn the minds and hearts of those who work by working with them.

There is only one profession in London for a young man with a good knowledge of philosophy, ancient history, Greek medals, the principles of French art, and the workings of the modern human mind. The latter knowledge overweighs all the rest: it takes a man into journalism. John Murray Gibbon became a newspaper man, but he compromised with his Paris art training by making it an illustrated newspaper. He joined the staff of *Black and White*, and it is suggestive to note that the man whom he succeeded when he was promoted after a year of subordinate work to the important post of assistant editor was Eden Philpotts, himself one of the most serious and industrious of the young English writers who were striving to make the novel a sort of history of our own time. Mr. Gibbon soon became the responsible editor, but his health broke down and he went to Algiers; when illness supplied so good an excuse it would have been a shame not to go to the remotest possible place with the right kind of climate. When he came back he free-lanced for a time, and dwelt, but only as a friendly and comprehending visitor, in the realm of politics, doing a weekly letter on the political situation for *The Illustrated London News.*

About 1907 the orbits of Canada and John Murray Gibbon began to draw together. The Canadian Pacific Railway had decided on a lively propaganda in continental Europe. There was no young journalist in England with a better knowledge of continental Europe and a livelier conception of propaganda than Gibbon. Baron Shaughnessy is generally credited with having "discovered" him, so far as Canada was concerned. It is consistent with the Baron's record for man-picking. At all events, John Murray Gibbon began to travel all over the ancient world, including Russia and Japan, preaching C. P. R. doctrine with the largest type but the smallest human voice that propagandist ever employed. Never was panther's footfall quieter than the voice of Gibbon enunciating some tremendous new idea, whether it be about the C. P. R., or the art of fiction, or Japanese colour-prints, or old French-Canadian songs. You know the French boulevardier's story beginning with the words, "An empty cab drove up to the theatre and Sarah Bernhardt got out". It has been rivalled by the Montreal writer, himself of Gallic extraction, who said, "There was complete silence in the room until John Murray Gibbon ceased speaking". Strange to say this pianissimo manner is duplicated in his writing. Gibbon can inscribe an excellent and perfectly legible sonnet on a man's-size visiting-card. I have not seen the MSS. of his novels, but I imagine he carries them in his vest pocket.

He spent some six years in this apostolic mission of spreading the glad news about Canada *in partibus infidelium;* but the "infidels", particularly in Mittel-Europa, for reasons which we now understand all too clearly, kept growing more and more unsympathetic to his preachings, and in 1913 he was asked to come to Canada as General Publicity Agent for the Canadian Pacific Railway. He had already visited the Dominion annually or oftener for six or seven years, and he was satisfied that Canada, and the C. P. R., had a future. His "Scots in Canada", a picturesque and vivacious narrative of Scottish settlements in this country, was published about the time of his arrival here as a resident, and speedily won him a place in literary circles in Montreal and Toronto. But it was his first novel, "Hearts and Faces" (John Lane), which drew the attention of the general Canadian public to the fact that they had amongst them, not as yet a Canadian novelist, but a very important British novelist dwelling in Canada. It was a study of Scottish character and feeling, with a background of life in Scottish universities, in the artist communities of London and Paris, and in the journalistic world of London. The background not infrequently swallowed up the main figures, but it was always an intensely interesting background, full of movement and colour, noted with a keen eye for detail and described with a vivid and arresting phraseology. Sentimental in its main story, the novel yet dwelt with some aspects of the sex relation with almost scientific detachment and frankness—a fact which did not cause it to be any the less read or discussed. It was, however, thoroughly English, in the sense of being local to the British Isles and the British community in Paris; and most Canadian readers concluded that as a literary phenomenon John Murray Gibbon did not belong to this fair Dominion, and would probably not take root here.

That estimate has now to be revised in the light of his second novel, "Drums Afar" (John Lane).* This book shows that Gibbon has gone on steadily adding to his portrait gallery of types and his sketches of social backgrounds ever since he came to

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*Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

The author of "Drums Afar", lifting a trout in the Cains River, New Brunswick

this side of the Atlantic. Some Canadians may be aggrieved that most of the new material is distinctly of United States origin rather than Canadian. A detached critic probably would find this sufficiently accounted for by the fact that the United States is a much more fertile field for vivid, sharply outlined types, and colourful backgrounds, than our more neutral and imitative communities. "Drums Afar" is the spiritual pilgrimage of a young English Oxford student who goes over the regular course marked out on the educational map alluded to above, and learns many things without realizing just why he is learning them—among them, how to love an American girl of very compelling personality (the most vital portrait the author has yet done)—and finally grasps the vision of the meaning of his life when his country calls to him at the outbreak of the great war. To the woman the vision comes later; and the very poignant situation which arises when the man follows his duty to his country and himself, while the woman conceives that he is neglecting his duty to her, a situation which must have been terribly common during the years of voluntary enlistment, is treated with great dramatic force and earnestness.

In the main story it is an Anglo-American novel, with some kindly but penetrating satire underlying its contrasting of types—satire directed at both of the contrasted parties. But Canada has a considerable role to play all the same. As already stated, the backgrounds of a Gibbon novel are frequently very much in the foreground; and Montreal in the early days of the war provides a very vivid background for the most dramatic passages of the love-story. It is something in the air in the old city below the mountain, something tangibly expressed in the wonderful exaltation of the first Patriotic Fund Campaign, which stimulates the mind, or rather the soul, of Charles Fitzmorris, fresh from the 1914 Chicago of complacency, money-making, and calm-spectatorship of the world's tragedy, until he throws off the silken chains with which his Madeline had sought to bind him, and plunges into the fray—ultimately (I hasten to add it for the sake of the reader's peace of mind) redeeming thus both Madeline and himself. Background merely, this Canadian stuff, but immensely important and very cleverly done. The tale of the Patriotic Fund dinner is reporting, though reporting with a genuine purpose and much to the point.

But there are many gems of observation. Jeffers, who makes up the party which Charles joins to get across to the fighting, is in doubt about including a ninth member—"a man also of Oxford—a scholar First in Greats—*proxime accessit* for the Ireland—who has begged me on his knees to be allowed to come, but I hesitate—he is a Balliol man. One has to be particular, even as a steward on a transport. . . . . One of Lord Milner's young men. Talks 'Empire' with his chin in the air and thinks Canada is governed by England. Now that I come to think of it, the wisest thing would be to get him out of the country."

No, there is not enough of Canada in this book, considering that John Murray Gibbon lives amongst us and eats our salt. Perhaps it will be necessary to prohibit him from leaving the country for the next two or three years, in order to compel him to devote his talents to the work that we really want him to do, namely, to help in putting Canada on the map of literature.

A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

A CANADIAN WAR ARTIST

LIEUTENANT Gyrth Russell, reproductions of whose work, mostly etchings, have appeared in *The Canadian Magazine*, has been abroad studying and practising his art, and as a result the following appreciation appears in an Exeter (Eng.) newspaper:

One of the official artists of the Canadian force in France, Lieutenant Gyrth Russell, R.B.A., is at present in Exeter and will shortly be entering upon war pictures built up from studies in pastel, crayon, black and white which he has brought back from France. Lieutenant Russell is still comparatively a young man but before the war he was already well known to everyone interested in or associated with that rising school of British artists who look like leaving their mark deep and permanent. He comes from Halifax, Nova Scotia, and before 1914 was studying at Paris. Afterwards he spent some time in Rye, Sussex, that rendezvous of so many artists in the old days. From Rye he came to Devon, for having heard so much of Devon, he could not resist its call. Subsequently he became attached to the Canadian force as one of its official art chroniclers, and now he returns to Exeter with a sheaf of impressions.

Fine work, too, are these impressions. A few Exonians interested in art have been afforded the opportunity by Lieutenant Russell of seeing them in the room which he has fixed up temporarily as his studio, overlooking one of the principal thoroughfares. Lieutenant Russell is a master of his craft and essentially a modernist in technique, breadth of treatment, and impressionistic suggestion. His sketches will form part, at an early date, of an exhibition of war pictures by official artists to be held probably in London. They are markedly individualistic, and one or two, such as a view of Lens in the distance and a road at Vimy, convey with

Lieutenant Gyrth Russell

Mrs. W. J. Gale
Organizer of the first Women's Ratepayers' Association in Canada

compelling power a sense of atmosphere. One feels, in fact, as one looks at them that one has got to know through them more of those places than from the host of photographs and stereotyped drawings one has seen before. They are tense with the brooding malevolence of war. His sketches, too, of battered architectural treasures, such as the Arras Cathedral, are equally fine and one can imagine such work being of first rate importance as an abiding record of the war, long after photographic records have faded in their hold upon one. Their value, in fact, is essentially of the permanent order.

Lieutenant Russell is personally reserved and prone to underrate the importance of his own work. It only needs, however, that one should enjoy his friendship for a little time to realize his enthusiasm for this craft, for modern art, and for the greatest of its living masters. He is a fund of reminiscence of present day art circles and a conversationalist of charm in the realms of his particular sphere. He has been glad to work in Exeter unknown, hitherto, and certainly he will keep himself in obscurity if he can, though his studio looks down upon the busiest corner of Exeter.

Lieutenant Russell is a son of Mr. Justice Russell of Halifax.

A CHARMING PROGRESSIVE

THAT the West is more progressive than the East even the most enthusiastic of the latter must acknowledge. Women magistrates, representatives of Parliament, trustees and holders of many other civic and Provincial posts are to be found in numbers once the traveller strikes Manitoba. So it is not surprising that the organizer of the first Women's Ratepayers' Association ever formed in Canada should have been a woman, and a Western woman at that. She is Mrs. W. J. Gale, of Calgary, and the history of the organization of which she is a leader is interesting though brief.

Last spring the men who formed an association in the southern part of the city hedged themselves about with a very short-sighted policy. This precluded the attendance at their meetings of Mrs. Gale, or indeed any women. The women then took matters into their own hands, called a gathering of those interested and organized an association for themselves. Mrs. Gale was the prime mover and leading spirit. She deserves the honour of being the first president, an office to which she was enthusiastically elected. Although the association was only formed in May, within two months it could boast of more members than the men had enrolled and assuredly one may say without prejudice that its scope was twice as broad. For Mrs. Gale, like so many patriotic women in her Province, has the interests of the Dominion at heart and the highest type of citizen, she feels, is evolved from those who possess an intelligent knowledge of affairs municipal, provincial and federal. To give women the franchise is but a short step on the road to progress without giving them a means of studying its best uses, and to this end the Women's Ratepayers' Association of Calgary works. Its president is a woman well qualified to speak on social, political and economic problems;

she is exactly the type of woman who should be in public life—a feminine, gracious, magnetic personality without aggression or bombast; a woman with a charming platform manner which does not come off the instant she reaches the bottom step and stands on the floor of the hall; the type of woman of whom the West is justly proud.

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EDITH G. BAYNE

WHEN a writer in the development of his chosen art has attained to that degree of proficiency and popularity that causes the public to ask "Who is he?" it may be taken as pretty fair evidence of success. For some time now the name Edith G. Bayne signed to a story or newspaper article has been synonymous with good style and excellent subject-matter.

Miss Edith G. Bayne

This young writer is a Canadian,—the daughter of a Presbyterian minister. She was born in the old town of Morrisburg, Ontario, and many of her charming stories have for a setting the beautiful St. Lawrence country—the particular section of Canada she loves best. Miss Bayne's stories are like nobody else's. Originality is one of her greatest charms, and she possesses in generous measure that rare gift of humour. When she joined the Canadian Women's Press Club in 1913 she had the distinction of being the youngest press woman in Canada, and since that day she has risen rapidly in her profession, serving an arduous apprenticeship in free-lance journalism, until to-day she is rated as a leading writer, though barely thirty. Her first newspaper story was accepted by the magazine section of *The Toronto Globe* and was designated by the editor as "first-rate". Her first short story was accepted by *The Canadian Magazine*, where her work has appeared frequently ever since. In all, Miss Bayne has published close to two hundred stories and articles in Canada and the United States She writes for love of the work. For a number of years she has lived in the West, where she has learned to ride, to describe, as few others can, a prairie sunset and to become acquainted at close range with the Ruthenian settlers. Readers of *The Canadian Magazine* may look forward to fresh stories from the pen of this gifted young writer.

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A STUDENT OF FOOD ECONOMICS

NOT many months have passed since the high cost of living was the chief topic of conversation at home and abroad, and the higher the cost, the more the conversation, many of those who delivered invective against the existing condition of things, quite overlooking the fact that they were responsible for it. The cost of high living, as the late James J. Hill expressed it, was a pretty general national sin until conservation of food superseded it as a conversational mainspring, and conservation of food is rapidly transforming the national crime into a Dominion—a world-wide virtue.

As every new movement brings out its leaders, so this last one has thrown

Mrs. E. P. Newhall,
Convener of the Food Economics Committee of the National Council for Women.

people into the posts for which they are best fitted, and among these food controllers and conservation campaigners, Mrs. E. P. Newhall, of Calgary, stands out with particular prominence. Mrs. Newhall's office is that of convener of the Food Economics Committee of the National Council of Women.

She began her vigorous campaign in food economics about five years ago, in her home town—Calgary, just about the time when that unfortunate city was emerging from the throes of a real estate boom. Her first point of attack was the organizing of a Consumers' League, designed in the main to cope with the city market problem. To do this it was necessary to interest the women, the marketers, themselves. Mrs. Newhall worked tirelessly, indefatigably, successfully. In a few months after the organization of the league, the market was transformed from a dead weight on the city into a paying public utility. The high cost of living received a severe check when, through Mrs. Newhall's offices, the producer and the consumer came in direct contact with one another, and the ensuing reduction amounted to about fifty per cent.

The Calgary Consumers' League was the forerunner of similar leagues in almost all of the Western cities, and it is only necessary to look up their records in the daily press to realize the immense improvement in economic conditions they have brought about.

Baffling as was the problem of reducing the high cost of living, that of conserving commodities which were already scarce and expensive—yet which are necessary for the sustenance of life—proved a still more difficult task. But Mrs. Newhall attacked it with the fearlessness which has characterized all her efforts toward reform.

She is a member of the High Cost of Living Committee in connection with the city council. This council is making heroic efforts to accomplish something practical. The members are even now conferring with bakers, dairymen and others to discuss the advisability of abolishing the delivery system and thus reduce the price of certain necessities. The council is also importing large quantities of fish and supplying it to the consumers at a minimum cost. Mrs. Newhall is also president of the Associated Consumers, a group of individuals who are engaged in devising means for helping in the conservation of food campaign. They have passed such resolutions to the Government as the preventing of storage warehouses from buying up eggs until after the last of May, and are asking that ice cream be manufactured only in proportion to its food value. The chronicling of these measures, a consideration even of the possible methods under discussion, can give the average reader but a slight idea of the cost in thought and time of those who have thrown themselves into the work. In Mrs. Newhall's case, it means that she practically devotes her life to it.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE EDUCATION OF THE NEW CANADIAN

By J. T. M. Anderson, M.A., L.L.B., Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

R REMEMBER the story of an alert and good looking girl who went out West from Ontario to teach a foreign school, doing it because she wanted "experience" and, though she would not likely admit it, because she wanted to serve the present generation of new Canadians. She wrote home saying: "My boarding place is the home of a Ruthenian family,—nowhere else to go—my room is a tiny curtained section of the upstairs of the shack. I have just room to dress and undress by sitting on the bed. It's not bad: I'm really getting along finely. But what bothers me is, where in the devil will I take a bath?" With humour and intense appreciation she is continuing to write of the circumstances she is handling so resolutely and capably. I quote from Dr. Anderson's book another picture of the teacher out West:

"The new teacher decided to occupy the teacher's little furnished cottage which had been erected on the school grounds and her little sister came to live with her. It was a dismal lonely spot where this school had been erected. It was the haunt of the frog, the wild fowl, and the prairie coyote. But there were human beings there, scores of them—illiterate, ignorant adults, sad faced women bent with toil, and over eighty little children, who were rapidly settling down to live the expressionless lives of their elders. This young girl knew all about these conditions before accepting the position. They were rather disheartening and uninviting, but here was a chance for real service, a chance to live a life, an opportunity to develop and guide and save. Here was one of those big burdens of this world which one must meet and shoulder before one can lay just claim to the smile of the Master.

Thousands would have faltered and turned back, satisfying themselves with performing a less arduous task: but this brilliant young Canadian girl accepted the challenge, and a crowning victory was hers.

The little cottage was cleaned up, and the school house prepared to receive the children. On the opening day a dozen little boys appeared in the school door. Their eyes opened wide with surprise when 'de grand lady' met them with a welcoming smile. She shook their dirty little hands and they smiled in return. Surely this was a strange teacher. Surely she was not a Canadian! Once or twice in their short lives they had visited the nearest town, and had stood on the street corners and watched 'de grand ladies' pass by without noticing them. Yes, this was one of them, but not like them after all. This one was interested in them. They were happy. They carried the glad news home to their parents and to their brothers and sisters. They sat up late that evening talking about 'Miss Teacher'."

There are not enough people excited over this question of citizenship and education in the West. Awhile ago it was stated in a Canadian periodical that one thousand schools lacked teachers in the West this year. If this be so it means that something like twenty thousand children have run wild on our Western plains all summer much as the coyote and the gophers do.

What are we going to do about it? What are our provincial governments and our local municipal authorities going to do? Where are our missionary teachers to come from? Of the countless girls in our Eastern (and Western) towns and cities who work in office or factory or live at the movies, how many are going to hear the call of the Western plains and of an underpaid, lonely, but soul-exciting profession? We are in danger of fostering in Canada by our public carelessness a medieval and ignorant peasantry when we might create a twentieth century nation. We call ourselves democratic. There is no democracy in a neglect of the problems of citizenship and education. An undue pessimism, however, is as evil as the easy going and damnable optimism that so often characterizes us as a people with reference to the things that matter. Dr. Anderson's book is a wholesome and broad-minded canvas of most of the phases of the citizenship problem in the West. The problem focuses naturally about the questions in connection with education. Efficient and human, and well-paid teachers, consolidation of schools and teachers' residences, interprovincial action in many cases, a serious public concern for the situation, are the things needed. Dr. Anderson's book should be in the home of every Canadian. It is not by any means an epochal or classic treatise on education but it is an ordered and careful and interesting discussion by a man whose experience as a school inspector suggests he ought to know what he is talking about. One thing is certain, until teachers are paid more for their services, even in the West, there will be a gradual falling away from educational pursuits.

FROM BAUPAUME TO PASSCHENDAELE, 1917.

By Philip Gibbs. Toronto: William Briggs.

PHILIP GIBBS is one of the wonders of the war. He is the refutation of the recurring legend that the war correspondent's day is over. True, it seemed to be over early in the conflict when writers' copy was mercilessly censored, even if the men got near the fighting at all. But the rulers at length learned that if democracy had to go to war almost in a body, the few left at home must get some news or their morale would go to smash. Hence Philip Gibbs and a few more under reasonable restrictions have served news of the day's fighting for next morning's breakfast table.

Gibbs has perhaps been at the Front longest, and his battle stories are generally regarded as the most graphic as well as most complete of all. Contemporaries say he is a slight, sickly looking man, who smokes cigarettes unceasingly and never eats while writing his long daily despatches. Such a phenomenon might well grow into a legendary character himself, as the years go by. Certainly he is conferring a lasting benefit by his colourful stories from day to day. No matter how bitter the fight or how dangerous his own experiences in traversing the battleground, he never fails to transmit with the utmost coolness his wonder pictures of the hell of war in astounding realism. None of the alarms of battle seem to stop the flow of the peerless vocabulary which makes the novelist so good a correspondent. In this volume of day to day despatches, edited and regrouped, the British troop's war-making in 1917 is described, and not a little of the generous space is given to the Canadians, especially at Vimy Ridge and Paschendaele.

Looking at the uncertainties of 1917 in the light of recent triumphs, they seem dwarfed, but the incidents of that anxious year will live for the power with which they show the unflinching courage of British arms. Says Mr. Gibbs:

"It was a year of unending battle on the Western Front. It was a year of monstrous, desperate conflict. Looking back upon it, remembering all its days of attack and counter-attack, all the roads of war crowded with troops and transport, all the battlefields upon which our armies moved under fire, the coming back of the prisoners by hundreds and thousands, the long trails of the wounded, the activity, the traffic, the roar and welter and fury of the year, one has a curious physical sensation of breathlessness and heart-beat because of the burden of so many memories."

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A TRAVELLER IN WAR TIME

By Winston Churchill. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

NONE of Mr. Winston Churchill's novels have been profound, but they have generally succeeded in being pretty interesting and suggestive to the general public. So with the sketches and the essay of this latest volume. If anyone has a dollar and a quarter that is burning a hole in the pocket and the prospect of an hour that need not be spent too seriously, let him buy the book. It is written in free and easy style, there is plenty of incident and colour in it, it will probably be enjoyed. It is easy going and at times somewhat fresh comment on conditions in Europe. The essay with which the book closes is a good minded though somewhat meandering discussion of America's place in the war. Mr. Churchill is not nearly so clever nor so incisive as many writers of the day but he is fundamentally *cleaner* in his thought and heart processes than many. There is no hint on his pages of irrational and wild war mongering. He gives one the impression of being, within the compass of the ideas he has, careful and sincere and resolute. There is none of the dirty obstetrics, drawing blindness and atavism out of the dark past of heathen and Hebrew eye-for-an-eye war making, which characterizes Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Van Dyck in their recent writings. Churchill stands, not profoundly but sincerely, for that strand in American life at war which is democratic, and resolute and clean. Typical of his whole book is this phrase, culled from a chance-noticed sentence—"the Russian Revolution, which we must seek to understand and not condemn. . . ."

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WILLOW, THE WISP

By Archie P. McKishnie. Toronto: Thomas Allen.

THE author of "Gaff Linkum" and "Love of the Wild", two novels of outside life in Western Ontario, in this his latest book surpasses both the others in definiteness of purpose and genuine interest. It is the story of a young man who establishes a preserve for wild animals in Northern Ontario, where he finds health, fortune and the love of a charming girl. The book is marked by a good sprinkling of local humour, a sample of which we give in the following quotation:

> The settler lifted his coonskin cap and scratched his red mop reflectively. "This here country is the darndest all-round country fer permotin' the eatin' an' sleepin' habit you ever saw", he exclaimed. "I've got a boy named Tommie; he's a ranger now up in Temagami Preserve, an' he finds it hard to do anythin' much else, an' even my Missus, who's a tarter to work when she's real woke up, is that tarnation hard to get awake mornin's that I'd ruther get up an' light the fire myself than try t' tussel with her. Yes, siree," he chuckled, lashing his whip harmlessly above the hollow backs of his drowsy horses, "you can sleep all right up here. Why, dang it all, the Ozone's that there thick that you have to chew it fine afore you kin breathe it. Fact".
>
> He clucked to the sorrels and cracked his whip at an impudent chipmunk who had climbed a stump close by the roadside

to investigate the clatter made by the loose spokes of the ancient democrat.

''Take them hosses, now'', he shouted; ''They go to sleep soon as they be hitched, an' they stay asleep all day, rot 'em! It's mighty unsatisfactory that, 'cause they don't seem to realize that keepin' awake durin' business is the duty of beast as well as man. They're both of 'em disappointin', but of the pair I guess old Moll—she's the off un—is the disappointenest''.

''In what respect, Mr. Washburn?'' laughed the girl.

''Why, lots o' ways, but jest fer instance, this way. T' other day I had a good chance to swap her fer a three-year-old geldin' belongin' to Jake Stoker of Cedar Mills. Wall, we'd jest about made the swap when ole Moll dropped off to sleep an' snored like a house afire. Jake, he declared as she had the roares an' backed outen the deal. Humph, talk about not bein' able to sleep. Everythin' sleeps too tarnation much up here. That's the only thing wrong with this place!''

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FIRST THE BLADE

By Clemence Dane. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is one of the most popular novels of the moment and it promises to be represented among the largest sales of the season. The author made a distinct impression with "Regiment of Women", but this her latest book surpasses the other in high-class characterization. It fails, however, in the subtleties, and at times the writer is self-conscious to a degree that mars the reader's pleasure in observing two young persons, the one a charming, vivacious girl, the other a man who pursues his hobby of collecting birds' eggs to the point of boredom.

THE GAMBLER

By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

MISS Constance Garnett is making a new series of her notable translations from the Russian. This is the ninth volume treating exclusively of Dostoevsky's works. It brings together three unusually fascinating stories — "The Gambler", "Poor People" and "The Landlady". "Poor People" was written when the author was only twenty-one years of age, but it remains still in Russia one of his most popular tales.

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ARIZONA THE WONDERLAND

By George Wharton James. Boston: The Page Company.

WITH this book the publishers add one more to their long list of sumptuous descriptions of fascinating parts of the world. A review is given of the history of the ancient cliff and cave dwellings of Arizona, of the conquest by the Spaniards, of the establishing of the Jesuit and Franciscan missions, an account of the trail-makers, the Indians, and the ruined Pueblos; a survey of the climate, scenic marvels, topography, deserts, mountains, rivers and valleys. There is also a review of its industries; an account of its influence on art, literature and science; and some reference to what it offers of delight to the automobilist, sportsman and the seeker after health and pleasure.

The Canadian Magazine

"WHO SAID SANTA?"

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HELIOTROPE

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER"

IT went hard with me not to remind Gregory that I had discouraged the taking up of the case in the first place. It wasn't our sort of case at all. I had said, "If we don't look out, Gregory, people will begin to call us private detectives". Then we had both laughed and I had given in, as I usually do when my senior partner insists.

Gregory does not like me to call him "my senior partner" because our standing in the firm of Gregory and Hubbard is supposed to be equal, but I believe that when any two men are associated one of them naturally takes the lead, and Gregory happens to be that one. I don't mind. My position as chief of staff is quite as necessary as his. Indeed, the whole idea of our partnership has been that two heads are better than one, especially when the heads are utterly different. No one person, save a superman perhaps, can combine minute and painstaking observation with that instinctive, almost inspirational, selection of the essential which is the essence of all really useful detective work. A partnership is necessary, and it seems that my head combines beautifully, however useless it may be on its own. Gregory is quick and far-seeing, a born reasoner and a fine logician. I am a looker-on who sees most of the game. From boyhood I have been conscious of a power of minute observation which has helped me in some ways and hindered me in others. As a newspaper man, for instance, I always saw too much. I never seemed to learn what not to see. The news editor wore out his vocabulary and his blue pencil in vain; and then one day an unexpurgated report slipped through, and I slipped out of newspaperdom for good and all!

It was just at this time that Gregory, too, suffered a reverse of fortune which gave him a fellow feeling for other misfits and resulted in our embarking upon our present partnership for the study of those problems which society for its own sake dares not leave unsolved.

So far it has worked well. Several nice little problems have been handled by us in a satisfactory manner. We do not often do ordinary police work; our province rather is to prevent these guardians of the law from being troubled with delicate matters which do not clamour for the official spotlight. We do not call ourselves detectives. We are, in fact, by way of being somewhat highbrow; affecting an exclusive air and writing ourselves "Criminologists"—a fine sounding word better suited to the ear of that society which we still continue, at intervals, to adorn.

But this case was different. It was a police case, very much so, a murder in fact. Not at all in our best style. I had not wanted to take it up, and now that I had returned from a preliminary investigation with a book full of notes and a head quite empty of ideas I felt cross and discouraged and very much like saying, "I told you so".

"The kind of thing we should not attempt," I said. "Murder—ugh, there is nothing logical about murder. Murder is an accident of the emotions. Anyone may commit a murder any time."

"You think so?" asked Gregory placidly. "Well, that leaves us with a wide field in which to operate anyway. And as for taking the case, we simply had to oblige Chief Ridley. So now let us get to work. Where are your notes?"

With praiseworthy restraint I produced my papers, and as my notes were still in shorthand, I began to translate freely for Gregory's benefit:

"The affair isn't over romantic," I grumbled. "The person whose taking-off we are to investigate is, or rather was, the most ordinary person. She was a Mrs. Agatha Simmons, living quietly at No. 3 Richly Road. A widow, age about fifty-five; character respectable; habit, retiring; hobby, cats; lived alone; means of livelihood, an annuity bought by herself about six years ago, *i.e.*, just before coming to live in Richly Road; no known relatives; previous history unknown; previous address unknown; is remembered to have said that she came here direct from London, but was not in the habit of receiving any English mail; had a current account in the bank; paid for everything by cheque, and never kept money in the house. The alarm was given by her milkman. Deceased was in the habit of getting milk twice a day, presumably for the cats; she kept ten cats; had no maid, and always answered the milkman's knock herself, or, if absent, left the ticket outside the door. Last night when the milkman called at half-past five he found the side door open, a very unusual thing, and no one answered his repeated knocks nor the cry of "Milk". Being in a hurry, for it was raining hard and beginning to sleet, he entered the kitchen and looked around for some place to set the milk out of reach of the cats. In crossing the room to the cupboard, he observed that the door into the sitting-room was open and, glancing in, saw Mrs. Simmons sitting in her chair beside the table. The lights were not lit, but he could see her by the light of the fire in the open grate of the stove. He called "Milk!" again, but "had a feeling" at once that there was something wrong and went in. He got the start of his life when he saw her face, dropped his milk-bottle and fled for the nearest policeman. He didn't touch her or disturb anything. When he and the policeman returned they examined her sufficiently to see that life was extinct. She had been shot. The milkman stayed in the room while the officer searched the house. No sign of anyone in the house; nothing upset; no trace of any struggle; no sign of any weapon; apparently nothing missing! The dead woman was leaning back in her big rocking-chair; her eyes half-open, staring straight in front of her. Her hands were tightly clenched and in them was some white article, and they did not know what it was.

"Policeman Saunders's story corroborates this, but adds nothing new except that he couldn't hear himself think for the noises 'them blasted cats' were making. They were shut up in a room off the kitchen, which appears to have been used as a sort of cattery. They were probably hungry and smelled the spilt milk, anyway, they got on our policeman's nerves and he had no further investigations, but rang up headquarters from the nearest telephone. There was no telephone in the house. Ridley came down at once and brought Dr. Jones with him.

"Doctor's evidence shows that deceased had been dead only a short time, not more than half an hour. Shot had been fired at close range and passed directly through the heart. Death had been instantaneous. Expression of fear and horror on face quite marked. It is Dr. Jones's opinion that deceased had known that murder was intended, but had been unable through fear to give any alarm.

"So much for the oneside evidence. Now for what Ridley and I noticed for ourselves. The most striking thing seemed to be the apparent fact that the woman had died sitting in her accustomed chair, facing her murderer, yet there had been no alarm (that anyone heard), and certainly no struggle. The expression on the face seemed to me almost more of surprise than fear or horror.

"Another strange thing was the nature of the article clasped in the dead woman's hand. It was a baby's hand-made flannelette night-slip. I inspected this very carefully and came to the following conclusions: The slip was old, but had been carefully kept; the material was of the cheapest; the hand-work on it was beautiful; it was a very small slip, seemed almost too small for a baby —"

"How do you know that?" interrupted Gregory.

"I don't. It's just an impression. We'll have to get a woman's opinion."

"Right."

Then I continued reading the note:

"The slip had been washed and ironed, evidently with great care. But it showed no signs of wear. That cheap stuff would show wear quickly. Another odd thing: on the table stood a small tin tea-caddy; the top was off and some of the contents had spilled or been spilled upon the tablecloth. But the contents were not tea. The caddy was half-full of twenty-five-cent pieces, each carefully done up separately in tissue-paper, and each labelled with a date. The dates were irregular and ranged back through the past four years. Sometimes there would be three or four very close together. Sometimes there were quite long intervals between. (I have a list of the dates here). The latest date was only a few days old. There was no other mark of any kind on the coins. The paper in which the coins were wrapped was ordinary white tissue. There was nothing else upon the table, save the afternoon mail, consisting of two or three tradesmen's accounts. She always paid by cheque. But on the floor was an envelope with the end torn open and the contents gone. The envelope was not a business one, nor was the writing that of a tradesman. Here is the envelope—see for yourself. It looks like the writing of an educated woman—the envelope is good style and quality. From the date, it was delivered with the other afternoon letters, but its contents have disappeared. Not a trace of them."

"Anything else?"

"One thing more. As I was coming out I searched the front yard—it's very small—and found this—it's a slip of paper, apparently the address torn off the top of a letter. The address is 'No. 3 Richly Road', and the writing is that of Mrs. Simmons. Probability is she dropped it herself and that it has nothing to do with the case."

"I don't know. Why should she tear her own address off a letter and drop it in her front yard? But no use theorizing yet. Is that all?"

"Not another thing. There wasn't so much as a pin out of place. No sign of any weapon. The only fingerprints were those of the dead woman herself on the chair-arm and on the table. The carpet yielded nothing. There was no trace of ash in the fire. The fire, by the way, must have been built up shortly before the murder. The kettle had been set on top, presumably in preparation for a cup of tea. But our search was not exhaustive. Ridley had O'Toole with him, and I think O'Toole is about the best searcher that ever happened. We left him to go over everything microscopically, and he will report any find to us. He is quite safe to be trusted with the routine. But I fancy he won't find much. Everything looked so undisturbed and normal. It was as if someone had called in for a chat and a cup of tea and decided on murder instead. There are only three things which bear the slightest emphasis—A-chew! Great Scott, I've got a cold!—and the three things are: the dated coins, the baby's slip and the look on the woman's face. If you can make anything out of them, you're welcome. I can't."

"That's the proper state of mind," grinned Gregory. "When discouraged, remember that you're not the whole show. To my mind those three things look distinctly promising, and you're wrong about there being nothing else. There is a very interesting something else which will be this-half-of-the-firm's contribution. But I shan't tell you what it is until your case is all in. What outside evidence did you get?"

"Surprisingly little. The house is a corner one, unfortunately, and the room in which the shot was fired does not face another house, but faces a strip of lawn and the side street. The woman who lives in the next-door house on Richly Road thinks that she heard a noise about five o'clock when she went into the kitchen to brisk up the fire for supper, but she thought it was a bursting auto tire and did not even look out of the window. None of the other neighbours saw or heard anything. They are busy people and know very little about the tenant of No. 3. She never made herself popular in the neighbourhood, and the houses being rented, the occupants change quite often. No one has anything very definite to say for or against Mrs. Simmons, but on the whole I think I detected traces of a vague dislike of her. One woman said she had disagreeable eyes, and that her cats gave her the creeps. She kept herself to herself, they say, but seemed to have some fashionable friends, for smartly dressed ladies have been seen to visit her at different times. In fact, nearly all her few visitors appear to have been prosperous people. But they have never been known to make very lengthy stays, nor to return. It is the opinion of Richly Road that Mrs. Simmons had been some sort of upper servant whose former employers continue to take an interest in her."

"Not very likely. Former employers do not display such touching loyalty, as a rule—and certainly not in quantities. If her visitors had been the same people coming at intervals there might be something in it, but I gather that all these prosperous people were different?"

"Yes. I questioned rather closely upon that point."

"Besides, if her former home was in England—"

"She gave out that she came from England, but Richly Road doesn't believe it."

"Does Richly Road give any reason for its disbelief?"

"None whatever. But every woman I questioned said that although Mrs. Simmons spoke 'kind of English' she didn't believe that the deceased had ever been in England in her life."

"That's odd. Strange how these popular beliefs form themselves without a trace of evidence, and stranger still how often they turn out to be correct. It is just possible that the lady was not fond of her past and therefore removed it across the ocean for safe keeping. Had she no regular visitors at all?"

"There is only one person who seems to have been at all intimate at No. 3. She, too, is by way of being rather a mystery. Richly Road thinks that she is not a friend exactly but perhaps dependent on Mrs. Simmons. The description I got is that of a little wisp of a woman, age from thirty-five to forty-five. No one knows much about her, even her outside appearance seems to have left everyone unimpressed. Perhaps this is because she is very deaf and almost impossible to talk to. No one ever cared to find out where she came from or where she went. All I can discover is that she came on a west-bound car down Carroll Street, alighting at the corner of Carroll and Richly Road, which is three blocks down from No. 3. Ridley at once sent out a man to interview the car conductors on the western lines, but not one of them has any memory of her. She was an indefinite sort of person and she did not come to see Mrs. Simmons often. So it would have been miraculous if they had remembered her."

"Nothing to go on there, then. But if she were a friend of the murdered woman the accounts in the papers may bring her forward. Did no one see anyone enter the house on the day of the murder?"

"None of the women. But Ridley set Macrae to round up the children. He has a light hand with kiddies and is a good man all round. Ridley left orders for him to bring whatever he found right here—shouldn't be surprised if he were in the outer office now. I thought I heard the door close."

"Let's have him in at once, then," said Gregory, ringing the bell, which was a sign to Miss Emisley, our stenographer, that we were ready for visitors.

Macrae, for I was right in my guess, and it was he whom Miss Emisley admitted, is a big red-cheeked Scot with broad shoulders and, when he is excited, an accent almost as broad. But long chaffing in the service has rendered his ordinary conversation quite intelligible. To-day his cheeks were redder than usual, and he led a little girl by the hand. This was evidently a 'find' and Macrae was uplifted.

"Mak' yer boo to the gentlemen, Jessie," said Macrae with the air of a fond father presenting his offspring.

The child giggled. She was an intelligent looking little thing of about seven, with bright eyes and an utter lack of shyness peculiar to those who have long known the world.

"Here's a bit lassie who has something to tell," declared her conductor triumphantly. "Noo, Jessie, if ye tell your tale nicely you'll be getting a bit sweetie and a ride home forby."

Jessie was quite willing and responded instantly. "It was a lady I saw," she said, "a lady that went into old mother—I mean into Mrs. Simmons's house."

"When did you see the lady?" prompted Macrae proudly.

"Yesterday afternoon when I was home from school and I was playing down the street with my dolly in a little cart. I saw a pretty lady in a blue dress go into Mrs. Simmons's."

"You're tellin' it fine," encouraged Macrae. "Are you sure, noo, that the leddy went into Mrs. Simmons? Which house would Mrs. Simmons be living in?"

"The corner house," answered the child instantly.

"And did old Mrs. Simmons come and let her in at the door?"

The child shook her head vigorously. "No, the lady didn't knock at the door. She just opened it and went right in."

"Kind of as if she was an old friend like," suggested Macrae cleverly.

The child looked doubtful. "She didn't know the number," she said, after a moment's thought, "for she was looking at all the numbers as she went along and she stopped at Mrs. Simmons's gate while she looked at a piece of paper that she had in a shiny purse."

"The address, forby!" declared Macrae. "You're a clever lassie and you'll get your sweetie. And when she went in after making sure that the hoose was right, was that all that you saw of her?"

"No. She came out again. She came running out and she ran down past me round the corner and she was saying 'Oh! Oh!' just like that"—the 'clever lassie' gave a good imitation of someone gasping in fear or pain.

Gregory grinned.

"Where did she go?"

"I dunno. Mother called me in to get my face washed for tea."

"Quite right too. My mother does the same by me. And what did you think when you saw the leddy run out so quick?"

The child's eyes widened.

"I thought old Mother—Mrs. Simmons was a witch——"

"And you went in and told your mother all about it?" interrupted Gregory.

But apparently Jessie had not done that. Why, was not apparent. Probably her mother in the stress of tea-getting was not interested in witches.

"Well," said Gregory, "can you tell us how long the lady was in the house?"

Jessie couldn't tell us this either. Even Macrae could make nothing of her. "Was it a long time, think ye?" he asked ingratiatingly.

Jessie thought not.

"Wad it be a short time then?"

Jessie thought not so very short.

Then I had a bright idea.

"What were you doing while she was in?" I asked casually.

"I walked my dolly down to the corner and back."

"Great head!" said Macrae without a trace of accent. "That would take from five to seven minutes, or thereabouts. Noo, Jessie, what else did you notice?" Are you sure the leddy's dress was blue?"

The child was quite sure of this.

"Did she have a parcel?"

Jessie had not seen a parcel, but the lady had a blue handbag and a shiny purse that she took the piece of paper out of. Had the lady spoken to her or smiled at her? No, the lady had not noticed her at all. She was a young lady. Her hair was black and she was pretty. Would she know her again? Jessie was very vague upon this point, but thought she might. She didn't know just what time her mother had called her in, but it was just beginning to rain—a few drops had fallen on her doll.

When Macrae and his charge had departed, Gregory ran his hand through his hair.

"I wish to goodness we could get the exact time when that woman next door heard what she thought was a bursting tire," he said. "It would help a lot. I have little doubt in my own mind that it was the shot she heard. You are sure you did your best with her?"

"Yes. I'll read you my notes, exactly as they were taken in question and answer. Here they are:

"You thought you heard a tire burst? What time was that?"

"I don't know."

"About what time was it?"

"About time to brisk up the fire for supper."

"What time do you have supper?"

"As near six as possible."

"About what time do you brisk up the kitchen fire?"

"It depends on what we have for tea."

"What did you have for tea on Monday night?"

"Stew of the Sunday joint."

"How long does stew take to cook?"

"It depends how the meat is——

"Now, Mrs. Moore, please try to tell me what I want to know. Try to remember just what you did that afternoon and at that time?''

''I didn't look at the clock, except at half-past four. At that time I put the stew on the edge of the stove and went back into the sitting-room to sew. I was sewing at the machine all afternoon. After a little while, I don't know what time it was, but it must have been about five, maybe five or five or ten minutes to five, or five or ten minutes after (I really can't say) I went to brisk up the fire and I heard the noise like an auto tire bursting.

''Had it begun to rain then?''

''I don't know. It was getting very dark. The storm had been coming up for some time and I had pulled down the blind in the sitting-room and turned on the light to see to sew. All I know is that it was raining quite hard when I got through what I had to do in the kitchen and went back to my work. It must have been about half-past five then.''

''That's positively the nearest she could get to it.'' I told Gregory, ''I believe she did the best she could.''

Then all we know is that the shot was fired between ten minutes to five and ten after. The rain began about five minutes after five. When the girl in blue came out of the house the first drops were just about to fall, according to Jessie's evidence. So the girl in blue was in the house during part of that twenty minutes. But that proves very little. Twenty minutes is a big latitude——''

''But why did she go in without knocking and come out running?''

''And why did she continue to run so swiftly and so blindly that she ran into a young man and nearly knocked him off his feet——

''Whatever are you talking about?'' I asked in pure amazement.

Gregory grinned (he has an annoying grin) and handed me a small newspaper clipping which he took from his pocket with the greatest care. ''Look at that,'' he said. ''My contribution to the knowledge of the firm.''

The clipping was from the personal column of my old paper *The Argus* and read as follows:

''If the lady who stumbled against an awkward young man on Stanley Street last evening will phone S. 1702 or call at 17 Wilson Arcade he will be pleased to return her lost property.''

''What's the answer?'' I asked thoroughly puzzled.

''Perhaps nothing, and perhaps a great deal. Can't you see! I clipped that out of the personal column this morning. I always clip out unusual personals. It's a useful habit. Besides the name 'Stanley Street' struck me. Do you know where Stanley Street runs?''

"Why—by Jove, yes, it is the street which crosses Richly Road at the corner next to No. 3. It's the—"

''It's the street that the girl in blue ran down when she came out of the Simmons house. Now I ask you—is it likely that there would be two young ladies running madly down Stanley Street and bunting into polite young men with such force that property of value is dropped during the impact? What do you think?''

I sprang up and reached for my coat.

''I think we can't get to 17 Wilson Arcade too soon,'' I said. I had quite forgotten that I did not favour the taking up of this case.

''Of course there is nothing *romantic* about this murder,'' began Gregory slyly but——''

''Oh have a heart!'' I adjured him, and we set out together with old scores forgotten.

(*To be continued.*)

IN BRUGES, 1917

BY GILBERT WHITE

OLD Madame Cortlandt groaned aloud as she climbed the cellar stairs, a foaming mug of beer in either hand. As she reached the sunlit hall, she saw by the long clock that it was already half-past four. The August afternoon was on the wane.

''Marianne,'' she called softly, ''Marianne, the beer for the General! Be quick and take it up this time without spilling it.''

A chair creaked in the kitchen, and a heavy step crossed the floor. Through the open doorway came a young woman, tray in hand. There was a dull, vacant look in her brown eyes.

''The swine!'' she hissed between her teeth. ''I will kill him some day.''

''Hush, my girl. Be good as you always are, and help to keep food in our mouths until the little one is born.''

Placing the beer-mugs carefully on the tray, the old woman went out through the back door to attend to the evening meal of her chickens.

Marianne carried the tray upstairs and knocked at the door at the far end of the hall.

''Come in,'' a gruff voice called in German. The girl opened the door and crossing the room, served the German General, who was seated at the desk. Then she offered the other mug to his companion, another officer of the German Army which was in occupation of Bruges.

''Where is Elspeth?'' the General questioned, spreading a newspaper in an apparently careless manner over the papers and maps which littered his desk.

''She is out, meinherr,'' Marianne answered quietly, ''helping at the hospital.'' She turned toward the door, then stopped. She tried to speak, but her mouth trembled and the hand which held the tray shook.

''That will do,'' the General said in a stern voice. ''Go at once.''

''What is wrong with the girl?'' asked the other officer. ''Insane also?''

''Yes, of course. She will be better, they say, when her child is born. She and Elspeth are sisters, daughters of Emsden, a merchant whose people have been well-to-do for generations. He is working for us somewhere in the Fatherland, I believe, if not, he is dead. One never knows which road they will prefer at the last. Both girls were left to the soldiers, but the younger one, Elspeth, was rescued by that young nephew of mine, Carl Rudolph. He wants to marry her, but she won't, if you please.'' The General took up his mug of beer. His companion laughed.

''I did not know that there was a girl in the whole of Belgium who could, or would dare do that.''

''I am sure that there is not another,'' said the General. ''But Carl has ideas which he calls advanced and I call stupid. He got them in America. I am a fool, I suppose, to indulge him as I do, but when one has no other living relative, a nephew is sometimes very dear. Damn it all, I adore that boy. I wish he were not in the aviation.''

The General blew his nose and then fiercely kicked the scrap basket.

''It is for him,'' he continued, ''that I am living here. I should be quartered in a much finer house. But Carl wanted the two girls brought here to be cared for by Madame Cortlandt. After all, the beer is good, and there are always fresh eggs and a young pullet for one's dinner. Now shall we try to simplify these plans a little more?''

While the two men were working upstairs, Elspeth Emsden, after having passed the sentry, opened the front door and crossed the hall to the stone-paved kitchen at the rear of the house.

Marianne was sewing, and a light of pleased recognition passed over her dull face at the appearance of her younger sister. She did not speak, however, and Elspeth crossed the room and tenderly laid her hand on her sister's hair.

''Be happier, my sister,'' she said in French, ''the light shows through the clouds a little.''

Marianne muttered something which was quite unintelligible and then her face showed relief as her mind seemed to be clear. She spoke quietly now, as she had spoken to the German General.

''Elspeth, you had better marry Carl so that he can protect you. Suppose he were killed while flying? Where would you be then? Oh, Elspeth, it is awful.'' The girl's mouth quivered and she shook and trembled convulsively.

Elspeth soothed her gently and then she whispered, ''Dear, the end of this Purgatory must be coming soon. I heard to-day that the American troops have landed in France. Be of good cheer and do not worry. I love and trust Carl in every way, but I will not marry a German. He is so unlike those who have never been out of Germany, that I still hope he will one day see the light and give up the Fatherland. It is his Uncle who holds him. You know, Marianne, that the old man is as cruel as are all Germans who have been educated there. Some day Carl will find this out, and it will be the last straw. He cannot bear cruelty, and yet he will not hear a word against the old man.''

Elspeth began to prepare the evening meal. Both girls had learned to relieve Madame Cortlandt of nearly all the work in her house. Shortly after the woman's aged husband had been deported to work in Germany, Carl had brought the two girls to her. Marianne had been quite insane, Elspeth, suffering from nervous shock, was in a state of stupor. The latter soon recovered, but Marianne's mind was unhinged by the torture which she had suffered.

After the simple supper was cleared away, Elspeth made the large and unsavoury sandwich which was her daily bribe to the sentry at the front door.

Every evening she slipped through the door as if she had not seen him. And every evening he feebly protested.

''Aber Fraulein—'' he said, the odour of the sandwich already filling his nostrils. Always she turned with a smile, the sandwich on her outstretched palm, mock horror coming into her eyes as she looked at the fixed bayonet which she had so far pretended not to see. She never attempted to go beyond the edge of the canal, where she sat every evening, twenty feet from where he stood.

To-night the moon was shining, and there would be many aeroplanes on the road. The girl paused and looked along the canal which divided the street. The water reflected the rays of the moon, a dark streak crossing the shimmer about fifty yards to the left. It was the bridge which crossed the canal.

All was silent in the town and all was dark. Only the distant booming of cannon far out at sea broke the stillness of the summer night. Wrecked houses, whose broken chimneys showed against the sky, told their tale of the ever-present horror. Elspeth closed her eyes. She saw the busy Flemish and Dutch trading boats in the busy canals, the long-necked, snowy swans floating in the water. Leaftrees scattered the moon-beams on the polished paving-stones in showers of silver. Now the trees are gone. And she thought of the gay band concerts in the Grande Place to which their father often took them. She and Marianne would choose alternately which café they preferred to patronize. She herself always chose the one one the corner. There the pink grenadier was a little sweeter, the straws a little longer, and one could see the Belfry. She could not remember the time when the Belfry had not been a sight which was a joy to her. As the evenings advanced, all the little children fell asleep, each in its own chair, until the end of the concert made it necessary for sleepy eyes to guide stumbling little feet over the stone-paved streets to bed.

All that was over now. Never again could Elspeth think of the Grande Place without a shudder. Would Carl never come? She sat down on the stone fence at the edge of the canal. The sentry watched her as he ate his sandwich.

Presently a footfall sounded on the bridge, and Elspeth saw Carl crossing the canal. She waited for him where she sat, for she had given her word to the sentry. Carl's heavy boots rang out each step on the smooth stones of the street, and presently he clasped her in his arms.

"Dear little girl," he said, "I have got to fly with orders to another town to-morrow. I want you to marry me, Elspeth, before I go." He held her closely to him.

"You are going to be in danger," she whispered, "Oh, Carl!"

"We are all of us in danger all the time. But you particularly are not safe here . . . even with my Uncle," he added.

Elspeth clasped both his hands in hers.

"Give me a revolver, then," she said.

"I cannot, dear. If it were found in your possession you would be unmercifully punished. But I will leave one of mine in the desk in my room. If it were not that I am glad that I am here to save you and to learn to love you as I do, I could wish that I had remained in America. I don't like some orders I received to-day." He held her more tightly as he spoke.

"Carl, dear," Elspeth began. "Now you are feeling as I have been sure you would one day." She lowered her voice. "Won't you consent to becoming an American citizen when the war is over, and never, never go back to Germany again?"

"Dear heart, it is hard to promise what one may do, if the world survives. I am sworn into the German Army for the present anyway. You know, I only happened to be in Germany on business when the war broke out. I have never known England and the English, and jumped for the love of adventure, into what everyone in Germany believed would be a six weeks' war. Lots of men from neutral countries did the same. I never expected to have to give orders for bayonetting civilians."

Elspeth shuddered, and Carl kissed her.

"You never seem German, you can't be German," she whispered.

"We are not all bad. Come, dear, I have to report to my Uncle, as I leave before morning," he answered.

Next day, Elspeth heard in the early dawn, the whirr of Carl's aeroplane. He had had his hangar built in the open field behind Madame Cortlandt's chicken-yard. As soon as the girl was free of her duties in the house, she obtained the necessary permit to work in the hospital. After gathering a large bunch of field-flowers and a few others from the house garden, she started off.

St. John's Hospital was situated on a canal which wound its way through part of the town. Elspeth avoided the Grande Place by taking a circuitous path through the fish-market, the beautiful carvings of which had long been destroyed.

On reaching the gate, she showed her papers, then followed the stone-paved walk to the arched entrance.

A black-robed nun was showing a visiting surgeon the huge mortar and pestle which the nuns used in the fifteenth century for the grinding of their medicines. It stood three feet high in the dispensary, which, owing to the crowded condition of the hospital, served also as the office.

Elspeth wondered what had become of all the valuable paintings which had been in the hospital in peacetime. She remembered her father showing her through a powerful glass, the exquisite colours on the three panels which depicted Saint Ursula's pilgrimage to Italy. After the war, where would these treasures be?

Elspeth's work consisted of rolling bandages, passing cool drinks to the patients and writing their letters. Today, however, she would first distribute her flowers. She passed down the long rooms, leaving a glowing flower on each bed. A nun met her half-way down the long room.

"Good morning, Elspeth. How is Marianne this morning?" she asked.

"Her mind is better, thank you, ma mère, but she is very much depressed. She dislikes more and more to wait upon General Aldheim, so that I cannot stay very long to-day," she answered.

The nun passed on, and Elspeth turned to the next bed. A badly wounded young Englishman lay there. He made a feeble signal with his hand, and as she placed a poppy on the coverlet, he whispered to her in French.

Are you a Belgian, mademoiselle?

"With all my heart and soul," she answered.

"Then for the love of the Allies, undertake a mission for me. I gathered from your conversation with the nun, that you have access to the rooms of the General von Aldheim. I lost my bearings two days ago in the fog, and was brought down in the German lines. Secret orders for the British General have been taken from me. Try to find and burn at once, the *blue* paper which he has in his possession. If you do not destroy it, Bruges will be blown up. Thank you so much for the flower," he said in a louder tone. Then, closing his eyes, he turned his head wearily away.

Elspeth was so astonished, that she stood looking at the young man with round eyes, wondering if he were delirious. Then a weak voice said, "For God's sake, hurry."

She turned at once and finished her tour of the room as quickly as possible. The young man watched her go.

"I hope she believes what I told her about the blowing up of Bruges," he said to himself. "What may happen, will be worse, but it was better to tell her that, in case she would have hesitated at taking a personal risk. She looks very young."

Elspeth excused herself to the nuns, and hurried back to the house. The General and his aide were both out, but a sentry, his bayonet fixed, stood outside the General's room. She knew that she could never bribe this man. She left her hat in her room as if she had gone up for that purpose, and then went downstairs to the kitchen. Her sister was there alone.

"Marianne," she whispered as she closed the door, "I want you to help me. Use all of the will power that you have, dear, for only you can do what must be done. I have to find something which is lost. It means life or death to both of us. Let no one come into this room, no one. Do you understand?"

Marianne nodded. Her sister went out of the back door, and closing it quietly after her, looked up at the General's window. She could make the bedroom window from the hen-house roof, and from there, slip into the sitting-room which contained the desk.

The girl removed her shoes, and with no difficulty, climbed onto the roof of the low building. From this height she could reach the sill of the bedroom window. By standing on the hen-house ventilator, the sill was only three inches above her waist. Holding her skirts well above her knees, she threw her right leg over the sill, and then grasping the window-frame, sprang upward with her other foot, until she grasped the sill in the bend of her right knee. In another second she was in the room.

With a beating heart, Elspeth searched the bedroom, and then crept stealthily into the sitting-room. She turned over in vain all the papers on the desk. The drawers were locked. She had heard that secret documents were never locked up, but were usually hidden in receptacles unlikely of being suspected of containing anything of value. She turned back the rug without making a sound, shook the window curtains and examined the bottom of the only uphlostered chair in the room. In despair, she went gack to the desk.

Marianne, left alone, repeated to herself as she wrung her hands, "Life or death, life or death. There must be death for me, but for Elspeth, there must be life. I must let nobody in through the door. Elspeth has lost something, lost something."

Her mind became vacant again, and then she remembered her sister's admonition. "Use all the will-power that you have." Elspeth was in danger. Their dying mother had left the child to her care ten years ago. And now she must save her. She closed her eyes and her terror for Elspeth increased. She started to her feet as the darkness seemed to grow. She forgot to open her eyes, and with clenched hands, her face white, she began to pray.

"Mother of God," she whispered, "Save her, save her."

A sound came from the street, and Marianne nearly screamed. She clapped her hand over her mouth, and the sound outside passed off in the distance. Then she became aware of a light on the wall which shone out in the apparent darkness of the room. A cross of flame became visible. Marianne crossed herself and the flame vanished. In its place a framed picture of the German Kaiser appeared. Then this too vanished, and the cross flamed out again. When this faded into the darkness, Marianne opened her eyes.

"It is a message for Elspeth," she thought. Steadily she crept back to the back door and opened it. Her sister was just trying to leave her window on the return journey.

"The Kaiser's picture," Marianne whispered, "It is there."

Elspeth returned to the General's room and looked for the Kaiser's picture. It hung over the mantel in an imitation wooden frame. The edges of the frame crossed each other at the corners, and there was a round knob on each end. The girl unscrewed first one knob and then another. In each receptacle thus disclosed, a roll of paper lay. From the third one a blue paper slipped.

Trembling with excitement, Elspeth placed it within her dress, and in another minute stood breathless in the kitchen.

"Quick, Marianne," she whispered, "the matches!"

The other brought the box.

"Oh, Elspeth," she cried, "your hands are red with blood."

"Nonsense, my dear. I spilled the red ink in the General's room, but I wiped it all up with my petticoat. It has merely stained my hands a little."

Together the two girls burned the blue paper, and then Elspeth removed all traces of the red ink from her hands, and started to prepare the dinner.

At three o'clock General von Aldheim entered with his aide, and closed the door of his room.

Elspeth, too afraid to be left alone, had remained in the kitchen with madame. Five minutes passed, and then there came a roar of rage from the room above. The sentry was called, and finally madame and the two girls were summoned.

"Has anyone passed this door, sentry, during the time you were on duty?" the General questioned.

"No one, meinherr," the sentry answered, "and no one has come upstairs except the Fraulein here who went to her room for five minutes, but who returned downstairs without stopping or speaking."

"You have not been asleep?"

"I have not, meinherr."

"Someone has been in the room, nevertheless. Papers are missing, and there is red ink on another paper which did not have red ink on it this morning. The ink bottle is half empty."

The General turned to his aide and said, "Weissner, kindly go to the wireless station yourself, and send off the special messages which you know are necessary as a result of the loss of that paper. As you go out send me the sentry posted in the street. and I will handle these women myself."

The aide went downstairs and out of the house, and an extra sentry, with fixed bayonet, entered the room.

"You may sit down," the General said to the three women as he waved his hand toward some wooden chairs ranged against the wall. "You make me nervous." He turned to the sentry by the door and said, "Telephone for the woman who examines woman prisoners, and a squad to search the house."

The two sisters were standing hand in hand. Elspeth's eyes were wide with fright, but Marianne looked calmer and more sane than she had looked for months.

Elspeth was tired, the strain of the morning was telling upon her, and she knew better than the others what would happen now. She dropped wearily into the plain wooden chair and comfortably crossed her legs.

The General had his back turned, but in a mirror which stood on his desk, he saw the red ink on Elspeth's petticoat. He jumped up, his face livid.

"You little devil," he shouted. "All the time you were a spy. And you used the honest love of Carl to protect yourself while carrying on your work. Oh, I will be even with you for what you will have made him suffer with your innocent face. Sentry," he said to the one woman that now remained in the room, "when the authorities have finished the examination, you may give her to the soldiers, the more the better. She will be shot anyway at sunrise."

The end of the order was drowned by a scream from Marianne. Elspeth had fainted and fallen from her chair. Madame Cortlandt fanned her with a newspaper hastily snatched from the table, and the sentry dropped his bayonet to help the old woman to lift Elspeth onto the couch. The General turned his back to the group and picked up his own telephone.

No one was looking for Marianne. She stood in strained silence as if listening, her face transfixed. She slipped her hand into the large pocket of her apron and lovingly fingered the weapon she felt there. It was Carl's revolver which, with the cunning of the insane, she had taken from his desk. She drew it from her pocket and took careful aim at the General's back. No one saw her movement. Suddenly three shots rang out. Two were fired at the General and they killed him instantly. With the third shot, Marianne took her own life, and died under the impression that her act had somehow saved Elspeth.

At the sound of the shots, the second sentry, who had been telephoning in the hall, rushed into the room. The other man held Elspeth by the wrist.

"Take the other woman's hands," he yelled, "till I can tie up this one and see what I can do for meinherr." He whipped a leather strap out of his pocket. Elspeth opened her eyes as the strap cut her wrists. Her captor left her securely tied and knelt by the body of the General, which had fallen face downward. He was trying to turn it over when the front door banged. Heavy footsteps sounded on the stairs and Carl stood in the doorway.

"What does this mean?" he said. "Elspeth!"

She did not speak. He turned to the man who held Madame Cortlandt. The sentry explained in a few words.

"Meinherr ordered that she be given to the soldiers and then shot," he ended.

Carl set his jaw and his face paled.

"The General is now dead, so I am in charge here. As your superior officer, I will change the orders. Go to the barracks and report all that has occurred. Exonerate madame of any complicity in this plot. I will take charge of the Fraulein, and you will have the proper authorities here in half an hour. Now go."

Carl left the room with them and ran upstairs.

As the two men left the front door, he returned to the room with a warm coat and cap of his own for Elspeth. He cut the straps on her wrists and helped her to sit up, bringing her a glass of water to revive her.

"Try to come to," he said tenderly. "Elspeth I want you to come with me. Marianne is dead, dear, and happier so. Come, we will go in the aeroplane. Say good-bye to madame."

Elspeth sat up and took madame's hand. "You have been so good to us, dear madame. I hate to leave you so."

"Dear child, it is best. I have been exonerated, and nothing will happen to me." As she spoke madame placed a sofa cushion under the head of Marianne. Elspeth helped her with brimming eyes. Then she turned to Carl.

"Where can we go?" she said.

"The American troops have landed in France," Carl answered. "We will fly over the German lines until dark, and then land behind the American lines. I have finished with Germany and the Germans. Come, Elspeth, we have only a short time to get off. I will tell you my plan on the way."

He helped her to her feet and she kissed madame bood-bye. Then Carl placed his hand over her eyes and led her from the room and out of the back door.

Once outside, they hurried across the field behind the house to the hangar. While Carl was unlocking the door and preparing the machine for flight, he told her what had happened.

"I have been given orders," he said, "which I cannot carry out. I returned to tell my Uncle so, and to take the punishment, which is death. When I heard of the orders which had been given about you, I suddenly thought of this plan."

"You will be taken prisoner," said Elspeth as she turned up her coat collar.

"At first, yes. We will give ourselves up, of course. But I am an American citizen. I have been one for five years. And I think I can convince the authorities that I wish the Allies to annihilate the brute force in Germany. Besides which, I can give much valuable information."

"Oh, Carl, you never told me that you are an American citizen," Elspeth said reproachfully.

"I couldn't, dear," he said, pulling on his driving gloves. "I had enlisted in the German army at the time that the United States was neutral. I had a right to, then, and I deemed it my duty to keep to my oath. I do not feel that way now. As soon as I regain my American nationality, we will be married. Meanwhile some hospital matron will look after you. Ready now. Jump in."

"Oh I hate to leave Marianne like that."

Elspeth drew back, and tears welled up into her eyes.

"If you don't, dear little girl, you will in a few hours be past doing anything for her yourself. Come." Carl put his arm around her and with his left hand, turned her face up to his.

"The soldiers are in the street," he said. "I hear them marching on the stone road. It is worse than death to stay here. "If we go, there is Life, and Love, and Liberty."

Elspeth kissed him.

"Come, then," she said, and together they took their places in the aeroplane. Carl started his engine, flying low over German-held ground until he reached the sea.

Half an hour after dark, he and Elspeth stood hand in hand in France happy prisoners in the hands of the American Army.

BOY BLUE

By ARTHUR B. WATTS

LITTLE BOY BLUE, come blow your horn
And mount your steed this summer morn!
Your hobby-horse is a charger bold
That takes a strong little arm to hold.

Rattle-de-bang adown the walk!
Whoa a minute! We want to talk—
Talk of the elves and the fairy prince,
And the lad who made the giant wince.

You take my hand and from "our street",
Familiar to your tiny feet,
We pass along through foreign parts
To where the dear, green country starts.

The river bank, the daisy field,
The wooded nook, what joy they yield!
The warbler's note 'mid leafy shade
Allures us farther up the glade.

It's time for home; you cry, "No! No!"
But when we turn our pace is slow;
And ere we reach the beaten track
You're glad to climb upon my back.

. . . .

Big Boy Blue! The years have sped,
And now you tower above my head.
Another hour, and you will slip
Away from home to join your ship.

You go alone; no more we two!
Your King has need of men like you.
His call has come to eager ears.
See how my pride has dried my tears!

TORONT
PUB
LI

SONS

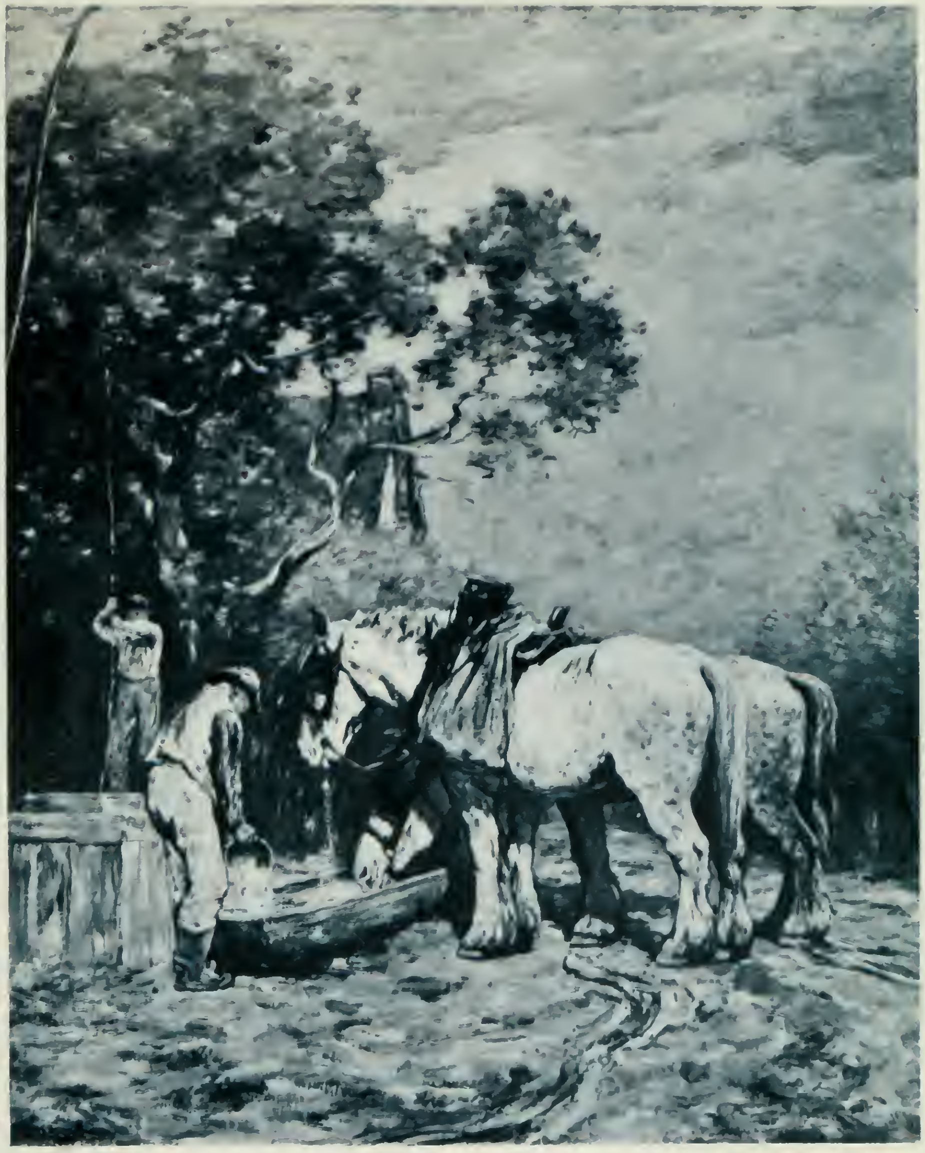
BY BEATRICE REDPATH

AS soon as he could hold a toy
He had a bugle and a gun
And leaden soldiers; as a boy
I taught him that my son
Must learn to fight his battles out,
Not hide—nor run.
And I would tell him tales about
Battles and stern-faced warriors,
And speak of brave things men had done.
Yet women wonder why do men make wars.

AT NIGHT

BY BEATRICE REDPATH

I KNOW some day
That he'll be here just as he used to be,
I know that he'll be still as gay
And kind to me—
Oh, so I say
Most every day,
But in the night-time, sick with fear,
Huddled beneath the sheet,
I hear
A blind man's stick come tapping down the street.



HORSES DRINKING

From the Painting by
Horatio Walker, R.C.A.,
Exhibited by
the Royal Canadian Academy

IN THE VINEYARDS OF BURGUNDY

BY ESTELLE M. KERR

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE level road that runs from Beaune to Dijon is bordered with vineyards. They cover the plains and vanish up the hillside on one hand and disappear into the valley on the other. Shorn of all grace, each vine stands erect, one pace removed from its fellow, while the stake to which it is tied projects like a gray spear above the green. Here and there a sunbonneted woman, an old man or a child may be seen pruning the vines, tying them with wisps of straw, harrowing the ground or spraying the leaves till they are changed to a metallic blue which seems to be reflected from the sky above.

At intervals throughout the countryside are gray stone hamlets with tiled roofs, each with its ancient church, a chateau or two and a café, and my stay in Gevrey-Chambertin has been of sufficient duration to give me a feeling of pride in stating that here may be found the oldest chateau and the nicest café in the whole canton! They tell me too, that Chambertin is one of the best varieties of burgundy and that the names of the nearby villages sound sweet in the ears of wine bibbers, but the best is always exported and the clients of our café are apt to think more of quantity than quality. The name above our doorway, ''Aux Vendanges de Bourgogne'', is seductive. Enticing, too, are the green tables and chairs in the gravelled space before it, separated from the dusty highroad by shrubs in green tubs, flowering hydrangeas and nasturtium vines. I have the self-righteous feeling of the early riser as I sit here, carefully stirring my morning coffee to extract the full flavour from my limited supply of sugar. The *vignerons* are only now going to work, for at eight o'clock they call it seven,—they did not alter their clocks with the daylight-saving law! The café is quiet at this hour; but the paper girl brings me the Paris papers and before long, customers will begin to arrive; French officers in dusty motors, poilus with transport wagons, American soldiers driving ambulances or motor lorries on the road from Beaune to Dijon. The ''Sammies'' order *limonade;* they have not the Frenchman's love of wine, nor his capacity for drink which daily fills me with amazement.

Vineyardmen who work by the day, are given by their employers a quart of *petit vin* at ten o'clock, a quart at noon, another at four and still another at night, but sometimes they find that insufficient and will drop in between times at a café where wine of a richer hue gladdens their hearts. ''Old George,'' when he is not working, will drink as many as six large bottles of the real article and there are other men in the neighbourhood who can consume an equal amount without being noticeably affected. "Old George" complains bitterly of the price—one franc, seventy-five centimes for a large bottle, eighteen sous for a *demi-bouteille!* Truly this is a terrible war! But I doubt if in times of peace such a poor specimen of humanity as he could find employment.

Even the well-to-do bourgeoise, so saving in most things, is lavish in his expenditure for wine. On Sundays a plain, middle-aged couple with a little girl of eight come here for dinner and, with their napkins tucked carefully under their chins, soberly consume their mid-day meal which includes a quart of red wine and a large bottle of burgundy of a finer vintage. Other couples, for whom the outing is a rarer celebration drink an *apéritif* before the meal, a quart of Burgundy and one of Champagne during the repast, with coffee and liqueurs to follow, making the bill for drinks more than double the sum paid for the food.

One day at noon a little man driving a load of wood to Dijon sat down opposite me at the green table and, opening a newspaper containing the end of a loaf, a small piece of cheese and about half a teaspoonful of granulated sugar, called for a quart bottle of red.

"I see you prefer drinking to eating, monsieur," I said. "Yes," he replied, "Yes . . . I am made like that! Small need for cooking in my home! A plate of soup—that is easily made—bread, cheese and a good quart of wine and I run like a rabbit! Ah wine is the saviour of life!" He sipped a little more and then continued, "I have been a *vigneron* since I was a youngster. Perhaps you remember the wine of 1893? It was 14 per cent. pure alcohol in my part of the country—well, I throve on that. Wine is what gives the Frenchman his spirit and makes him the best fighter in the world!" He meditated awhile and then added, "No; it is not I who would betray France!" and he patriotically emptied his glass. "Are you an American, madame?" he continued.

"Canadian," I replied.

"Ah! *ma pauvre dame!* You are far from home! My mare also—the one out there—she is a Canadian, but she understands no language—neither French nor *argot*. But you, madame, speak English? Then my daughter would be very pleased to have you come and talk to her. She lives on a good little farm quite near—not more than six miles away. . . . I paid a lot of money to have her taught. She is a sensible girl—my daughter—a modiste. She has served her apprenticeship in Paris and makes hats of very great value. If you like I will drive you to see her with my mare—the one from Canada—perhaps you could make her understand!"

Now that hats "of great value" are not in demand I suppose the sensible daughter is working in the vineyard like everyone else. War has made us all versatile! My host, M. Collardot, is not only a hotelkeeper, vineyardman and farmer, but on Sunday, behold he is the village barber and his regular customers pay him for their weekly shave by the year! He raises sufficient fruit and vegetables for the use of his establishment while Madame Collardot carefully preserves them for the winter use. In her little yard she raises chickens and rabbits, she does all the cooking and she and her serving-maid take their turn in the fields when extra help is needed.

In the old days there were banquets in the great empty dining-room above the café, and the stores of linen, glass and china in madame's cupboard were often used, not only on the premises but sometimes the horse was harnessed to take supplies to wedding celebrations in distant villages. There was dancing too and music—now we hear none, unless you count the blind piper who pays us a visit every week or so.

"Tying them with wisps of straw"

He plays from ear and changes popular ditties to suit his morbid fancy, but *que voulez vous?* It is surely a great misfortune to be blind! So the children crowd around him while their elders part with carefully-hoarded pennies and the girls receive in exchange, from the old hag who leads him, a brightly-coloured paper whereon they see the picture of their "*future*" and plainly read their fortune.

The crowd that the piper attracts is only equalled by the one which gathers when the town crier beats his drum. The children cry:

"V'la l' appariteur!" and we throw open our windows or run to the street to hear what he may have to say. Yesterday he hurried the slothful from their beds—but it was only to remind us to get our bread tickets! Sometimes his announcements are more personal: a cow having strayed into a field of lucerne and eaten not wisely but too well became swollen to such an extent that she had to be killed, so her owner informs the public that he has beef for sale. This advertisement costs him one franc, fifty centimes and when there are two announcements to be made in one day the *appariteur,* who is already in receipt of a salary of thirty dollars a year paid by the township for official notices, grows wealthy.

The Church at Gevrey-Chambertin

I often wonder what the quiet road was like when the appariteur beat his little drum to call to arms four years ago in Gevrey-Chambertin.

"The news had travelled before him," Madame Collardot told me, "but we gathered round to listen just the same, then he called for my husband who was working at the vines and I ran and ran, without stopping to take breath. Of course I knew he was too old to fight (and I was too old to run like that!) but I called to him, 'Come quick!' and he came running, and there was an auto at the door and he jumped in, for there was a sealed despatch to be delivered to every young man in the district, calling him to join his regiment.

"We were not sad when the boys went away—no, we were far too excited for that! I said to my son-in-law, 'You will not fight; this is but a demonstration!' No one had told us the fighting had already begun! . . . and since that day we have not lived in Gevrey-Chambertin!"

Yet life goes on! Bread is scarce and wine is dear but there is still the vintage and everyone lives for and by the vintage. There are no young men to help—unless you count the German prisoners and the Russians who, though not prisoners, are not allowed to leave France. The Slavs seem fairly contented, though no one speaks their language and they know very little French. Two of them used to lodge behind our café, but Ossip left last Sunday to join the foreign legion. He did not relish his undefined status —neither soldier nor civilian—nor

The XIII Century Chateau at Gevrey-Chambertin

did he like being mistaken for a Bosche, as he sometimes was, though the Russians wear their own uniform, a loose belted khaki blouse and a peaked cap. The German's gray cap is without a peak and has a red band. He is frequently dressed in bright green and in all his clothing the P. G. (*Prisonnier de guerre*) are conspicuously stamped.

Ossip had been a carpenter in Russia and he did not like the constant stooping involved in work on the land. Still he was clothed and well fed and besides that he received two francs a day and the farmer for whom he worked was very kind. "But some day I may have a patron who is not good," Ossip reasoned, "and if I do not please him he will put me in prison with 200 grammes of bread a day and water. That has happened to some of my comrades." So Ossip decided to fight for France.

The motors that fly between Beaune and Dijon are all military, and comparatively few horses pass by, especially since the day of requisition. Gevrey-Chambertin is the *chief lieu* of the canton, so it was here that all the horses from thirty-two surrounding townships were brought for Government inspection. More than four hundred came, so they, with their attendants, made a great stir in the quiet place. All day long the peasants waited, camping on the village green where they ate their black bread and drank their sour wine at mid-day and fed their horses with oats. All day long the café was crowded with bourgeoises who discussed the war, speculated on the chance of their horses being taken, the price the Government would pay, and the possibility of replacing them. Madame Collardot was unexpectedly called upon to prepare forty dinners—a tremendous crowd for her humble restaurant! And all day long Antoinette ran up and down the cellar stairs for fresh supplies of wine.

Four hundred and sixty horses passed, one by one, before a stable door where the inspecting officers had installed themselves, with a table, chairs and writing materials. A policeman called each man by name from a list of the owners of horses compiled at the various town halls, and every horse, old and sorry though it might be, had to be led before the judges. Even when the owner had papers to show that his horse had already served and been discharged as unfit for use in the army, he must again be produced, for rest and care make new horses as well as new men. Sometimes a woman led the horse, sometimes a German prisoner—for many of the farmers had brought with them their only labourer, and he found pleasure in conversing, in his own language, with those who lived in distant villages. The judges watched the gait of the horse as it was made to run before them, they examined its teeth and fixed the price and noted its qualities in case a further requisition should be needed. Sixty horses in all were chosen and the prices fixed were often three times the cost of the animal, but even so, a good horse is impossible to replace just now, and none but the proprietors who could prove that their horses were absolutely indispensable to the cultivation of their farmsteads were able to obtain exemption.

The examination dragged on all day long, and it was growing dark when the last of the old people wearily turned their faces homewards. Only the children had thoroughly enjoyed the day, and the chickens and geese who wandered as usual about the village square, but this day reaped a richer harvest in grain and crumbs from the noon-day meals of man and beast.

At night the women, gathering in the doorways to discuss the events of the day, shook their heads sadly and said:

"They have taken our sons, they have taken our husbands, now they have taken our horses . . . only the little children are left and they are growing tall . . . when will this cruel war be over? When will we begin to live again in Gevrey Chambertin?"

THE EAST IN THE WEST

BY N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOROTHY STEVENS

MISS MABIE'S interview with Chin Fook was short but courteous, particularly courteous on the side of the Oriental. Miss Mabie nearly lost her temper once or twice for this very reason. He had explained to her in good English, that he did not want his daughter Fon brought up as a Christian, because while he thought Jesus' teachings were very good, Buddha's were older and better, and there was nothing Christ had not said that the earlier teacher had not said before him. He was very much obliged to Miss Mabie for teaching his child English, he believed a certain amount of education good for every woman; and when Miss Mabie had rather hotly retorted something about the slavery of Oriental women with their "certain amount of education", Chin Fook had quietly and smilingly replied that at least Eastern women had not yet learned to shun the highest and noblest responsibility of their sex, that of bearing children, and jocularly he had added, "In one hundred years, Miss Mabie, there shall be no more sons of white women; then the conquest of this country shall be an easy task for the child-bearing peoples."

At the last Miss Mabie was forced to fall back upon the lame excuse that Fon did not want to go home with her father. To which the latter shrugged his shoulders expressively and conveyed to Miss Mabie a dozen insinuations by that one gesture.

So Fon was called into the room, where she huddled beside her teacher's chair, and her father standing in the middle of the floor, with a bland smile and a lazy grace, talked to her very rapidly in Chinese, of which Miss Mabie understood not a word, and to which Fon made ejaculatory and monosyllabic responses. At length the Chinese child stood up, "I will go with him", she said in a low voice.

"But you don't want to go, Fon." Miss Mabie caught the girl's hand, and drew her around to face her. "You don't want to go, do you?"

Fon's face for one moment expressed sick fear, and a wild appeal, then it assumed its usual sweetly docile mask. "I will go with him," she repeated.

Miss Mabie told the man that if he would have the goodness to go, as soon as she could get Fon's clothes together she would bring the girl to his house herself. Chin said he would wait. Miss Mabie said it would take too long. Chin said Fon would not require the clothes anyway, because he did not believe in the English style of dress the child was wearing.

"Very well, wait, then," said Miss Mabie, and still keeping Fon's hand, she drew her from the room, and they went upstairs together. The Chinese girl was told to pack her small belongings in her small matting bag, and then Miss Mabie went into her sitting-room to telephone to Mr. Brenton, rereporter on *The Call* and her usual "very pleasant help in time of trouble".

"It's Alice speaking," she told him. "Paul, I wish you would come up here."

"What's the matter?"

"Can you come instantly?"

"Unless you're being held up, or have taken poison by mistake, I can't. It would cost me my job. You caught me just as I was leaving to take the boat to V——. I've got three minutes to listen to you."

"What do you know about Chin Fook?"

"Let me see, let me see, Chin Fook—silk merchant, building the new Oriental hotel in Chinatown. Worth a million probably. Decent sort of man to deal with. Credited or discredited with six wives and one of 'em a white woman. Recently returned from China. Lived in this city ten years off and on. Said to be highly connected with Chinese royal family. Don't believe it, but undoubtedly a superior sort."

"It's his daughter, Fon, who has been staying with me off and on since he has been absent in China."

"One of your Chinese class, eh?"

"Yes, and now he's come home, and he wants her to leave me altogether."

"A father's privilege."

"Paul, he's not a father. He's a cold, cruel, calculating, fat beast. How can he know anything about fatherhood with six wives? Besides, one of the little girls in my class, Fon's cousin, told me in secrecy, that Chin Fook is not Fon's father at all. He drove up here in his motor car two days ago, and when he saw Fon, his eyes fairly glistened, and she was so frightened of him, I thought she was going to faint. He told her he wanted her at home now that her mother was dead; she died about a year ago, I believe. Fon was with me at the time. And to-day he came to take Fon away. All last night the poor child lay wide awake, and over and over again, she would beg me not to let her go. It's been terrible, Paul. Listen to me."

"I am listening," Paul replied.

"I am perfectly sure Chin Fook is a slave dealer. I have no proof beyond my own intuition, but I feel certain he wants to sell Fon to some one. She has grown so pretty, so charming. There was a Chinaman with him yesterday, a perfectly hideous creature. Fon would not speak about him. In fact, she won't tell me anything, but she looks at me with dumb, appealing eyes, and I know she trusts me to help her. What can I do? Fon is not like those other Chinese women and girls you see about. She has ideals, Paul, beautiful ideals, and for six months she has been going to service with me regularly. Paul, I must do something. I simply must."

"Where is Chin?"

"Downstairs waiting for her. What if I lock her up, Paul, and refuse to let him have her?"

"It wouldn't do at all, Alice, you would only get into trouble. You are not an Oriental, and you can't understand them. You are investing Fon with some of your own sweet attributes, but in reality she's Chinese and nothing can make her anything else. I wish I could come up and see you, but I can't. You know the Chinese are like fish, cold-blooded. Fon is grieved at having to part with you, that's all. She'll get over it. There's no common ground on which West can meet East, and our breed and their's is as far apart as the poles. For heaven's sake, don't let Chin know your suspicions. Pretend friendliness, if you want to keep in touch with your protégé, but, believe me, it won't do very much good, so far as changing Fon's nature goes. Well, good-bye, Alice. You have known a long time how I feel about these subjects. Be a good girl, and don't worry."

"Paul you are as cold-blooded as a fish yourself. I am going up to Fon now, and if she will consent to stay with me, I'll lock the doors against Chin Fook."

"Alice presented herself at the shop"

"Don't do it, Alice."

"Good-bye, Paul."

But when Miss Mabie returned to Fon's bedroom, it was to find it empty; and all search of the small house failed to reveal any trace of either Chin Fook or the girl.

*

At five o'clock Alice presented herself before one of the long counters in Chin's silk shop. There were several American tourists examining embroidered linens and talking in very loud voices, evidently labouring under the impression common to most English-speaking people that natives of all foreign countries must necessarily be a little deaf. They turned to look at Alice with frank and friendly admiration. But the Chinaman who came to serve her wore an expression of bored indifference.

"Where is Chin Fook?" she asked.

"Not in," laconically replied the Chinaman.

"I must see him," said Alice.

"He not here. Come back eight o'clock."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes—sure."

"I want to see his brother then, his brother Lee."

"Jes' minute." Alice watched, as he ambled slowly to the back of the shop and disappeared under the stairs. Presently he returned accompanied by a small, stout man who wore glasses, and smiled benignly upon Alice.

"How do you do?" said she, trying to return the smile.

"How do you," he replied, "you velly well?"

"Thank you," Alice nodded. "Did your brother bring Fon here, a few hours ago?"

The first Chinaman had been hovering behind the other man and now at a sharp word from the latter, slowly and reluctantly withdrew.

"I know no," Lee told Alice. "I jes' come in mysel'."

"Where is your little girl? Where is Bit?"

"She go play somewhere. I know no."

Alice looked about her slowly and comprehensively. For all she knew Fon and her other little pupils so well, she had never been at the home of any of them, and was not sure whether Fon lived over the store as did the families of most of the Chinese merchants, or in quite another part of the town. She looked at the closed wooden door at the back of the long store, at the little door under the stairs through whose glass a dim oil lamp could be seen burning; looked up the narrow stairway to another closed door, and there while she watched, the curtain of the glass was drawn back, and for a brief moment she saw Fon's face, swollen with weeping, the lips white, the eyes entreating. The curtain dropped almost instantly and the face was gone, but Alice without a moment's hesitation walked toward the stairway, the Chinaman following her up. Up the steps she walked and straight to the door. She tried the knob. The door was locked.

"Open this," she said to Lee. "Fon is in here."

He looked a little troubled, but smiled as he shook his head.

"Please," entreated Alice softly. "I want to speak to her. She went away to-day without saying 'good-bye' to me. I would like to see her."

"You come to-night," said Lee in a kindly tone. "Come eight o'clock. Chin Fook here then."

"Won't you please let me speak to her now?" asked Alice.

Again the Chinaman shook his head. "Velly solly," he said. "Chin Fook say 'no'. I can not. Velly glad see you to-night eight o'clock."

And Alice, much disturbed at heart, but trying to keep an untroubled countenance, followed Lee down the stairs, held her chin a little high as she passed the survey of the tourists' inquisitive eyes, and, reaching the doorway of the shop, was bowed ceremoniously away by Lee.

*

Alice had eaten no luncheon and when she sat down with her sister Annie to their dinner, she found she had no appetite. Annie was away all day teaching in a primary school outside the city limits. Their evenings were the only times the sisters had together. Fon's tear-stained face, and terror-haunted eyes were constantly before Alice; she could talk of nothing but what she called the "kidnapping" of her little friend. Annie was symptahetic but very tired. When Alice announced her intention of going out to try to see Fon, her sister endeavoured to dissuade her, and while they were arguing about it, a ring at the front door bell interrupted them. Alice responded and found a Chinaman, whose face looked oddly familiar, and yet whose identity she could not fix. He handed her a note, and then ran away down the street as fast as he could go. Alice looked after him, puzzled for a moment, then opened her letter. It was in Fon's writing:

"Dear Miss Alice," it ran, "I write to say good-bye and God bless you. I was in much hurry to-day. I like to see you again, but better not. Have good memory of me. I will try and be good. Chin Fook is kind to me. Fon." Then underneath these very carefully penned lines were some hardly legible words, looking as if the writer had been under great stress:

"Come to-night. I watch for you, to the doorway on Ogilvie Street. Come for Jesus' sake."

When the letter was shown to Annie she was more insistent than ever that Alice should not go out of the house that night, but Alice was very white-faced and determined. Besides she told Annie she would run no risk; eight o'clock was early, it did not get dark until nine. There would be lots of shoppers in Chin Fook's, and whoever heard of a white woman being harmed in Chinatown anyway.

The streets were crowded with the usual Saturday night throng and Chinatown was as noisy and noisome as ever. Alice walked rapidly. Her neat frock, her dark hat, her small black boots were inconspicuous enough, but the plainness of her attire did nothing to hide the bright loveliness of her young face, the shining gold of her soft hair, or the slim beauty of her figure.

The obsequious Lee was busy attending some customers when she entered the store, but he left them, and going to Alice asked her to follow him into the office, a small room, which took in one of the front windows, and was separated from the rest of the shop by a partition which reached halfway to the ceiling. Chin Fook was there alone.

Alice sat down when he had invited her to do so, and then without any preamble he came straight to the point, speaking quietly, formally, and sitting in his own chair behind the desk.

It was best, he told her, that she should not see Fon at present. The girl was upset naturally at leaving her, but she was very sensible and amenable and would become reconciled in a very little while. He thought it had been a mistake for Fon to have seen quite so much of Miss Mabie. True, he had been glad, as had other Chinese friends, to have the children taught by so capable a lady, and if Miss Mabie had gone a little farther than they had intended in trying to instil Western ideas into Eastern children's minds, she was acting according to her own opinions of what was fitting, and they had no fault to find with her. Most of the children whom she taught would continue to live in Canada, and such teaching would do no harm. But for Fon he had different plans. She would return to China in the course of two or three years, marry a man of his choosing, and raise her sons and daughters as befitted the children of a Chinese dignitary. "We are a very old people," he said, smiling almost paternally. "But we are glad to learn from younger nations what is new, when it is worth knowing. Yet, some of our own institutions have stood the test of time, and we have yet to find that they can be improved upon."

Now Alice knew nothing whatever about Chinese institutions, nothing whatever about Chinese religions and philosophies. She looked upon the whole nation as benighted heathen, in spite of the fact that the fathers of some of her pupils spoke English as well as she did herself, and had a breadth and tolerance of thought, which she, uncomprehending, and unappreciating, looked upon as further evidence of their immorality. Alice was very young, very lovely, and very charming, but her ancestors had been Puritans, and she had inherited something of their narrowness of view, a fault which the breadth and freedom and unconventionality of the West would in time overcome, but which at present invested her with a zeal for missionary work, which was almost Jesuitical. She looked coldly and gravely upon Chin.

"Why did you and Fon leave my house without telling me?" she asked. The Chinaman shrugged his shoulders.

"Fon came down stairs and asked that we go at once," he said. Alice's large eyes expressed her frank unbelief of this statement, and Chin smiled again.

"Whom do you want Fon to marry?" she asked peremptorily, but with no idea at all of being impertinent.

"You would not understand," said Chin patiently. "In one month you come again and see Fon. We shall be moved then into my new house on the corner of Glenwood and Oak streets.''

''Thank you,'' said Miss Mabie stiffly, getting up to go. Chin handed her a sealed envelope.

''The amount due you,'' he said, and then tendering her a receipt book, ''Please sign.''

Alice did not linger longer. She wanted to ask a dozen questions, make several accusations, but somehow her tongue refused its office. She felt sick with disappointment, and angry and utterly baffled by Chin's calmness of demeanour. She went out of the shop, and into the night with her mind in a turmoil. Pausing for a moment at the edge of the sidewalk she looked up at the windows above her. No sign of life there. The blinds were closely drawn. Some pots of flowers stood on the little balcony, over the doorway to the shop, tall chrysanthemums, not yet in bloom, and white and red peonies. Alice walked past the shop and around the corner farther into the heart of Chinatown. She was not sure whether Ogilvie street was to the right or the left of Chin Fook's premises. Somewhere a clock struck nine. A man jostled against her with a muttered apology, and then turned around to stare after her. She did not notice him. The shops on the side street were small and mean, their windows dimly lit, and containing a vastly unattractive assortment of unnamable Chinese edibles. There were few people about and those few Chinamen, who looked with furtive curiosity at the girl. Having come to the conclusion that the doorway which Fon specified must be in the street above, she was about to retrace her steps, when the sound of a child crying softly arrested her. Just ahead of her was a dark alley between two shops, a little boy stood there in the shadow sobbing wearily. Alice, her warm heart responding instantly to the appeal, drew the little chap out into the light of a street lamp. He was neither Chinese nor white, but something of both. The girl's being recoiled. This was one of the tragedies of the West, the tragedies that always made Paul so chokingly indignant. The child spoke English. His mother had whipped him, he said; he was waiting for his father, his father was good to him, and while he spoke the father came, a nondescript Chinaman to whom the little chap ran with a cry of pleasure, and was lifted to the man's shoulder and carried into the dark passage. Alice shuddered and turned away, walking swiftly. Looking over the roofs of the little low shops, she could see the back windows above Chin Fook's store, and while she looked at them, one of them was opened, and a sleek little head thrust out, which Alice believed to belong to Fon. It was quickly withdrawn, so quickly that it seemed to her as if some one had pulled the owner forcibly back. Alice clinched her little teeth. Fon must be set free, to that she had made up her mind. Little Fon, gentle, pretty, confiding Fon, only sixteen last month, should not be forced into marriage or slavery by Chin Fook—Chin Fook with his six wives and one of them a white woman; Chin with his cold, unfeeling face, and his liltle, shining, appraising eyes, his yellow hands with their long, pointed, polished nails, and his forty years or more of unrighteous living. Alice walked past the silk shop, past the tea shop which adjoined it, past the furniture shop where they were holding a sale of sea-grass chairs, and where even yet there were many shoppers, past the barber shop, from whose open door unspeakable odours came, in which highly-scented soap played the least objectionable part, and so on, until she had come to the end of the block and turned the corner. Ah, here was the entrance to the dwelling portion of the block, the first entrance on Ogilvie street. She was sure of it now, for a small sign-board at the corner bore the names of the intersecting streets. She entered the

"At length the Chinese girl stood up"

doorway boldly, her heart beating a little fast, but her head held high, and her eyes full of courage. A long flight of steps was before her, she ran up them, and opened the door at the top, finding herself in a small dimly-lit hall. Here she paused for a moment, and while she waited, debating what step to take next, which one of the several doors that opened off the hall, to knock upon, one of them opened softly and a woman came towards her, a middle-aged, gray-haired woman, who held her finger to her lips.

"I am Alice Mabie," said the girl in a whisper.

"I know," the other nodded. "Fon explained to me. Come along, I will take care of you. Fon is not here. They are taking her to V——, but if we get down to the boat at once, I think we can manage to intercept them. She is at the Angel Hotel."

"Then it was not she I saw looking out of the window a few minutes ago?"

The woman seemed puzzled. "Oh, no," she said, "it couldn't have been. Fon is waiting at the hotel until it is time for the boat to leave. But she expects you, she is looking for you, poor little child."

⁂

Annie Mabie waited until ten o'clock, and then when her sister had not returned she telephoned *The Call* office for Mr. Brenton. Hearing that he was away, she telephoned Chin Fook, and go no reply; then she put on her hat and coat and went to a friend's house, where she enlisted the services of Mr. Thornton, who played in the orchestra at one of the vaudeville houses, but who like many another had much more ability and ambition than his position called for. Mr. Thornton had just come home, and was "dog-tired", but Annie Mabie was only one degree less lovely and charming than Alice, and so he accompanied her with great avidity.

They walked rapidly toward Chinatown, and Thornton tried to laugh Annie's fears away, and to persuade her that Alice was being entertained by Fon and her father, who would probably bring her home in his motorcar. But Thornton was not without misgivings himself. The crowds were thinning, and Chinatown was comparatively quiet, the shops closed, and closing. At Chin's silk store the blinds were drawn, the door padlocked, and the place in darkness. They retraced their steps to a chemist's shop, and Annie remained at the telephone twenty minutes calling up one place and another that Alice might by chance have gone. Finally she turned away with a very white face, and her eyes, dark with apprehension, questioned Thornton.

"What shall we do?" she asked.

"She may be home now," he said cheerily. "Call up your house."

Annie did so without result.

"Then we must go and rouse up Chin." Thornton took her arm, as they left the store and pressed it reassuringly. "She's quite all right, depend upon it," but his own voice broke a little. The city clock struck the quarter before midnight. Late stayers were hurrying into last cars, taxis and motors from the theatres were flying homeward. "She may have gone to a show with some one," suggested Thornton.

"No," whispered Annie, "she'd never do that, knowing I was waiting for her, and anxious. "We must go to Chin's."

Thornton led the way to a little doorway, a very inconspicuous little doorway, between two of the shops. He opened the outside door and rang the bell of the inner door. He rang three times before his summons was answered.

Five minutes later they were in Chin's office, questioning the Chinaman, who told them of his interview with Alice early in the evening; of how he had given her her money, and she had left him to go home.

"How much money?" asked Thornton.

"Fifty dollars."

"But you did not owe her——" began Annie.

Chin shook his head. "I owed her thirty-five dollars; my brother Lee and I owed her thirty-five dollars for the last three months, but she has been so kind to——"

"Did anyone know that you were to pay Miss Mabie this sum tonight?" interrupted Thornton.

Chin shook his head again. "No one except my brother. She teaches his little girl, too, you understand."

"Could anyone have overheard you telling him about it?"

"No. He was with me only about five minutes before Miss Mabie came in. He and I were in this office alone."

"You paid her in this office?"

"Yes."

The partition is low, some one might have heard, might even have climbed up and seen. Were there many people in the store?"

"Yes, a great many more than we could serve. There was an excursion from S——. But I handed her the money in an envelope. It was in ten dollar bills"—the Chinaman's face was puzzled. "No, I don't think any one could have heard or seen."

"I'm not so sure," Thornton shook his head.

"Did she see Fon?" asked Annie.

"No." Chin looked kindly at the girl's panic-stricken face. No, my little girl is too much distressed. I could not permit it. I am sorry. But it would make it much harder, and—"

"Where is your daughter? She might know something," Thornton suggested.

"She is asleep, I suppose."

"May I see her?" Annie clasped her hands beseechingly. "Please let me see her, I have something very important to ask her."

Chin went away and in the course of ten minutes returned, followed by

"'I am Alice Mabie', said the girl in a whisper"

Fon, who shuffled along in little white Chinese shoes embroidered in silver, and who was wrapped in a blue mandarin coat. Her hair hung in two wide plaits over her shoulders, and her face was like a waxen-white anemone.

Without any preface Annie asked her about the note which had been sent to Alice, and the girl admitted writing it, though to Annie's surprise Chin seemed to know all about it, too. She did not mention the contents of the note then, and after telephoning to their own house once more, and failing to get a reply, Annie got up and said huskily that they must go and look elsewhere.

Chin accompanied them to the sidewalk. He was evidently much concerned. He suggested that they lose no time in consulting the police, and begged them to call upon him at any hour if they needed his services.

*

The moment that Paul Brenton got off the boat the next morning, he hailed a taxi cab, jumped in and was driven to the Mabies' house. Annie met him white-faced as a ghost, and half stupefied with anxiety. In answer to Paul's rapid queries, she had nothing new to tell, and she broke out into little dry sobs now and then, that were heart-rending to listen to.

"Did you see the Chinaman that brought the note?" asked Brenton.

Annie shook her head, and Alice had taken the note with her, she explained. Fon had admitted writing the letter, but this morning when more closely questioned, she declared she knew nothing whatever of the latter part of the note, that she had not wanted Alice to come and see her again until it would be easier to say "good-bye".

"We must find the Chinaman who brought the letter," said Brenton.

"We can't," said Annie. "He did not come back to Chin's shop this morning and no one has seen him since. Anyway, I don't believe Fon. I think she did write the whole note, but is afraid to confess it, and I am afraid Alice has gone to the wrong place. I have forgotten what the note said, except that the last message was very urgent."

"Did it mention a street and number?"

"I think it mentioned a street, but I didn't take any notice of the name. I didn't want Alice to go; I begged her not to go."

"What is the police's theory?"

"They think that someone overheard them talking in the store, and followed her for the money—or—they think—"

"Yes, yes, I know." Paul patted Annie's shoulder soothingly. "But we are not going to give up, little woman, or jump to wild conclusions."

"Before she went out, I made her take the little revolver you left," Annie told Paul, to which he replied that that was the best piece of news he had heard. Then he kissed Annie very gravely on the forehead, and because he had never kissed Alice, and yet was claiming a brother's privilege with Alice's sister, he blushed very much, and then turned quite pale, and when he tried to speak he could not, for a little while. "But I'll find her," he told Annie as he went away. "You just watch me. We'll have her home to-night—and then—if she will have me—she won't need to teach those little heathen. After next month, I'll be night editor." He smiled wanly, and Annie tried to smile, too.

The police were working on a clue that led them to S——, following some suspicious characters who had been among the excursionists. Thornton was inclined to a hold-up theory, but Brenton had his own opinions and he enlisted the services of Chin Fook, who was more than eager to assist. About four o'clock in the afternoon, Sin Fat, the young Oriental who had brought the note to Alice, and who proved to be the same one who had served her in the shop the afternoon before, was unearthed. While Paul looked on, Chin interrogated his onetime clerk. They were in a small room at the back of a fish shop, lit by a smoky oil lamp and smelling like the inside of a glue-pot. Chin shot his questions at the quailing Chinaman, who seemed to writhe under the rapid fire of them. At length the merchant turned to Paul.

"He says some one else wrote that message at the bottom of my daughter's note to Miss Mabie. He says he has been in the employ of the Sangster woman——"

"Good G—!" ejaculated Paul, springing toward Sin Fat.

Chin held up an admonitory hand. "If you frighten him too much," he said, "he will tell nothing more. Wait." Again he spoke rapidly to the other Chinaman, who answered hesitatingly, sullenly. The three left the room and went through the fish shop into the street, walking rapidly.

Through the doorway which Alice had entered the night before they went, and up the stairs into the hall. There was no sign of life. Brenton unlocked all three of the doors which opened off the hall. Two of them led into rooms, unfurnished now, and one of them into a long, dimly lit passage. Off this passage were various rooms, the doors of which were not locked. They were all furnished identically the same, a highly polished bed, dressing-table, and wash-stand, two upholstered chairs, and a square of carpet, and they were all empty. In the last room at the end of the passage, the three men stopped, and Brenton and Chin looked at one another.

"The Sangster woman has had word," said Paul jerkily.

Chin spoke to the other Chinaman, who sat in one of the chairs, a dejected and thoroughly cowed creature. Their dialogue lasted some moments and afterwards Chin interpreted.

"He's been lying to us," said he. "The Sangster woman left here last night for Vancouver on the midnight boat, and was to take Miss Mabie with her. She rented this place from me two weeks ago, but the police told me who she was and I ordered her out. The women she had with her left last week, and she was to go to-morrow. She saw Miss Mabie in my store two or three times when she came here with Fon, and she spoke to Sin Fat about her. Yesterday he overheard my brother tell her to come to my place at eight o'clock. Then he went to Fon and advised her to write Miss Mabie a letter, saying he would carry it for her. Fon did write it, and she showed it to me, and I let him take it, for I had no suspicions. He went to the Sangster woman, who added something to the note, trying to write like my daughter as though my daughter was much troubled and in haste. Sin Fat swears he knows nothing more, except that he gave the note to Miss Mabie, but for this, he shall die at latest to-morrow morning." Chin spoke slowly and carefully, and with ominous calmness, but his dark eyes burned in his yellow face.

Brenton's own face was ghastly.

"Ask him what other place the Sangster woman frequents in town?" he said huskily.

Chin spoke sharply to Sin Fat, the other did not answer at first. Chin walked over to him, and without any warning, leaned above him and thrust his long fingers about the other man's throat. The room was very still, horribly still for a few moments, and then the sounds which came from the chair were indescribably horrible. At last Chin moved away from his victim.

"He will speak when he gets his breath," he said. But the other Chinaman lay quite inert, his head hanging over the chair arm. Brenton took a jug of water from the wash stand and threw some of the contents in the face of the fainting man, who revived presently and told Chin what he wanted to know.

Brenton and Chin left Sin Fat in the custody of the police, and went together to the water front. They entered a dingy hotel, in the office of which Chin remained, while Brenton went upstairs alone. He went up the front stairs and down the back stairs and out into a square-shaped yard, not as untidy as might be expected, and where a single tall poplar tree grew and a great deal of ivy covered the back walls of the brick buildings which hemmed it in. Opposite the back of the hotel was a flight of steps leading into a three story brick house. Brenton climbed the steps, and knocked at the door. A Chinaman opened it. Brenton said "Victory." The Chinaman nodded, looked at him keenly with unblinking black eyes, then motioned him to follow, and led the way into the house. There was a kitchen to traverse, a dingy dining room, a dark hall, then more steps and another hall. The Chinaman moved without the slightest sound, and Brenton unconsciously taking his cue from him, went on tiptoe.

"She's at the end there, in room to left," the Chinaman stopped and whispered. "I'll wait in hall down stairs. S'pose you want me, you call, all lite?" and he smiled unblinkingly.

"All right," said Brenton tersely.

"Miss Sangster she say tell you she come back to-mollow night, all lite?"

"All right," again responded Brenton, his throat was parched and the words came jerkily. He walked to the end of the dark hall, and rapped softly on the door indicated at. At first no stir, no sound answered him. He rapped louder. Then a voice came to him, wavering low.

"If you come into this room I shall shoot you at once."

"Alice." Brenton spoke close to the crack of the door. "It is I, Paul."

There came the sound of a low cry. Brenton turned the knob and entered. Alice Mabie leaned against the foot of a bed in a small, dimly-lit room, whose one window was high in the wall and barred. She wore her neat, little suit, and her neat little hat, only her hair was a little disordered, and one or two curling strands hung about her cheeks. Her face was ashen white and purple shadows lay under her heavy eyes. One hand held fast to the iron railing of the bed behind her, her other hand clutched a small revolver, which she still pointed at arm's length in front of her.

"Put down the revolver, dear," said Paul, coming toward her.

She dropped her outstretched arm. "It isn't loaded," she whispered. "It never has been loaded."

She leaned against him with a little shaking sob, as he put his arms around her, and he unclasped her fingers from the bed, and took the revolver from her stiff clasp, lifting her hands to his lips. Then his self-control gave way entirely. "Alice, Alice," he whispered hoarsely, and he bowed his head over hers, and for a little while neither of them spoke.

"Alice," he whispered after a few moments, and he held her away to peer into her eyes. "Alice, my sweet, has anyone hurt you?"

She shook her head. "No one has touched me, Paul, no one. But all night, since that woman left, and all day, I have stood there where you found me, just watching like that and waiting. I have had nothing to eat, or drink, and yet I have not felt hungry or tired at all until now, though sometimes the room would seem to go around and around. She told me the man would come back again to-day."

"The man, what man?"

"I have puzzled it all out, Paul, while I have been waiting here," Alice said, not answering him directly. "That note the Chinaman brought me was not all in Fon's writing, the last part of it was written by some one else. You see it was not Chin's house I went to at all, though at first I did not guess. The woman said Chin was taking Fon to V—— and that they were down here in this house. She seemed a kind woman, and I thought she cried when she spoke about Fon being so unhappy, and wanting me so much. We came to this place together, and up to this room, she said Fon was here. She pushed me in and then closed the door and went away. There was some one here, a man. I did not see him at first. He was about as tall as you, and in the dim light looked like you, for just a minute I thought it was you, then I saw more plainly and at once I knew. I took the revolver out of my pocket—and God gave me courage—" her voice broke, but in a moment she had regained her self-control. "The man did not come near me. He only laughed a little, and went quickly to the door, going out and locking it. Later the woman came back and spoke through the keyhole. She said they would keep me here until hunger and thirst overcame me, and that the man would come back to-day. It struck one o'clock just after she went away. I had some milk chocolate in my pocket, and I ate that, I thought I must try and keep up my strength. But I don't know, I don't know, if you hadn't come, Paul—If you hadn't come just when you did—"

"There, there," said Brenton softly, as the girl leaned her head on his shoulder and sobbed a little, chokingly trying to restrain herself. He smoothed her hair with a hand that trembled, but his lips were set and his eyes hard as steel. Presently she asked:

"Can we get away, Paul?"

"Yes, dear."

"While she took off her hat and smoothed her hair, he brushed her coat and skirt with his handkerchief, smiling into her eyes so tenderly that she could not guess at the passion for retribution in his heart. He took her arm and led her from the room. The Chinaman at the foot of the stair they passed without a glance, traversing the house and finding their way out into the yard. There was no one to intercept them. They passed through the hotel, avoiding the office, and found Chin in his motor waiting for them in the street outside. He drove them to Alice's home, and a little later went with Paul to the police station.

Sin Fat was found dead by his own hand in his cell the next morning, and the Sangster woman was apprehended on her return to the city and the justice of the law meted out to her.

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Two months later Alice and Paul were married, and among the presents was a handsome check from Chin Fook, and a wonderfully carved cabinet from Fon. But Alice did not go to see her little protege for a twelvemonth. Fon had written her a letter telling her that she was "never so happy in all her life," and Alice preferred to believe her. Mr. and Mrs. Brenton went to England to visit Paul's people and it was while they were there that Paul told Alice Fon's rather romantic history. The little Chinese girl had been given to Chin Fook while she was still a baby and had been brought up when Chin married, with his own children. Her father had been Chin's dearest friend, but he had died poor and unable to provide for his daughter. It had been arranged before his death that when the time came for Fon to marry, Chin should wed her if he pleased. Needless to say, he did please, and when after his return to Canada he found his adopted child grown to charming womanhood, he did not wish to delay the marriage. The ardour of his wooing frightened Fon at first, and knowing Miss Mabie's convictions she had not wished her to learn the truth. But Chin was both kind and generous, and Fon had a loving and quickly responsive heart.

One afternoon when Paul and Alice had returned home, they went by special invitation to take tea at Chin Fook's house at the corner of Glenwood and Oak streets. Chin was leaving for China in a few weeks and taking Fon with him, and they did not expect to return to Canada. Chin's house was a large one of mixed architecture, and it had half an acre or more of a garden full of flowers, and a wide verandah enclosed with matting blinds. It was here that Fon and Chin received their guests, Chin as calm and dignified as ever, and Fon wholly adorable in a wonderfully embroidered pale blue satin coat and trousers, and shoes of blue embossed with gold. Her abundant hair, guiltless of grease was dressed high on her small head, and she wore earrings an inch long in her tiny ears. Chin was vastly proud of her, and the four of them conversed animatedly and cheerfully. Presently, Mrs. Chin at a smiling word from her husband, excused herself and disappeared in the front door, returning presently, her face faintly flushed, her head high, and a warm, shy smile in her brown eyes. On her back in a hoodlike sling, she carried a tiny mite of humanity, with a charming little round dark face, and a head covered with soft, black hair.

"Our son," said Chin, with grave dignity, looking at Alice.

PEACH

BY CARLTON McNAUGHT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. HORSMAN VARLEY

WHEN young Canadians began to lay aside the peaceful weapons of civil life to become the leaders in a grimmer sort of warfare with the Hun, they made an interesting discovery. An important necessity, it appeared, had been omitted from their former plan of life. None of them (that is, none worthy of our notice) had ever employed a valet. They learned, with an increased sense of self-respect, that an officer and a gentleman, whatever else he may lack, must have one of these attendants to minister to his personal needs. It was a flattering idea. The tradition was not allowed to die out.

In the army this functionary is usually called a batman. The term has nothing to do with baseball. In the old days a batman was a soldier who looked after the *bat,* or baggage horses. Later on the sobriquet came to be applied to soldiers who, in addition to their regular duties, "performed odd chores for sergeants in their own time" (*vide* the "Canadian Soldier's Bible"). Nowadays, however, it is the term used to designate the personal servant of an officer or a battalion sergeant-major—for the latter shares with the commissioned ranks the right to have a valet.

A batman is supposed to be a "trained man", capable of bearing arms and taking his place in the firing-line if needed. But while acting as batman he is relieved of certain parades and such irksome duties as guards and picquets in order to devote his energies to that glittering being, his master. He cleans boots, belts and buttons, carries water, makes fires, resolves order out of chaos in his master's quarters, and generally dances attendance on this superior being whose big point is conveniently presumed to be brains rather than elbow-grease. The superior being allows him a certain stipend, in addition to the pay which a private soldier receives, as a salve to any loss of dignity a fighting man may feel in taking up such menial duties. As a matter of fact, if his patron is not too exacting a master, or is too busy to keep a regardful eye on how the batman spends his time, that worthy is likely to find his lot quite an easy one. So it is not surprising that the post is coveted, especially by such as have no consuming ambition to shine in battles—for instance, "old soldiers", who, having been through it all before, know too much about the less agreeable aspects of war to set a very high price on glory.

There are good and bad batmen. Indeed, batmen have at least one characteristic in common with poets—they are born, not made. The Canadian army, like all the rest of the British forces, drew its material from exceedingly various walks of life. Professional valets are not one of Canada's by-products; hence an officer was quite likely to discover that his batman had formerly been a coal-heaver or a book-agent. Neither of the above-mentioned occupations is calculated to fit a man to become a gentleman's valet. And yet previous occupation does not have as much to do with it as one might think.

I have already said that batmen are born, not made, and up to the time of enlistment they may have missed their calling. One of the best batmen I ever had was an ex-cow-puncher, who had busted bronchos on the plains of Alberta. In the winters he played a fiddle in theatre and dance orchestras in the cities, so you see he was nothing if not versatile. But he was more used to riding than walking, and although a falling arch did not disqualify him for service in the brass band, (he played an alto horn with great charm), this defect became so bad after a few long route marches that he was ruled out for marching and relegated to "base duty". It was thus that I got him as batman for a portion of the training period.

His long suit was neatness and order. It pained him to see a pair of boots in the wrong corner of the room or a tooth-brush out of alignment in the wall toilet-case. Having been a cow-puncher he knew all about leather, and kept my boots and equipment in excellent condition.

On the other hand, I once had as batman for a short period an ex-plumber, a city man born and bred. I have felt less uncharitable towards plumbers ever since. If this exponent of the profession had the same genius for mending water-pipes as he had for constructing articles of furniture out of old boxes and bits of sacking, and for getting impossible accumulations of kit into one small trunk without damage to the trunk or the contents, I am sure he must have risen to the top. He also rivalled a more famous predecessor named Raffles as an appropriator of desirable articles for my quarters. Heaven knows how he accomplished it, but if I even casually mentioned a passing desire for a certain convenience, it was in place the following day. And yet his honesty was never impugned. Far be it from me to say he *stole* these things.

All this is really by way of introduction to the story of Private Alfred Peach. Private Peach was my first batman, acquired at a time when I was too absorbed in new and more or less exacting duties and too little impressed with the importance of such a functionary to pay much attention to the choice. In fact, he was not of my choosing at all, but was wished on me by a company commander who (as I afterwards found out) wanted to be rid of him.

His name was Peach, but he looked more like a stale and sallow apple. He claimed to be an "old soldier". When Peach was pressed for particulars, this turned out to mean three years in the Territorials in England, which was Peach's native land. More recently he had been a labourer, employed on drains in Canada. His attestation paper said he was unmarried and forty-two years of age, but he looked nearer fifty. He was a little man, and he had an odd fashion of sidling into my tent with his shoulders drooped forward and his arms hanging limply in front of him, which gave him a furtive air. He also had an uncanny habit of perspiring profusely in the face on the slightest provocation. His sandy moustache had been allowed to luxuriate in primitive wildness. When he took his place in the ranks for drill or parade he straightened up and managed to assume an air of semi-smartness, looking almost like a soldier, and on a route march he could tramp along with the best of them, perspiring in streams, but giving no other signs of strain.

I don't think I ever saw a man less suited to be a genleman's valet. His appearance was unpromising from the start, but the full extent of his extraordinary ineptitude became apparent only by degrees. He had plenty of energy, but no imagination, and not an atom of what, for want of a better term, may be called a sense of neatness and finesse. He never anticipated a want, and when advised as to what was required he invariably did it the wrong way.

His idea of polishing boots, for instance, was to force all the accumulated mud into the pores of the leather, then spread on a sticky layer of polish and by a vigorous rubbing destroy all hope of ever getting the dirt out again. The result was a sort of ghastly gray lustre that advertised any shabbiness the boots might possess. Despite frequent warnings, it was only after he had ruined two new pairs of boots that he changed his methods.

His notion of making up a bed was almost as silly. How he managed to get the blankets into the complicated entanglement which he achieved has always been a mystery to me. After fighting ineffectually in the dark of two successive nights with an arrangement of blankets that seemed determined to strangle me while my feet froze in the frosty outer air, I took Peach in hand and gave him personal instruction step by step.

His knowledge of military equipment was of the sketchiest. I would frequently find after donning my Sam Browne belt of a morning that the cross strap had been turned back to front or buckled into the wrong ring, giving an oddness of appearance calculated to elicit undesirable pleasantries from junior subalterns. And I can see him now, down on his knees, with great drops of sweat falling from his streaming brow upon my boots, struggling with splendid assiduity to buckle on my spurs. Unless his attention were directed to it he would never discover, even after he had got them firmly buckled on, that they were upside down. I let him do it quite frequently in order the more forcibly to point out his mistake, but this seemed to have little effect; he was just as likely as not to do the same thing next time.

Perhaps you are wondering why I continued to employ Peach as batman when I might have had another. Well, the truth is that there was something about Peach that disarmed severity and melted any uncharitable feelings. I never could find the heart to send him back to the ranks. He seemed always so earnestly striving, with a sort of pathetic eagerness, to give satisfaction. And if I did harden my heart and set out to give him a rating for his clumsiness, he assumed such a dumb, beaten look that it was like kicking a sick dog. My own private opinion was that he was older than he said, and despite his seeming hardihood on route marches he did not look strong and was ill-fitted for the more arduous duties of soldiering.

I used to marvel that Peach had remained so long unmarried. He was such a helpless, trustful, appealing creature, and he so palpably needed someone to look after him. Indeed, he seemed to be the very type of man who marries early and improvidently and has a large and ever-growing family. But when questioned on his attitude towards the fair sex, Peach always grew shy and uncommunicative.

"I never was much of a 'and with wimmen, sir," he replied sorrowfully, when I rallied him once on his bachelor state and his seeming imperviousness to feminine charms. "It ain't in my line." I thought there was a faint touch of bitterness in his tone, too, and I began to suspect some tragedy of disappointed love in his past, and did not press him. His habits appeared to be blameless. He told me he "never touched booze", and as far as I could see he was a tee-totaller. He rarely asked for leave.

Once he wanted to go and see a

"I don't think I ever saw a man less suited to be a gentleman's valet"

brother in the city, whom he had not seen, he said, for ten years. I gave him a week-end pass expiring at tattoo on Sunday. He did not return till Monday night: but as Monday was a holiday anyway, and Peach explained that having missed the train Sunday night he could not get passage back till Monday evening on account of the excursion crowds, I let him off with an admonition. One of our officers told me that he had seen a man who looked to him extremely like Peach staggering along the street on the holiday pretty well "spiffed", but I concluded he must have made a mistake.

Then one night the regimental police dragged Peach into the lines hopelessly drunk. When he was brought before me next morning he was trembling like a leaf and plainly very much frightened. He swore he would never touch another drop if I would let him off easy and keep him on as batman. Well, it was his first "drunk" so far as the battalion was concerned, so he merely got an admonishment. I asked him afterwards why he had lied to me about drinking, and he stammered and looked so penitent and scared that I thought he had already had enough punishment in the mere discovery of his lapse and did not press the point.

I was now sure of my theory. Peach's fall from the temperance heights had been preceded by recurring spells of extreme glumness, in which he seemed to be brooding over something. Perhaps it was my already-formed theory that led me to notice the apparent accentuation of these morbid moods in Peach when in the presence of the fair sex. Occasionally on Saturday afternoons and Sundays the boys would bring their wives or sweethearts into the lines to show them over the camp. At such times I would catch sight occasionally of Peach standing in the door of his tent, contemplating with an air of Byronic melancholy, the unabashed billing and cooing of these happy mortals.

Undoubtedly the sex had dealt harshly with him. Some lovely maiden in the heydey of his youth had spurned poor old Peach, and he had never recovered. As he gazed at these light-hearted lovers he seemed to be thinking sadly and a trifle bitterly of the happy home he might have had, of the tender ministration of a loving wife, of the supreme happiness of children. These fate had withheld. Was it any wonder that the spectacle of love's young dream had a depressing effect? Could I blame him for an occasional submergence in the strong waters of forgetfulness? He was doing his best not to become a drunkard. He swore to me that he would cut it out.

But apparently, while Peach's intentions were of the best, his will was not as hardy a plant. On several occasions, while he was in the act of brushing my boots before dinner, his breath raised strong suspicions in my mind. It smelled of sen-sen.

I began to frame some words of friendly comfort and advice for Peach, in the endeavour to buck him up and avert his footsteps from the dangerous paths of intoxication. My little heart-to-heart talk was almost ready for delivery, when one morning I received a summons to the colonel's office.

"Is your batman's name Alfred Peach?" asked the C. O.

I replied with some surprise that it was.

"Is that the man?" continued the C. O., holding up a large mounted photograph. It seemed to be a family group. Peach, in civilian clothes, was seated by the side of a large and determined-looking English woman and surrounded by a boy of about sixteen, a little girl of probably fourteen, two smaller boys who appeared to be twins, and a child of three whose sex was debatable, while the woman was holding in her arms a very young baby. There could be no mistaking Peach, even in civilian clothes. He had the same shrinking, submissive mien, the same untamed moustache, the same stale-apple sort of countenance. I said so to the C. O.

"The other individuals in the photograph are Mrs. Peach and the little Peaches," said the C. O. reflectively. "Mrs. Peach's sister has written me enclosing this charming family portrait and complaining that Peach deserted his wife two years ago, and for the past year has not been contributing a penny towards her upkeep and the upkeep of the little Peaches. I see from his attestation paper that he enlisted as a single man. Has he ever told you anything about his—er—sizable family?"

"On the contrary," I replied, "I had been led to believe from his occasional remarks that he was a woman-hater."

"That may be, that may be," mused the C. O. "But apparently his aversion to the sex is not so much general as particular. I think perhaps we had better look into this."

Peach was summoned, and stood at attention in the C. O.'s office in a state of violent perspiration.

"Peach," said the C. O., "I understand that you enlisted as a single

"He swore to me that he would cut it out"

man, and wanted to do your duty."

"Yes, sir."

"Now, tell me the truth, Peach, are you married?"

I think Peach scented that something was up. Beads of perspiration trembled on his brow. At any rate he threw up his hands without a struggle.

"I am, sir," he said.

"Now, see here, Peach," said the C. O., leaning back and regarding the criminal contemplatively, "I don't want to interfere in any man's private affairs. At the same time, it seems to me you haven't done the right thing by your family, quite. Do you think so?"

"No, sir," said Peach meekly. The sweat was running down his nose in streams. "I 'aven't, sir."

"Now, I tell you what I want you to do. I am informed that you haven't been sending your wife any money. I want you to write your wife and tell her that you are assigning part of your pay to her, and she will then receive also a separation allowance. Meanwhile you can go into the paymaster's office and make out an assigned-pay and separation allowance card. Are you satisfied to do that?"

Peach was obviously satisfied to do anything that would get him out of his present uncomfortable situation. He quailed before the C. O.'s gaze. I think he had feared severer measures, in which the civil courts might figure.

"I'm glad it's come out, sir," ventured Peach. "I've been worrying a lot about it, sir, and I'll feel much better now."

I don't think this enigmatical statement made much impression on the C. O. He dismissed Peach with a wave of the hand.

In the privacy of my tent that night I endeavoured to draw Peach out. Indeed, he seemed much happier than I had ever seen him before, and I was constrained to put it down to the easing of an overburdened conscience. Little by little I got his story.

Some two years ago the strain of domestic relations had become a bit too severe for Peach. His wife was a lady of ambition, I gathered. She aimed to move in society, to be seen and heard. The daughter of a wealthy butcher, she already had some claims on public notice, and marriage but increased her yearning for social sway. The death of her father brought her a tidy income, for her mother was already dead and she was an only child. The Peach homestead became the centre round which the smart set of Hampstead revolved and from which it took its cue. Alfred, however, failed miserably to live up to his wife's position in Hampstead circles. He preferred humble companions and a pipe and slippers before the fire when the day's work was done to the glittering *milieu* which Mrs. Peach regarded as her natural element.

I have already pointed out that he was of a shrinking disposition, though constitutionally eager to please. He did his best, for a while, to play his part, but only drew upon his head the scornful displeasure of his lady. His blunders I could picture quite easily, from my own knowledge of Peach. And I could see from the touching family portrait, taken, as Peach explained, in the days before the Peach home became the nerve-centre of Hampstead society, that Mrs. Peach was of the masterful type.

Finally it became too much for Peach. All unknown to his wife, he bought a ticket for Canada. When he secured a job digging drains for the corporation of the city of Toronto, he wrote back to Mrs. Peach, sending her some money and informing her that, having decided to better their fortunes, he had secured a post as manager of a large department store. This was so as not to shock Mrs. Peach's aristocratic sensibilities, Peach explained; but if she knew her Alfred, I'm thinking the announcement must have had quite the opposite effect. Peach as a department store manager!

Well, he continued to send money home regularly, till the slump came, for activity in the drain-digging line slowed down, and Peach was out of a job. He stopped writing to Mrs. Peach because he was ashamed to tell her he had lost his job and had no more money to send. Things went from bad to worse; and then came the war, with the opportunity to enlist. Peach under-stated his age by eight years, for at that time the age limit was being rigidly adhered to. He did not write to Mrs. Peach because he had debts to pay off, and, anyway, he hadn't written for so long that he didn't know how to start again. It would entail explanations, and (as I knew from the difficulty I had in drawing this story from him) Peach was no hand at explanations.

But, honest soul, he had been worrying about it. He could scarcely bear to think of Mrs. Peach struggling along unaided to keep up the tone of Hampstead society and bearing the expenses of a family and a *salon* solely out of her private fortune of six hundred pounds a year. It is true that all but the two youngest children were holding good positions in Hampstead business establishments, and so paying for their own living and augmenting the maternal coffers. But he was not easy. Sometimes he was even driven to seek the sweet Nepenthe of the brimming cup, though he was always remorseful for it afterwards. He had been reared as a teetotaller.

"I ain't never *quarrelled* with me wife, you see, sir, but she was some'ow so set on 'avin' me pl'y the part of a gen'lemun, and me never 'avin' 'ad much schoolin'. It was a bit 'ard at times. I knows me pl'ice, though me wife used to s'y it was because I 'ad no ginger or hambition. I ain't a society sort o' person."

No, Peach was distinctly not a "society sort of person". In fact, he was not even the sort of person of which the attendant slaves of society are made. I rather sympathized with him in his averson for the hard, white light of social prominence. Indeed, I thought I could quite understand the feelings that prompted his flight to Canada. His explanation of his subsequent neglect of Mrs. Peach was the more understandable after a glance at that lady's portrait. Plainly he could not bear the thought of Mrs. Peach's comments on his failure as a department store manager. And, as he explained, debts contracted during his period of enforced idleness had to be settled from his military pay, and forbade any remittances to the Queen of Hampstead. I had no misgivings about the genuineness of Peach's story. I knew he would be quite incapable, if only from sheer lack of imagination, of inventing such a tale.

Well, for the sequel, the scene must be shifted to the fighting-line in France. Private Peach stayed on as my batman for some weeks after the startling disclosures above related. He told me from time to time of letters from his wife indicating that he had been at least partially forgiven, and acknowledging the receipt of the money. What explanation he gave her I could never find out. But there is no doubt that the clearing of his conscience worked a great change in Peach. His furtive, sidling manner disappeared and his eagerness to please grew even more pronounced. His bearing became respectfully cheerful, and he was even heard to whistle while going about his work.

I cannot say that his deftness as a batman increased. He never overcame his genius for carefully selecting the wrong way of doing a thing. But it did not matter so much, for when our third reinforcing draft was ordered and all "employed" men were re-examined as to their fitness, Peach passed the medical test as an "A1" man and was included in the draft. He said good-bye to me almost affectionately before he marched off. And that was the last I ever saw of him. I used to think of him frequently, and hope that he would return after the war with the prestige of a hero to fit him for the place in Hampstead society designed for him by Mrs. Peach. A hero is always a social asset.

But one day, in the casualty list, I saw the number and name of Private A. Peach. It was in the column headed "Killed". It was not till some time later that a returned soldier told me the story. He was in the support trench at the time, quite near where it happened. Peach, with a number of others, whose first day in the trenches it was, was in the act of getting a hot lunch ready. He was standing over a little wood fire, across which a couple of short iron pipes had been laid to support his mess-tin. The men in the next bay heard a terrific explosion and rushing around the traverse they came upon a scene which led to a hurry-up call for the stretcher-bearers. Three men were killed and five badly wounded. Peach was one of the three. The iron pipes so ingeniously pressed into service by Peach had contained ammonil, the deadliest of high-explosives. His genius for selecting the wrong method had proved his undoing at last.

So Peach did not go back to become a society lion, after all. I often wonder if Mrs. Peach is still "carrying on" as the leader of Hampstead's smart set.

A FAMOUS FRONTIER JUDGE

BY R. G. MACBETH

AUTHOR OF "THE MAKING OF THE CANADIAN WEST", ETC.

BRITISH COLUMBIA, mining, lumbering, and sea-bordering area though it is, has been throughout all its history singularly free from lawlessness and crime. This is not a reflection on the character of the industrial workers of that Province, beyond the fact that theirs are the industries that in large degree isolate men from the humanizing influences of home life. And it is matter of common knowledge that such isolation does not generally tend to the cultivation of high morality.

This common knowledge rests on wide observation of humanity, to such an extent that the shining exceptions to the rule only serve to prove it. This does not suggest that the mean offences of smallness, theft, deception and general all-round selfishness get a strong hold on the men in these occupations, for the very opposite is the case. But the temptation is in the direction of recklessness regarding human life, one's own and that of others, to such a degree that gunmen and gamblers have always been in evidence in frontier camps.

We know, for instance, that for several years in their history, the Western States of the neighbouring Republic were given over to a kind of atheistic lawlessness to such an extent that observing people declared "there is no God west of the Mississippi River". This, of course, was a luridly extreme statement, but its general implication is clear enough.

We affirm again that British Columbia has been, on the whole, singularly free from such a lawless condition, though its geographical situation and the type of its industries in the early days might have been considered likely to produce it. For this there must have been some distinct cause. And one's study of the history leads one to say that a two-fold cause existed: In the labours of devoted missionaries, and the remarkable work of that famous frontier judge, Sir Matthew Baillie Begbie. Men like Earl Grey, Governor-General, and the late Major Walsh, noted Mounted Policeman, and countless others have borne testimony to the influence of missionaries in the cause of good order. Of such missionaries British Columbia had its share. But the purpose of the present article is to give a portraiture of the man who incarnated the best traditions of British courts of law and who, in his administration of law, neither courted the favour nor feared the frowns of any man or set of men whatsoever.

It is a curious thing to watch the streams of human history and their unexpected confluences. For some years past, "Knebworth" has been familiar to us in Canada as the former home of Lord Strathcona, our High Commissioner in England. And it is to the former owner and occupant

A Famous Frontier Judge
Sir Matthew Baillie Begbie, Chief Justice of British Columbia from 1858 to 1891

of "Knebworth," namely, Bulwer-Lytton, that we owe the early constitution of British Columbia, as well as the appointment to a judgeship therein of the famous subject of the present writing. Bulwer-Lytton is remembered as a novelist rather than as a statesman, but he had ambitions to make a name in the latter direction, and, when Secretary for the Colonies in 1858, introduced a bill into the British House creating British Columbia a colony of the Crown. And as the judge for the new colony, Begbie, then a rising lawyer in Lincoln's Inn, was happily selected. Thus did the famous novelist do a statesmanlike service for the Far West. For when in 1866 the two colonies of British Columbia and Vancouver Island were united in one under the name of the former, Judge Begbie became Chief Justice over the whole, and thus came to exercise tremendous influence on the coast country in its most critical formative days.

Begbie was born in Edinburgh and was the son of an officer who had seen much active service under the Iron Duke. And though young Begbie in the piping times of peace entered on the study of law, he, too, was a soldier in bearing and in spirit all his days. More than six feet in height, he was a man of most commanding figure, as well as stately carriage, and he possessed withal the unflinching courage that took no account of the fierce threats often made against him in frontier camps, whither he went on circuit to hold court wherever necessary. It was doubtless this dauntless soldierly air, coupled with his dignity in court, which led one of the most dangerous characters in the country, one Ned McGowan, a gold-miner, to say one day that he "did not like the look of Begbie" and so was going to get out to some safer clime. Which McGowan duly did, by crossing the line to San Francisco.

It was perhaps because he was a soldier's son that the Chief Justice on one occasion delivered a vitriolic broadside from the Bench against a man who had appeared in the dock with the Crimean medal on his breast. The charge was that this man had broken into a church mite-box and had stolen the pennies that some children were saving to buy Sunday School books. The sight of the medal evidently troubled Begbie and it is recorded that he took some pains with the witnesses in the hope that he could clear the man of the accusation. But the evidence was clearly against the prisoner and the jury said "Guilty". Then the Chief Justice opened fire. He told the prisoner that he was the meanest scoundrel he had ever met. He intimated that the perpetrator of such a crime had either stolen that "War Paint" or "had secured it by hiding behind the breastworks at Sebastepol''. He wound up by imposing a long term of imprisonment and telling the prisoner that when he got out of jail, he had better get away to the other side of the earth, where no one would know him. Then he added to the Sheriff: "Take this creature out of my sight". This surely was a case in which the spirit of his soldier ancestry flamed out in the heart of the judge against an act that had disgraced the uniform and belied the medal.

It should be borne in mind that Begbie was sworn into office about the time when miners who had been through the gold rush in California began to crowd up to try their hand at placer mining on the Fraser River.

Amongst these miners there were many reckless characters and some of their camp followers were even worse. It was a time to test the quality of the Judge, but Begbie was fully equal to the occasion. It is quite a notorious fact that judges and magistrates across the line at that time were ridiculously lax in their administration of law, were very deficient in dignity and were in the habit of being hale-fellows-well-met with all and sundry. Hence the courts there were a good deal of a joke and lawless characters defied even the administrators of law themselves. But when the crowd came over into British Columbia and started in to play "rough-house", they got the surprise of their lives. They had been accustomed to the very extreme of democracy in the dress and manners of the Judge, but here they came up against the severe dignity of a British court. They found in Chief Justice Begbie a man clothed in all the stately insignia of office and absolutely proof against any of the terrorist tactics of the gang. He spoke as a man who had the consciousness of having behind him an Empire that stood for law and order and the sanctity of human life.

He evidently saw the situation from the outset and decided to deal with it strongly. We find ground for this statement when we read a case where quite early in his career as judge, Begbie had brought before him on a charge of stabbing one who was a notorious bully and general "bad man" from across the line. A big crowd of men who were of the same kind as the prisoner, assembled to see what this new kind of judge would do. The Chief Justice, nothing daunted, recognized and seized upon the opportunity, for it is on record that he addressed the prisoner as follows: "Prisoner, I am glad to find that your case has drawn so many of your compatriots into court. I am given to understand that the mining class of the Western States think that they have liberty to defy the law of the land and govern it to suit themselves by the Bowie-knife and the Colts' pistol. You, prisoner, are a good representative of that class, and I am told that there are a good many of your type within the sound of my voice. Now, I have been appointed a Judge to interpret and administer the law in this country. We have a law which prohibits the carrying and the use of offensive weapons, and under the British flag there is no necessity for them amongst citizens, and let me tell those who are in court as well as those outside that any who carry such weapons in this colony will be dealt with to the full limit of the law. Prisoner, you have been found guilty of a cowardly attack and are sentenced to three years' imprisonment."

In connection with this period a statement was once made in a paper south of the line that Begbie on his arrival in a new district, generally took a walk around and found suitable trees on which to hang criminals. This, of course, is a ridiculous exaggeration, but it was well known that the powerful, athletic Judge was quite ready to see that a hanging was carried out at all hazards if a judicial case arose that required the execution of that sentence. Some doubt has been thrown on the well-known story of the case in which the Judge turned the tables on a "fresh" prisoner who, on being given a fine, shouted out that "he had the cash in his pockets and the Judge could not put anything over on him", whereupon the Judge added a stiff sentence of a term in jail and asked the prisoner if he had that in his pockets. We find this story vouched for by many, and the fact that a similar case occurred elsewhere does not disprove it. It is thoroughly characteristic of Begbie.

In some cases it is on record that the Chief Justice fairly scorched the jurymen when he saw that they had been influenced in their verdict by considerations other than the evidence. In one instance he told the jury that they were a pack of Texas horse-thieves and deserved hanging for allowing a murderer to escape. In a case where an inoffensive citizen had been sandbagged, the jury, to the great disgust of the Chief Justice, brought in a verdict of "not guilty", whereupon he released the prisoner and told him that he would do a good turn if he sandbagged every man on the jury. One can readily understand how lawless characters soon came to know that it was an extremely dangerous thing to "fool with that man Begbie", and hence the record is that the criminal class never got a hold in British Columbia. But it is now well known that the Chief Justice brought this all to pass by methods that involved serious personal danger and frequently at the risk of his life.

In private life, Begbie was a courteous, cultivated gentleman, with a strongly-developed taste for the fine arts. He was especially fond of music, and was for years President of the Philharmonic Society in Victoria. Both in New Westminster and Victoria, for he resided for a time in each, he always sang in the Anglican Choir and often read the lessons in his fine sonorous voice.

He died in June, 1894, at the age of seventy-five, and up to within a few years of his death had been actively engaged in the duties of his high office. I happened to be in Victoria at the time and recall how deeply the city was moved and what a great concourse of all classes of people attended the public funeral. Sir Matthew had never married and had no near relatives in this country. The pall-bearers were the Premier and other leading public men of the Province, while the Lieutenant-Governor and the Admiral of the Pacific Fleet were present, next to the chief mourners.

On the morning of the funeral a

large number of the members of the Bar of the city and the Province met in the Court House and unanimously passed a resolution which is really a history and a tribute put together. It reads as follows:

"Resolved, that the members of the Bar now assembled, on behalf of themselves and brethren throughout the Province, express their deep sorrow at the death of Sir Matthew Baillie Begbie, Knight, late the Chief Justice of British Columbia.

"His removal takes away one of the most prominent figures connected with the early history of this Province, a man whose strong individuality and uprightness have left a lasting impress upon every branch of our judicial system.

"At a period when firmness and discretion in the administration of justice were much needed, his wise and fearless action as a Judge caused the law to be honoured and obeyed in every quarter.

"When the settlement of the country advanced and the necessity for preventing lawless outbreaks became less frequent, he as Chief Justice of our Supreme Court, manifested an ability which showed that his intellectual faculties were as keen and active as his character was stable and commanding.

"He was a man of scholarly attainments and his versatility of talent evoked the admiration of all who came in contact with him.

"As a Judge, the tendency of his thought was eminently logical, his judgment was prompt and decisive, his integrity was never questioned.

"His private life was in every way worthy of his public position. Plain and unassuming in manner, courteous and dignified in his speech, loyal to his companions, firm in his friendships, of a generous and sympathetic nature, unostentatiously good and silently charitable, he will be missed, not only by his professional associates, but by many who knew him only as a kind and steadfast friend.

"He has departed from us full of years and honours, but his memory will remain as that of one whose judicial career has been without stain and whose personal worth won our deepest respect and affection."

Sir Matthew, being human, had no doubt some faults, and had probably made some errors, but the main level of his life was high above the ordinary plane of average humanity. He was unmistakably the man destined to meet the needs of this Western Province in its most critical hour, and the debt this country owes him is great beyond calculation.

THE NORTH COUNTRY

From the Drawing by
Frank H. Johnston.
Exhibited by
the Royal Canadian Academy

REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

VIII.—THE OLD MAN AND HIS WAYS

AROUND no other name in Canadian history gathers so much of praise and detraction, of confidence and distrust, of story and legend as around that of Sir John Macdonald. Those who loved him loved greatly; those who trusted him trusted fully. But no man ever excited greater ferocity among political opponents or was the object of more continuous and relentless attack. The association of George Brown and John A. Macdonald in the Coalition Cabinet which united the Provinces was a truce but not a reconciliation. The personal relationship between the two men was unfriendly before the Coalition and more unfriendly afterwards. Both had vital elements of character, but in impulse and texture, in mental and moral attitude they were destined for conflict. This is only to recognize essential constitutional differences and not to assign moral or intellectual inferiority to either. Each was vitally ambitious and in early manhood each saw a common goal in the distance. Brown had the temper of an agitator and the outlook of a reformer. Macdonald had genius for government. The one sought to accomplish his objects by sheer driving power while the other conciliated, persuaded and prevailed. Macdonald would have said with Cavour, "If you want to be a politician, for mercy's sake do not look more than a week ahead." Brown looked towards the hills whence came his strength. One was a political evangelist, the other a shrewd, wise, patient shepherd who gathered many flocks into his fold and so long as they followed him found humour in variety and harmony in contrasts. Just as Gladstone was offended by the sardonic cynicism and deliberate levity of Disraeli, so George Brown was outraged by the flippancy, audacity and dexterity of the Conservative leader. Looking backward to those days one seems to see a camp meeting with George Brown in the pulpit and "John A." making merry with the unrepentant on the outskirts of the congregation.

It was very, very hard for Liberals to laugh with Sir John Macdonald. In his jokes they saw only coarseness, buffoonery and irresponsibility. The truth is that he was seldom coarse and he laughed at himself as freely as he laughed at his political opponents. He had a humour which the people understood. They forgave much because he so frankly admitted human weaknesses and because looking into themselves so many men knew that they had like faults and frailties. And because women know men better than they know themselves and better than men ever suspect there was among women a passionate devotion to Sir John Macdonald such as no other political leader in Canada has inspired. No man of ignoble quality ever commands the devotion of women although perhaps the standards of judgment which we commonly ascribe to women are the standards which many women least respect.

Sir John Macdonald was a man with his feet on the earth and his head not so far above it. He seldom sought to climb to moral elevations where the footing might be insecure. For a time he drank freely but any whisper of censure only stimulated Conservatives to fiercer personal loyalty. He said himself that the country would rather have "John A." drunk than George Brown sober. He told D'Arcy McGee "this Government can't afford two drunkards and you've got to stop." His drinking was exaggerated, as were his other faults and follies, by sleepless and insensate opponents. Very often the attack was so violent as to bring chivalrous souls to his side and actually react in his favour. Down to middle life and beyond Sir John Macdonald had periodical "sprees" and nothing that he attempted was done badly. Sometimes he was disabled for public duty. The authorities seem to agree that not only may a "spree" come unaware but that it is as uncertain in its going as in its coming. Begun in complete privacy it may develop various phases and attract more public notice than is desirable even though the performance may be original and artistic. Unlike any other pursuit every rehearsal is a performance and every presentation a surprise. The public seldom saw "John A." in liquor, but occasionally there were symptoms which even Conservatives could not mistake. Once he was to speak at a town on Lake Huron, but he was so long in sleeping off the consequences that the vessel on which he was a passenger dare not put into harbour. That was nearly fifty years ago but not yet have local Conservatives discovered any humour in the incident or become reconciled to the graceless chaffing of their Liberal neighbors. A common story, resting upon no adequate authority, is that a shorthand writer once undertook to make a verbatim report of a speech which Sir John delivered at Kingston. When he had examined the report he sent for the reporter, gravely intimated that he had read portions of the manuscript with pain and surprise, and with the mild austerity of a grieving father added, "Young man, if you ever again undertake to report the speech of a public man be sure that you keep sober."

There is an authenticated story of Macdonald in the early sixties. He was Attorney-General for Upper Canada, and lived in lodgings in Quebec. He had been absent from duty for a week; public business was delayed, and the Governor-General became impatient. He sent his aide-de-camp, young Lord Bury, to find the absent Minister. Pushing his way past the old housekeeper, Lord Bury penetrated to the bedroom where Macdonald was sitting in bed, reading a novel with a decanter of sherry on the table beside him. ''Mr. Macdonald, the Governor-General told me to say to you that if you don't sober up and get back to business, he will not be answerable for the consequences.'' Macdonald's countenance reflected the anger he felt at the intrusion: ''Are you here in your official capacity, or as a private individual.'' ''What difference does that make?'' asked Lord Bury. ''Just this,'' snapped the statesman, ''if you are here in your official capacity, you can go back to Sir Edmund Head, give him my compliments, and tell him to go to h——; if you are simply a private individual, you can go yourself.'' In after years Lord Bury often told the story but with more of affection than of censure for Sir John Macdonald.

In his time Sir Richard Cartwright was perhaps the most caustic and scholarly speaker in the Canadian Parliament. Too many of his speeches had the flavour of malice and the acid of bitterness. But every word carried its exact meaning. There was no verbiage or redundancy. The argument was direct, deliberate, compact and luminous. In his humour there was the frost of Autumn, but the radiance, too, of its piercing sunshine. Always stately and severe he relaxed nothing of his outward austerity when he was striking at a victim with biting irony or brilliant badinage. But the irony was always corrosive and the badinage often malicious and sometimes insolent. In social intercourse Cartwright could be gracious and intimate. As a host he was a simple gentleman, kindly without condescension, interesting without effort, sage without pretension. But in political warfare he knew only the law of the jungle. For Sir John Macdonald he had a consuming, incurable hatred. Than his Reminiscences nothing more sardonic and merciless ever was written. But they reveal the author more clearly than they disclose the qualities or establish the motives of his adversaries. He had distinction and integrity but a brooding vengefulness against those who stood in the gates through which he would pass vitiated his judgments, filled his days with anger and made political reverses the seed plots of sleepless animosities.

One was often amazed at Cartwright's ferocity when he spoke of the Conservative leader. It was commonly believed that his hatred had its origin in a personal humiliation. He aspired to be Minister of Finance but was set aside for Sir Francis Hincks. But when one changes his political relation an ignoble motive is always discovered. It is hard to believe that this could be the only reason for Cartwright's lifelong pursuit of Macdonald. According to Sir Joseph Pope the Conservative leader never understood the bitter inveterate animus towards himself which possessed Cartwright and could not fully reciprocate his contempt and hatred. Very often while I was editor of *The Globe* Cartwright sought to have charges made against Sir John Macdonald which would have violated every tradition of responsible journalism and every principle of decent controversy. Towards other opponents he was less malevolent. Indeed there was sometimes a sense of equity in his judgments. When Sir John Macdonald disappeared and the Liberal party was restored to office he became mellow and humane, gracious and tolerant. In Parliament thereafter he was persuasive and conciliatory. Deputations which came in doubt and apprehension departed with glad hearts and smiling faces. He even neglected to blaspheme the manufacturers. One feels that he could have slept in the "Red Parlour" with an easy head and a good conscience if Sir John Macdonald's picture had not hung upon the wall. But even the new Cartwright cherished the old grudge. When a sum was put in the estimates for a statue to Sir John on Parliament Hill he was determined to offer an amendment requiring that the facts of the "Pacific scandal" should be inscribed upon the monument. For days his Parliamentary associates pleaded and reasoned that he would injure only himself and the Liberal party if he should actually submit such a resolution. But it was long before he would yield and he yielded at last to the persuasion of friends who were brought to Ottawa to reinforce the appeals and protests of the Parliamentary party. The madness broke out again in his Reminiscences. His final bequest to posterity was his hatred of Sir John Macdonald.

Nothing that Cartwright ever said in Parliament better displays the quality of his humour and the leisurely method of his attack than his reference to Mr. J. E. Collins's biography of the Conservative leader. Facing Sir John in the House of Commons he said: "That work was couched in chaste and elegant language, and no doubt it will be very satisfactory to the honourable gentleman's friends, because I observe from it that in all the acts of the honourable gentleman's career which evil-minded persons have misinterpreted, he has been actuated by the purest and most patriotic motives, and has even sometimes allowed his reputation to be tarnished for the general welfare of the country. It is a happy association of ideas, and what a lamented friend of mine called the 'eternal fitness of things,' that a gentleman who in his life has done justice to so many John Collinses should at last find a John Collins to do justice to him."

It will be remembered that after the Conservative party in Parliament had committed itself to Protection the leaders addressed many political demonstrations throughout the country. Referring to these demonstrations Mr. Joseph Rymal said that he was reminded of one who went to and fro on the earth many years ago, tempted the people with false promises, took the Saviour into a high mountain, showed Him the Kingdoms of the earth and declared that He should possess these and the glory of them if He would fall down and worship him. Failing to make the application Sir John, who always maintained good relations with Rymal, interrupted with the remark, "You did not finish the story about the man who went up into the high mountain". Rymal retorted, "That was not a man, that was the devil; the other tempter did not go to the top of the mountain; he went round the country holding picnics and tempting the people."

Occasionally Sir John emphasized an argument by the experience of the old squaw who had found that a little too much whiskey was just enough. He used to say that he was like a certain old nag, "a rum 'un to look at but a rare 'un to go". In a bye-election in West Toronto in 1875 necessitated by the appointment of Mr. Thomas Moss to the Bench, the Liberal candidate was Alderman John Turner and his Conservative opponent Honourable John Beverley Robinson. Speaking in behalf of the Conservative candidate Sir John said Mr. Robinson had assisted and might again assist him at Cabinet making but he was no turner. In Mr. E. B. Biggar's very complete anecdotal life of the Conservative leader he describes an incident in which Colonel Playfair of Lanark was the victim. Colonel Playfair was urging the construction of a colonization road of which he desired to be superintendent. Exasperated by repeated failures to get a decision he visited Ottawa and had Sir John called out of the Council Chamber. The Prime Minister grasped Playfair by both hands and exclaimed, "God bless my soul, Colonel Playfair, is that you? I am so glad to see you. We have just been discussing in Council a military matter that we cannot decide. Now you with your great military experience and your memories of Salamanac and Talavera will be able to solve the question. How many grains of powder would have to be put under a bull's tail to blow his horns off?" And Sir John disappeared into Council. Colonel Playfair withdrew in disgust and anger and in sad conviction that he would never receive the appointment. He was mail carrier between Perth and Playfair and the first letter he took out of the mail bag when he got home was an official notice of his appointment as superintendent. This military problem was often submitted for solution in the townships forty years ago, but I cannot recollect that it was ever connected with Sir John Macdonald. Mr. Biggar has another story which I have not found or heard elsewhere. Visiting the Provincial Fair at Kingston Sir John was attracted by the performances of a troupe of female acrobats and remarked that no doubt it was the custom to show the calves first. A Scotch Liberal in Parliament he described as "Mackenzie and water". Of another member, erratic but brilliant, he said the world never would have heard if God Almighty had given him commonsense. Once Honourable Robert Watson, then the only Liberal in

Parliament from West of the Lakes, urged Sir John not to allow party feeling to affect the consideration of a proposal he had submitted to Parliament. The Prime Minister put his hand upon Watson's shoulder and whispered, "You are right, Watson, you are right, it would be far better for the country if every member of the House were as free of party feeling as you and me." When he "hived the Grits" in a group of constituencies in Ontario by the redistribution of seats in 1882 he scoffed at their righteous protest and with jaunty insolence suggested that they could not hope to get on with Tories when they could not live with themselves. He said it was not men who voted for him when he was right but those who voted for him when he was wrong who had the stronger claim upon his favour and gratitude. The humour in his insolence and the laughter in his levity exasperated his opponents but delighted his adherents and predisposed to lightness and leniency many people who held their political opinions loosely.

In *The Canadian Magazine*, twenty years ago, Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., described Sir John Macdonald as "The Canadian Themistocles". Nothing else that anyone has written about the Conservative leader is so frank, so faithful and so penetrating. In a few rapid, comprehending sentences he reveals the man and illuminates his whole career. "Sir John," he said, "had a wonderful influence over many men. They would go through fire and water to serve him, did serve him, and got, some of them, little or no reward. But they served him because they loved him, and because with all his great powers they saw in him their own frailties. He abounded in the right kind of charity. And speaking of the love his friends and followers had for him, Mr. Pope dwells on the 'old guard' and the old loyalty to the chief. So it was, but there were dark days also, when even those who afterwards enrolled themselves in the guard, passed by on the other side. If ever there was a man in low water, it was Sir John as I saw him one day in the Winter of 1875, coming out of the House into the bitter air, dressed in a Red River sash and coat, and the old historic mink-skin cap, tottering down the hill to the eastern gateway alone, others passing him with a wide sweep. The lesson of Sir John's life is that he pulled himself out of those days and trials into higher and more solid footing. But Sir John's real 'old guard' were not the men who stood with him at Ottawa, but the greater old guard who stood and fought for him in every township, year after year, and to whom a call by name or a nod of the head was all the recompense they got and yet the recompense they most prized. Sir John has been praised for his statesmanship, and for this I, too, give him all praise. But his statesmanship was limited to two things: carrying on the government when no one else could do it, and do it so well and so continuously, and forging the country together. He originated no great principle. He appropriated, however, freely from others when an opportunity offered, or when he thought another's idea would lead to or keep him in office."

Interesting, but far less searching and fundamental, is Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin's appreciation. It has value as a contemporary judgment for it was written nearly forty years ago. Davin had often heard Disraeli, who was said to have a physical resemblance to Sir John Macdonald and in language as brilliant as ever was spoken by any man in Canada he would describe the likenesses and differences between the two leaders. "Sir John Macdonald," he said, "is a type of politician which has never failed to delight the English people—the man who, like Palmerston, can work hard, do strong things, hold his purpose, never lose sight for a moment of the honour and welfare of his country, and yet crack his joke and have his laugh, full of courage and good spirits and kindly fun. . . . Sir John

Macdonald in the English House of Commons would have been equal, in my opinion, to Mr. Disraeli in finesse, in the art of forming combinations and managing men. He never could have equalled him in invective, or in epigram, or in force as an orator. Sir John Macdonald brings up his artillery with more ease. He is always human, even in his attacks. Lord Beaconsfield, as Mr. Disraeli in the House of Commons, approached his opponent like some serpentine monster, coiled himself ruthlessly round him, fascinated with his gaze, and struck out with venomed fang. But Sir John is probably the better debater of the two. His delivery is lively, natural, mercurial; Lord Beaconsfield's is labored. The power of making a statement is not the forte of the author of Endymion. Sir John Macdonald makes a luminous statement, and his reasoning faculty is at least as high as Lord Beaconsfield's. He has very little, comparatively, of the latter's *curiosa felicitas,* in coining phrases, but his humour is more spontaneous. Lord Beaconsfield has the charm which is inseparable from genius, but it may well be doubted if his power of conciliating men and fixing their affections surpasses that of the Prime Minister of the Dominion. I am sure that in sober strong sense the balance is in favour of the Canadian statesman. There is nothing viewy about Sir John Macdonald. Though a man of imagination, reason is lord every time."

From my seat in the Press Gallery for four or five Parliamentary sessions I looked across at Sir John Macdonald. I was so placed that I could sometimes see shades of expression cross his face, the defiant jerk of the head when he was angry, the shrug of contempt for a mean gibe that was meant to wound, the quick, natural, human manifestation of pleasure over a generous word from an opponent or a tribute of affection and confidence from an associate. I think he liked best to have the word of praise come from the back benches as he was most attentive to those who spoke seldom and in sweat alike of brow and brain. Few men have had such charm for his kind, or such power to inspire sacrifice and devotion. Mr. James F. Lister, of Lambton, often attacked Sir John Macdonald in language as personal and violent as was permitted under the usages of Parliament. I once asked him if he had any active dislike or actual hatred for the Conservative leader. He confessed that he was so attracted by the man's personality that he dare not trust himself in his company. I was told by a Conservative member of the Commons that he had never sought a favour for his constituency from Sir John Macdonald that was not refused and yet could hardly ever convince himself that the refusal was not a favour. I have known gray haired Liberals who had persuaded themselves that the Conservative leader was the favourite offspring of the father of evil forever disarmed by a few quick, happy, spontaneous sentences, spoken carelessly enough, but which, as he intended they should, penetrated to the very marrow of their self-esteem. I think of a Liberal member, dull but fluent, who died in the conviction that he was among the most effective debaters in Parliament because Macdonald so insinuated in language just deft enough to conceal the motive and effect the object.

There is reason to think that few men had his complete confidence. He never had any real affection for Sir Charles Tupper. He often distrusted his judgment and his motives. It is said that he was always uneasy when Tupper was under attack and often disturbed by the rash courage of his colleague from Nova Scotia. But when there was a great battle to be fought in Parliament or in the constituencies he relied upon Tupper as a commander in jeopardy relies upon a reserve army. Whatever may have been the judgment of his contemporaries there were the roots of greatness in Tupper. He was bold, tempestuous, and audacious. In debate he was often—imaginative. In action he could be unscrupulous. But he could sacrifice for a great object; he could be loyal and he was steadfast. In constructive genius he has had no equal among the public men of Can-Canada. Thus he was the natural complement of Sir John Macdonald. For Sir John was not naturally constructive nor had he any such reserve of courage as Tupper possessed. The Conservative leader waited upon opportunity; Tupper made opportunity and by the energy of his character seized the vital position before the opposing forces could organize and occupy.

Not long before his death Tupper said a thing which faithfully illustrates his temper and method. Discussing the trade agreement with Washington negotiated by Mr. Fielding and Mr. Paterson, the situation which developed in Parliament and the defeat of the Laurier Administration, he said the facts afforded final evidence that Laurier was neither a politician nor a statesman. If he had been a politican he would have dissolved Parliament and gone to the country as soon as the agreement was negotiated, while if he had been a statesman he never would have made the agreement. Whether or not Tupper would have made the agreement it is certain that he would have taken an immediate appeal to the constituencies and probably have secured a favourable judgment before the Opposition could have adjusted itself to the situation. It may be fair to soften this hard judgment upon Laurier for which I am not responsible with a hostile estimate of Tupper. Once when Sir Charles was speaking in Parliament with characteristic vigour and vehemence a Liberal member said to his deskmate, "What a d—— liar that man Tupper is". "Yes," was the reply, "he just wastes lies." But as happens so often in these reminiscences this is a digression which perhaps even the irrelevant material brought into the story may not justify. There can be no doubt that Tupper was a valuable and powerful ally of Sir John Macdonald and that without this alliance some of the more striking achievements of Conservative Governments would neither have been conceived nor executed.

The alliance with Cartier was fortunate for Sir John Macdonald and fortunate for Canada. Without Cartier the union of the Provinces could not have been accomplished. While it is true that George Brown made greater sacrifices for Confederation than any other political leader Cartier was beset by greater political dangers and among all the statesmen who cooperated to establish the union had the most difficult personal position. We often forget that the career of Sir John Macdonald in United Canada was a preparation for the alliance with Cartier, that his infusion of liberalism into McNabb toryism was a vital element in the alliance and that his wise, sagacious, deliberate cultivation of Quebec provided the necessary assurances that the movement for Confederation was not a conspiracy against French Canada. When all is said Sir John Macdonald was the only statesman in the Quebec Conference who had a personal constituency in both Upper and Lower Canaada and whether or not he fashioned his career to that result federation became feasible because of the character which he had developed and the authority which he exercised.

No successor to Cartier arose in the Conservative party after Confederation. Masson was scholarly and gifted, but he was a churchman before he was a statesman. Langevin was dull but faithful; Chapleau was neither. In political practice Chapleau was of the school of Mercier and he was even more brilliant on the platform. There is, however, no more striking illustration in Canadian history of the failure of the orator in the House of Commons. In mastery of men's emotions when he spoke in French Chapleau was incomparable and invincible in Quebec. He was hardly less effective in English when he spoke to great public meetings in the other Provinces. When he came to Ontario in 1886 to defend the execution of Riel, affirm his allegiance to Sir John Macdonald, and denounce the agents of mischief in his own Province, his vibrant, moving, passionate speeches held men breathless or brought them to their feet in a tumult of cheering. He was tall and erect, his face lean but mobile, his hair gray and long and shaken by the energy of his deliverance, his gestures free and appropriate to his language, his sentences eager and rapid. He had the fire of a prophet and the unction of a deliverer. But at best he was a great performer without continuous purpose or depth of conviction. In Parliament he was comparatively futile, perhaps even unequal to Langevin, who had greater industry and no pretension. Once perhaps Chapleau was equal to himself in the Commons. In the wide, eager, hungry searching for scandal during the session of 1891 Chapleau was assailed. In defence of his reputation he held the House to silence and respect and fought at least an equal battle with his accusers. But when one remembers that Mr. Tarte was in daily association and conference with Mr. Chapleau while he was formulating the charges that were designed to destroy Langevin and McGreevy and that Chapleau and Langevin sat in the same Cabinet one feels that Tarte should have been left to his own devices or that Chapleau should have withdrawn from the Government.

According to Sir Joseph Pope there was a time when Sir John Macdonald thought of Langevin as his successor in the leadership of the Conservative party. The statement would not be accepted if the authority were not so unimpeachable. But apparently that was Sir John's judgment in 1888 when he professed to be willing to retire and when it was believed that Sir Charles Tupper would prefer to remain in England as High Commissioner. As surprising as his choice of Langevin is the statement that when Pope suggested Sir John Abbott, Macdonald declared he had not "a single qualification for the office". But in this connection there is some conflict. While the Conservative leaders were considering who should succeed Sir John Macdonald, Mr. C. H. Cahan, of Halifax, was staying with Sir John Thompson at Ottawa. There was an active movement in behalf of Mr. D'Alton McCarthy and Mr. McCarthy himself believed that he should be chosen. Thompson, convinced that he was ineligible because of his religious affiliations, was urging Abbott to take the Premiership and reorganize the Cabinet. "At the close," said Thompson, "of the last meeting of Privy Council which Sir John Macdonald attended, he seemed very weary. The other ministers yere leaving hurriedly as it was late. I remained to help Sir John put on his coat. He then put his arm about my shoulder, and, looking at me in a serious way, said: 'Thompson, when I am gone, you will have to rally around Abbott; he is your only man.' I walked out with him to his carriage but nothing more was said. He seemed in deep thought. When Sir John's illness became severe he sent for me and I went to his bedside. He spoke with difficulty a few words about immediate affairs and then added: 'Thompson, some time ago I said you would have to rally round Abbott, that he was your only man. I have changed my mind now, he is too d—— selfish.' Those were the last words Sir John spoke to me."

In "The Day of Sir John Macdonald" there is a frank disclosure of the relations between the French ministers but nothing is revealed that was not suspected or perhaps was not of common knowledge at Ottawa. "It was no secret," Pope writes, "that the French Canadian ministers, Langevin, Caron and Chapleau, were far from showing that spirit of mutual trust and confidence which is supposed to exist among members of the same Ministry. Sir Hector Langevin, the senior of the triumvirate, had been the lieutenant of Cartier, but, in this instance, the mantle of Elijah had not fallen upon his successor. In my experience I never met a man who more nearly fulfilled Bismarck's cynical description of Lord Salisbury—'a lath painted to look like iron.' He was a good departmental officer—but he was nothing more. The moment Sir John Macdonald's support was taken away he fell. Yet Sir John stood by him against the attacks of his opponents, and generally sided with him in his differences with his colleagues. . . . When asked why he thought so much of Langevin, the reply was at once forthcoming: 'He has always been true to me.' The same thing might have been said of Sir Adolphe Caron, ever a faithful supporter, and from his youth up equally in prosperity and adversity, a close personal friend of the old chief; but Sir John thought that Caron sometimes allowed his personal feelings to obscure his judgment, or, as he expressed it, 'Caron is too much influenced by his hates—a fatal mistake in a public man, who should have no resentments.' Sir Adolphe Chapleau, with all his attractiveness and charm, Sir John never quite trusted. The relations between these three French Canadian ministers were hard to define. I frankly confess that, with all my opportunities, I could never master the intricacies of Lower-Canadian politics in those days. In the beginning it seemed to be a case of Langevin and Caron against Chapleau; later it sometimes looked as though Langevin and Chapleau were making common cause against Caron; perhaps most often it resembled a triangular duel. There was absolutely no difference between those three men in respect of puible policy, but the personal jealousy and suspicion with which they regarded one another was amusing. 'Langevin,' said Sir John, 'on his way down to Quebec, cannot stop off for lunch at Montreal but Chapleau writes me that he is interfering in his district, and if he leaves his house in Quebec for a walk down John Street, Caron wires in cypher that a breach in the party is imminent.' Langevin, on his part was equally vigilant to resent the encroachments real or supposed, of his colleagues upon his domain, and altogether Sir John had no pleasant time in keeping the peace among them." The insensate jealousies among these ministers culminated in the scandals of 1891, the fall of Langevin and McGreevy, and the disruption of the Conservative party in Quebec. It was through intrigue within, not by accidental discovery or the vigilance of opponents that the revelations of the memorable "scandal session" were produced.

Sir John Macdonald was faithful to the old guard who stood with him and around him in 1873. He had affection for Sir Mackenzie Bowell. He never deserted Sir John Carling and he reposed great and continuous confidence in Honourable Frank Smith. He was grieved by the death of Honourable Thomas White, a potential Prime Minister and leader of the Conservative party. But in no man had he greater confidence than in Hon. J. H. Pope. Among Liberals in Parliament there was a disposition to regard Pope with offensive toleration if not with open contempt. Angular, ungainly, slow of speech and awkward in gesture and manner he was not impressive in Parliament, but no one who was not wholly encrusted in his own prejudices could think him contemptible. During my first sessions in the Press Gallery I tried to understand the Liberal attitude towards John Henry Pope. I was told that he was uneducated, but that was not a thing so uncommon in a new country. It was said that his English was irregular and faulty and perhaps it was sometimes, but so was that of other men of more pretension. It was Pope who was said to have met a charge against his department with the single sentence, "There ain't nothin' in it". But I never could discover whether the story was a fact or a fabrication. There is no doubt that when he was on his feet Mr. Pope floundered and hesitated and threw his arms wide in vague, uncertain, impotent gestures, but he never blundered into dangerous admissions or ever was fretted into haste or anger. Moreover, about the man there was a patriarchal simplicity and dignity which inspired liking and respect. At least, this was how I felt towards Mr. Pope when I was in the Press Gallery and when I had heard little or nothing of his wisdom in council or what Sir Joseph Pope calls "his remarkable political sagacity." In "The Day of Sir John Macdonald" there are these sentences. "Macdonald used to say that Pope could have been anything he desired had he only received a good education in his youth. He added that he had never known Pope's judgment to be at fault. In times of stress and difficulty Pope was the colleague of whom he first sought counsel and upon whose rough good sense he implicity relied. Pope died two years before his chief, who never ceased to mourn his loss."

Sir John Macdonald was rarely at fault in those whom he trusted. The men he used were serviceable if not always brilliant. There were men of greater lustre to whom he gave little confidence and slight recognition. For this he was reproached but in many of those whom he set aside there were defects of temperament or insurrectional tendencies which time revealed. Human as he was, he was not too susceptible to flattery. Not by adulation did men obtain his confidence and recognition. It was often said that he exalted mediocrities in order to seem great by contrast when the truth was that he would not have brilliance that was not serviceable and reliable. He wanted to govern with material that was workable and his supreme objects were to unify Canada and maintain the connection with the Empire. He distrusted Sir Alexander Galt who nourished the vision of an independent Canada. Premature advocacy of a federated Empire he discouraged. He was sensitive to the predilections of Quebec, not only because he needed the support of the French Province, but because he believed that Quebec should have coordinate authority in the Confederation and that unity of feeling was the essential condition of national stability. Sir John Macdonald was not a reformer, but he was more than an opportunist. He was reluctant to unsettle public opinion by revolutionary proposals. For the evangelical school of reconstructionists who would remake the world in their own image and redeem mankind by legislation he had only a complacent tolerance. He bore the trouble which they made because he respected their motives, because he seldom lost confidence in his own genius to govern and because government as he understood it was to advance or recede as public opinion required and so manage the people as to command a majority in Parliament. But the substantial consistency of Sir John Macdonald's career is good evidence that he directed while he managed and that he abandoned none of his essential convictions for office.

It is true that he adopted Protection with reluctance. As he said himself, "It's devilish hard for a free trader to make a Protectionist speech." But he became a convinced, uncompromising protectionist for Canada. If he moved slowly it was because he hesitated to break new ground and because he was very unwilling to be misunderstood in Great Britain. We were not then emancipated from the old colonial idea of restricted commercial and political sovereignty for the Dominions. We had not come to understand that commercial independence was compatible with the Imperial relation and that as a self-governing community within the Empire Canada was as free to establish protection as Great Britain was to maintain the free trade system. The colonial autonomists who insist that free trade is the necessary policy of all portions of the Empire because the United Kingdom adheres to free trade deny the natural incidence and vital principle of their own teaching. Those were days when Canada acknowledged no obligation for the common defence of the Empire and had not established equality of citizenship by the fact of common sacrifices and the acceptance of common responsibilities. Even yet we do not always distinguish between loyalty to Great Britain and loyalty to the British Empire.

For a generation Sir John Macdonald was a shameless corruptionist to those who did not follow his standard. For his direct appeal to Sir Hugh Allan there is no defence. He sanctioned bribery and misuse of public appropriations for party purposes. But in the party by which he was opposed there was a considerable admixture of pretence and hypocrisy. George Brown was as unscrupulous in elections as Sir John Macdonald. Mackenzie and Blake set their faces against corruption and to a degree they prevailed. But no one who has knowledge believes that corruption ended when the Conservative party, twenty-two years ago, entered upon its long service in Opposition. This is not said in justification of Sir John Macdonald nor in defamation of his Liberal successors in government. But history should not be perverted in order to maintain the evil pre-eminence of a great man who with all his faults loved Canada and served Canada with singular fidelity and remarkable ability. Other Canadian statesmen had great qualities which were not his in equal degree and freedom from faults which he possessed but in the sum of his service and in high fitness for the tasks of his time he was greater than any of his contemporaries. I recall that May day when Sir Hector Langevin arose in Parliament and read in halting sentences and with deep emotion the bulletin from Earnscliffe which gave the first certain intelligence of his mortal illness. Men flocked down from right and left to the centre of the Chamber, affected by an instant common grief, lifted in a moment above all rancour and contention, and no one who looked into their faces or caught their hushed voices could say from what he saw or heard who was Conservative or who Liberal, who had praised or who blamed, who had followed or who had not. I think of the gloom which lay over the country until the end came, and the universal sorrow which bound all Canadians together on June 6th, 1891, when he passed out of the turmoil of this world into whatsoever God willed for him. It was no common man who so touched a nation's heart and as time passes we see his stature more clearly and forget the way in which some things were done in gratitude for all that was achieved.

In the January Number Sir John Willison will give his "Experiences of an Editor".

FLORINDA'S CHRISTMAS EVE

BY W. E. NORRIS

ONE dark and cold December evening Miss Florinda Hopkins sat warming her toes at the fire, with a tea-table, prepared for two, by her side. Every now and then she cast a wistful, apprehensive glance at a covered dish, containing crumpets, which had been placed inside the fender; for if there was a delicacy that she appreciated, it was crumpets, and she feared that delay was doing them no good. Not until recently had delicacies of any kind been brought within her reach; not until her father, the curiosity-dealer, above whose closed shop she was sitting, had been found dead in his bed one morning, had more than the barest necessaries of life been her portion; so it is really difficult to account for her being at middle age the plump, jolly-looking woman that she was. Suspicions had always been current in Littleborough that old Elijah Hopkins was as well-to-do as he was niggardly; still nobody had suspected the magnitude of the business transactions which had so often taken him away from home, nor had anybody anticipated that he would leave his only child a fortune amounting, it was rumoured, to fifteen or twenty thousand pounds; and only this startling revelation had been needed to bring the enriched Florinda a revelation almost equally startling—namely, that Littleborough simply teemed with hitherto unobtrusive friends and well-wishers of hers. Grim, old Elijah, to be sure, had been wont to discourage acquaintances, while she herself had been kept too hard at work to seek out friends. As a matter of fact, she had but the one intimate who was now hurrying along the bleak, wind-swept High Street to join her at tea.

"Oh, Florinda dear," exclaimed pretty little Sylvia Martin, whose knock at the door was followed by her immediate entrance, "why did you wait? I'm so sorry to be late; but, in spite of early closing day, I couldn't get away until five minutes ago. We're so frightfully busy this time of year!"

"Sit down," said Miss Hopkins, "and help yourself to a crumpet. I don't suppose I shall ever get out of the habit of helping myself, though I'm told I ought to have at least three servants to help me now. So they're busy up at your place, are they? Your old woman was here this afternoon."

"Mrs. Williams?" asked Sylvia, in a tone of awestruck surprise; for indeed it was not everybody whom the wife of the principal draper in Littleborough honoured with a call.

Miss Hopkins nodded. "Oh, I tell you I'm coming up in the world! Thinking of having cards printed and buying a set of sables. Not that it's for you to wonder at my shaking hands with the Williamses, seeing that you're engaged to be married to their son."

"Oh, Florinda!" protested the girl, blushing.

"Well, what's the matter? Nobody here but ourselves—and it's a fact."

It was scarcely that. Vows of mutual and undying love had, it was true enough, been exchanged between handsome young Ned Williams and the orphan girl who occupied a subordinate position in the great linen-drapery establishment; but only Florinda Hopkins had been let into the secret of an affair which, should any inkling of it come to the ears of old Mr. Williams, would undoubtedly result in Miss Sylvia's instant dismissal. And the worst of it was that Ned, headstrong and impatient, had been with difficulty restrained from proclaiming to all and sundry what his unalterable intentions were.

"He does such crazy things!" sighed Sylvia. "Do you know that he has actually invited me to the Christmas Eve dinner and insists upon my going! What will Mrs. Williams think when she sees me there?"

In accordance with a custom of many years' standing, the leading Littleborough shopkeepers (though it was a terrible breach of good manners so to designate them, "traders" being, for some occult reason, the correct term to employ) were wont to dine together at the White Hart, and what lent special interest to these gatherings was a rule that every bachelor should be privileged to invite one lady, whose name was not divulged in advance. Hence, as may be supposed, the White Hart had witnessed the closing scene of many a celibate career.

"Well done him!" cried Miss Hopkins approvingly. "Now don't you be scared, my dear. They can't turn you out, and they won't think of being rude to any friend of mine—so popular as I am now! I'm going to the dinner myself," she added, with demure complacency.

"Florinda!—you don't mean that!"

"I do, though. Had a couple of invitations—one from old Joe Hicks and one from Mr. Bradford—and accepted 'em both."

Mr. Hicks, an elderly widower, was an upholsterer and undertaker, while Mr. Bradford, who carried on a flourishing saddling business, considered himself, and was generally considered, the most eligible of Littleborough's unmarried men.

"But you can't accept invitations from two gentlemen," remonstrated Sylvia, suppressing an inclination to laugh at the idea of poor old Florinda's being in such request! "You'll make the party a lady short that way."

"My dear," returned Miss Hopkins, "there's almost nothing I can't do these times. More than that, I've accepted offers of marriage from the pair of 'em. Now, then!"

Sylvia was as dumbfounded as she was expected to be. She was also a little shocked; although her friend hastened to disclaim any project of committing bigamy.

"You see," said the latter, "it was this way. Those two poor men worked so upon my feelings that I couldn't bear to disappoint either of 'em. Been adoring me in secret for years, so they declared, but, knowing father would never consent to part with me, they had to bide their time. So there it is! I can't make 'em both happy; but I may take one or t'other. I don't say I will and I don't say I won't."

"But, Florinda, do you want to marry either of them? Do you think they really want . . . don't you think that perhaps your money?"

"Nothing farther from their thoughts, my dear! I couldn't tell you which was the most emphatic about that."

Sylvia sighed. "Well, then, let it be Mr. Hicks. He's rather old and he has six children; but at least he isn't horrid, like Mr. Bradford."

Mr. Bradford, as Miss Hopkins happened to be well aware, had been very horrid indeed to the pretty linen-draper's assistant. He enjoyed (greatly enjoyed) the reputation of a local Lothario, and he had developed an objectionable habit of loitering outside the premises of Williams and Son about closing time.

"Ah, young men will be young men!" remarked the tolerant Florinda. "If I marry Bradford he'll jolly well have to behave himself, I promise you. I don't say I shall marry him, though. Nor yet I don't say I shan't."

When, a few evenings later, Sylvia went to the White Hart she passed through some minutes of embarrassed misery, which were but little mitigated by her lover's encouraging whispers or the waved salute from afar of Florinda, resplendent in black velvet and jet. She felt sure that everybody was looking at her, and relief only came when, at the moment of sitting down, she perceived that everybody was looking at somebody else. This was Miss Hopkins, between her two admirers, each of whom appeared to be claiming her with a good deal of heat and insistence.

"Well, well," Sylvia heard her say, in her loud, good-humoured voice, "don't let's have a row about it. My mistake; so it's only right that I should be the one to suffer by being deprived of you both. Don't you stir, Mr. Hicks; there'll be an empty chair between us, and I'll promise not to talk to you across it. Now, Mr. Bradford, trot along round to the other side of the table, take young Mr. Williams's place and send him here. It mayn't be just what you or he or I should choose, but some sacrifices must be made for the sake of impartiality and harmony."

To Sylvia's consternation, the cruel and unexpected transfer of neighbours was actually effected. Mr. and Mrs. Williams lent themselves to it authoritatively. Mr. Bradford did not seem to mind much, and Ned's expostulations were disregarded. What could Florinda mean by such inhuman behaviour! Poor Sylvia had much ado to refrain from mingling her tears with her soup, and the progress of the inordinately long banquet brought her neither comfort nor enlightenment. What it did bring her was a sense of stupefied indignation at the spectacle of Ned engaged in animated converse with Florinda and quite unmistakably enjoying himself. Add to this the increasingly bold gallantries of Mr. Bradford, who drank a great deal of wine, and it will be realized that if Miss Martin had been guilty of indiscretion in thrusting herself upon her betters, her punishment was commensurate with her offence.

Not until an advanced hour did Mr. Williams, the pompous chairman, rise to propose the customary loyal toasts to a flushed and replete audience. These having been duly honoured, local institutions received the tribute of much halting rhetoric. Finally, the health of "The Ladies" was given in a ponderously jocular style which elicited outbursts of cheers and laughter. Perhaps it was because he never before had an opportunity of so doing that Mr. Williams was pleased to single out for special mention in this connection "our anniversally esteemed friend and neighbour Miss Hopkins". Assuredly, however, he did not expect Miss Hopkins to respond in person; for Littleborough shared the objections of St. Paul to feminine oratory, and custom decreed that, on the occasion of the Christmas Eve dinner, the fair and timid sex should express its acknowledgments through the medium of a bachelor spokesman. As a matter of fact, Mr. Bradford did get up—a trifle unsteadily—to discharge this pleasing duty; but he had to give way to Florinda, who was on her feet before him.

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen," she began, "I beg to thank you, on behalf of your lady guests, for the excellent dinner you have given us. Likewise for wishing us a happy Christmas and good health in the coming year. I'm sure I hope we shall all continue to enjoy good health, and I may almost make bold to answer for myself, having nothing that I know of the matter with me up to now, and being a hale woman, though five and forty years of age.'' (Murmurs of polite incredulity). ''Well, I was born in March, 1865, so you can tot it up for yourselves if you like. Which leads me to remark . . . I should mention that this is going to be a personal speech; but I make no apology for that, because I've been very much struck of late by the kind interest that you all take in me and my small personal affairs. I say, that question of age leads me to the remark that at five and forty old habits aren't easily changed. As you know, I've been poor all my life, and haven't specially minded it. Now I'm rich, and it's open to doubt whether I specially like that. I won't say I do, and I won't say I don't; all depends upon what's to become of this money of mine. I haven't much personal use for it, my habits and tastes being so simple, and I've neither kith nor kin to inherit it when I die, which seems a pity. Might make a will in favour of a friend? Yes, there's that; but what I ask myself is—why should my friend be kept waiting for a matter of twenty or thirty years? Why shouldn't I have the enjoyment of seeing her in possession of what's bound to come to her sooner or later? Did you say anything, Mr. Hicks? Oh, beg pardon! I thought you did. So during dinner I've been talking things over with a gentleman in whose judgment I have every confidence, and I'm glad to think that he doesn't think it at all a foolish action on my part to get rid at once of money that's burning a hole in my pocket.''

Miss Florinda paused and surveyed the puzzled, inquisitive faces which were turned towards her. Mr. Hicks's face, always a long one, had lengthened to such an extent that the fringe of stubby gray beard which adorned his chin threatened to touch his plate; but he remained expectantly silent, and the speaker resumed:

''Well, I thought maybe it would interest you to hear what I'm going to do for my best friend, Sylvia Martin. I'm going to give her a Christmas present. I'm going to give her a handsome Christmas present. Twenty thousand pounds in short.'' (Sensation). ''Oh, it's a lot of money; but I daresay it won't be too much for her, and I know it's too much for me. Now, Sylvia, sit down; it isn't your turn to speak. I was about to say that a person can't be called good for giving away what she don't want. I was also about to say that twenty thousand pounds will come in handy for my dearest friend Sylvia Martin, because I'm happy to tell you, and I know you'll be happy to hear, that she's engaged to be married to a fine young fellow, Ned Williams by name, who would have been proud to marry her if she hadn't had twenty pence. That, gentlemen, is the proper spirit in which to enter upon married life. I happen to be aware——'' here Florinda looked down and assumed an indescribably coy expression—''that there are some amongst you who are prepared to enter upon it in that spirit, and I'm confident that they'll be the first to applaud my decision. Now I won't detain you any longer from offering your congratulations to the young people.''

Mr. Hicks was no longer to be detained from correcting a most unwarrantable assumption. He skipped nimbly into the empty chair which had hitherto separated him from his neighbour and said, in a low voice, trembling with anger:

''If you imagine that I shall sanction this insane proceeding, Miss Hopkins, let me tell you that you little know me! I am far from being a wealthy man; I have a large family to support. . . .''

''Oh, that's all right,'' interrupted Florinda, with unruffled good temper. ''I never supposed you were the sort of man to marry an elderly pauper. What surprises me is your having thought me the sort of woman to enrich you and your large family just for fun. Never mind, Hicks; shake hands. You're glad to be free, and so am I."

Mr. Bradford, meanwhile, had made his way round the table and had dropped heavily into Ned's vacated seat. After mopping his heated brow with his handkerchief, he began:

"Miss Hopkins!——"

"Won't you say Florinda?" softly pleaded the lady whom he addressed.

"No," returned Mr. Bradford, with decision, "I will not say Florinda. Not proper nor fitting, under the circumstances. You yourself intimated as much just now. Miss Hopkins, all's over between us! You've trifled with me in a way no self-respecting man would endure."

"Maybe that's true," observed the imperturbable Florinda. "I don't say it is, and I don't say it isn't. You're a bit of a trifler yourself, though, so you should be able to make allowances."

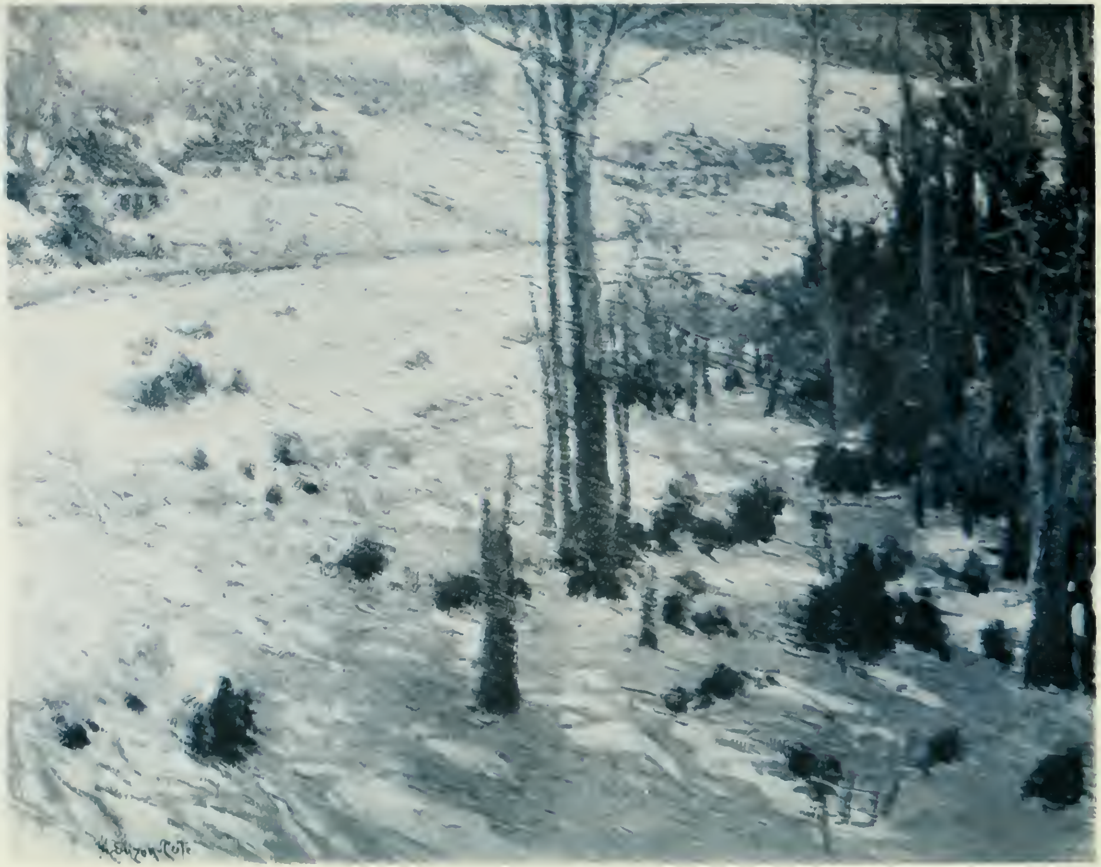
"What, me?" called our Mr. Bradford, tipsily indignant. "No such thing, Miss Hopkins! I'm serious, and so you'll find!"

"In jilting me, do you mean? Well, I suppose there's no help for that, and I won't pretend that you astonish me. What does astonish me is your having believed for a moment—you did believe for a moment, you know—that I meant to make Sylvia Martin a Christmas present of you, over and above twenty thousand pounds. You and Sylvia!—well, well! Never mind, Mr. Bradford; shake hands. I bear no malice, and I'm pleased to hear that you've managed to keep your self-respect. I call that clever of you."

He was, at all events, clever enough to discern that he had better bring the interview to a close and that he might deem himself lucky to have escaped an action for breach of promise. Florinda, for her part, had no need of excessive cleverness to discover that her recently acquired popularity was on the wane. Littleborough did not understand, and could not approve, such ways of going on. Generosity, within reasonable limits, is well enough; but a woman who strips herself bare of all her possessions for an idea is a sheer fool, and the self-despoiled Florinda was not left long in ignorance of public opinion. It may be hoped that the tearful gratitude of Sylvia and the radiant visage of Ned Williams made her some amends. The latter was helping her on with her cloak, preparatory to escorting her home, when Mrs. Williams bustled up, with almost shamefaced blandishments.

"Dear Miss Hopkins, so extraordinarily good of you! I am delighted at Ned's choice, for I have always felt so—irresistibly drawn, I may say, to dear Sylvia! But—is it quite right? Ought you to impoverish yourself like this?"

"Oh, I shan't come on the rates," laughed Florinda, and added, in a voice sufficiently loud to be heard by all bystanders, "I've only given Sylvia what I didn't know how to spend; otherwise Mr. Ned wouldn't have let me have my way. You see, poor father left a larger fortune than anybody would have supposed. Fifty thousand pounds it works out at, I believe. Now, I must be off, and I wish you a very happy Christmas. Mine's going to be firstrate, because your son and Sylvia are coming to dine with me. Three's no company, I allow; but I'm afraid it's too late to invite a fourth person now. No, Mr. Bradford; you're more than kind, but I couldn't think of inflicting my society upon you, many thanks. More especially as I'm so unaccustomed to dining late two nights running that I shouldn't wonder if I was to drop asleep soon after dinner to-morrow. I don't say I shall, but I don't say I shan't. Good-night, everybody!"



THE SETTLEMENT ON THE HILL

From the Painting by
A. Suzor Coté, R.C.A.,
in the National Gallery of Canada

The Canadian Magazine

CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE MANOR

BY EDITH G. BAYNE

CAPTAIN ALAN ARMSTRONG climbed to an outside seat on the Muggleton coach and with a sigh of supreme satisfaction, disposed his long-limbed, trench-hardened person between a little old lady holding a parrot-cage and a little old gentleman with a plain muffler and a touch of asthma.

"This is the life!" he ejaculated.

"Did you speak, sir?" rather timidly inquired the little old lady, peering around the parrot-cage and up into the brown face of the Canadian.

Alan grinned, half-apologetically.

"If I did it was wholly spontaneous," he admitted. "To think I should have the luck to strike an old coach-route and right through the heart of Dickens's England!"

"Then you've never ridden on a coach before?"

"Never. And it was by the merest chance I learned of this. My friends at the Manor Farm wanted to send the motor for me, but I telegraphed them that I intended travelling Pickwickian style and to meet me at Muggleton instead. Why, all my life I've longed to ride 'outside' on an English coach!"

"Ah, yes," spoke up the asthmatic gentleman. "It is almost the only coach route left. Sentiment, I believe, is responsible."

"Sentiment and pity for the coach-driver," amended the little old lady.

"The coach-driver?"

"Yes, it's the only work he can do, you see."

"Why, he looks a husky old chap!" said Alan, with a glance down at the driver's seat where a vast bulk of brown greatcoat surmounted by a tweed ear-muffled cap obscured a large portion of the English winter landscape. "As a matter of fact, I don't ever remember seeing such a huge man before. He must tip the scales at about three hundred."

"More than that," said the little old gentleman.

"And he's past eighty," observed the little old lady..

Alan was impressed.

"I wonder why he doesn't join a circus or apply for admission to a freak museum," he said wonderingly.

"Ah, but it's his activity keeps him alive! He's afraid of apoplexy or fatty degeneration or something."

"And well he may. What a monstrosity!"

"Still, he deserves credit," wheezed the little old gentleman, "for trying to make up for a misspent youth."

"Oh, I see. Drink?"

"No, eating."

"Eating?"

"Yes, he was a great gourmand. Did little else but eat and sleep. . . . You said, I think, that your friends lived at the Manor Farm. The one near Muggleton, sir?"

Alan nodded.

"I get off at the Blue Lion," he explained.

"Well, I was about to say that our driver in his early youth was page and general handyboy to the then owner of the Manor—a Mr. Wardle, sir."

After a while Alan's companions got off and he was left alone. He pulled his cap further down, drew his collar closer about his ears and fell to day-dreaming. The air was pleasantly crisp, the wind blew freshly and the coach rumbled smoothly along past brown hedgerows, snug, thatched cottages, an occasional ivy-hung lodge gate, and now and then through the cobbled street of a little market town. Alan's reflections were sweet and absorbing. Anticipations of a real old English Christmas filled him and the central figure was a beauteous maiden named Phyllis.

What is this? Another stop in an inn yard! Fresh horses. Another party of travellers. Alan rouses himself from his state of pleasant coma and gazes with interest at these people. They are "outsiders" by choice for which Alan is distinctly glad, for the leader of the group is such a merry-looking, rosy, rotund old chap that he feels drawn to him on the spot. There is another middle-aged gentleman only a little less stout and two younger men, one in a blue greatcoat and the other an ascetic-looking fellow with the dreamy eyes of the poet. Lastly there is an attendant, who appears to be a very jocular young man for as he assists the leader of the party to mount the steps he winks at Alan and murmurs: "Bless 'is old gaiters!"

The leader takes off his spectacles, wipes them and puts them on again. Then he watches with the keenest interest the disposal of the various portmanteaux, carpet-bags and shawls. The jocular youth and the guard are endeavouring to insinuate into the "boot" a huge codfish several sizes too large for it and half a dozen small barrels of oysters. At last the guard achieves his purpose but only by falling in head first after the basket. The bystanders shout with delight. The leader smiles and pulling out a shilling begs the guard to drink his health. The guard grins and so do all the others in the party. Evidently the old chap's benevolence is well known. Off come the horse cloths, the coachman shouts out a cheery "All right!" the guard's key-bugle announces departure and the coach proceeds once more on its journey to Muggleton. The wheels skim smoothly over the pike, there is a smart crack of the whip and the horses break into a canter that lasts until another town is reached. At various stops some of the "outsiders" get down to stamp their feet and look longingly at the bright fire-glow in the taproom windows where springs of holly hang. There is a hint of snow in the air.

On again. Alan listens abstractly to the hum of conversation. This party apparently is also bound for the Manor Farm, for they talk of a wedding and Dick's older sister—not as pretty, by the way, as the dark-eyed Phyllis—is to be married to-morrow. So Alan introduces himself to his fellow-travellers. It is as he suspects. They too are guests. All are very gay and companionable except one—the young man in the blue overcoat, who appears to have taken an instantaneous dislike to the stalwart Canadian. Alan catalogues him privately as a "boob". At three o'clock the coach rolls into the inn yard of the Blue Lion at Muggleton.

The passengers descend stiffly. The "insides" come out and the "outsides" come off. The jocular young man springs from the driver's seat and assists his master to the ground. Then he takes out the codfish and the oysters from the "boot".

"There!" he exclaims, as Alan watches. "Now we're all werry comfortable an' free from worry as the father said ven he cut off his little boy's head to cure him of squintin'."

"Sam!" calls the stout old gentleman suddenly.

"Yes, sir."

"Come here! Come here at once!" he commanded.

Alan looked about him and presently he saw a very fat boy—absolutely the fattest boy he had ever seen—tugging at the merry old gentleman's coat-tails. He was an unuctuous-looking urchin with round, staring eyes.

"Why, bless my soul!" exclaimed the old gentleman.

"Ah," said the adipose youth, and he glanced at the codfish and the oysters and licked his lips.

He was the colour of a chimney-pot from having slept by the taproom fire.

"Master sent me over with the shay for the luggage," he explained. "He'd a' sent some saddle horses but he thought you gentlemen would rather walk—it being a cold day."

"Yes, yes. Quite right," said the merry old chap hurriedly, and he glanced at the others and looked quickly away again.

Alan saw each of the other three exchange furtive glances and colour slightly. The poetic-looking young man coughed deprecatingly. Blue Coat turned slightly pale.

"Yes, indeed," they all chorused, the stouter one adding with a nervous laugh: "Shan't soon forget how we got to the Manor House the last time—poor Winkle drifting along sideways on that awful steed——"

"Hush!" begged Blue Coat, turning red again.

"——and Snoddy here throwing himself into the bramble bush when the shay horse bolted——"

"Tupman, I beg of you!"

"——and our beloved leader trying to dispose of the other noble animal which everybody thought we had stolen——"

"Tupman, pray do not recall that mortifying episode," pleaded the rotund old gentleman, a pained expression on his benevolent features.

The one addressed as "Snoddy" drew close to Mr. Tupman. There was a gleam of malice in his eye.

"Remember!" he hissed dramatically. "Remember that upon the occasion of that visit a certain elderly virgin gave you the everlasting go-by and eloped with one Alfred Jingle of unsavoury memory!"

Mr. Tupman started, but quickly regained his self-possession and walked away. Presently the four gentlemen struck into the footpath across the fields and then Alan and Sam and the fat boy got into the shay with the luggage.

"You're a fine specimen of a prize boy, you are!" observed Sam to the latter. "Do you ever drink?"

"I likes eatin' better. Can you drive?"

"I should rayther think so!"

"Then there." And the fat boy sighed and put the reins into Sam's hands, pointing up a lane. "It's as straight as you can go! You can't miss it."

He laid himself down by the codfish and, with an oyster barrel for a pillow, fell instantly asleep.

At the Manor a great welcome awaited the travellers. There was a houseful of people—wedding guests, poor relatives, and whatnot. There were the genial host and his mother and young ladies and gentlemen to the number of a score or more. The poetic young man called "Snoddy" immediately fell in love with a young lady named Emily. Blue Coat proceeded to surrender to the charms of a dark-eyed damsel who wore a pair of fur-topped boots—none other, in fact, than Alan's own Phyllis Arabella! Alan ground his teeth in silent rage. The flirt!

The deaf old lady was a trifle cantankerous and refused to remember the new guests at first, but under the pleasant cajolery and admirable tact of the rotund old gentleman she thawed, and the pair were soon deep in a rubber of whist. The host ordered hot elder wine with spice and in the soft glow of the candles all was merry as the marriage-bell which would ring on the morrow. The prospective groom and his love frankly spooned in one of the corners.

Then came dinner, and what a dinner! Roast and fowl and game and mince-pies and drinking of healths! In the butler's pantry Sam and the fat boy stuck sprigs of holly in each pie, Sam calling the urchin by such fond names as "young boa-constructor" and "Jumbo" and "little opium-eater."

"Wardle, a glass in honour of the happy occasion to-morrow!" the rotund old chap cried.

"Be delighted, Joe! . . . Dash that boy, he's gone asleep again."

"No, I ain't, sir."—from a corner where he had been devouring a pie, came the voice of the fat boy.

"Fill the glasses."

"Yes, sir."

Alan was seated beside his charming Phyllis and had the keen additional pleasure of noting the chagrin on the face of Mr. Winkle—for that, it turned out, was the "boob's" name. He began to feel that sooner or later he and Winkle were destined to cross swords and he gloried in the idea. A duel, ah!

Then there was the ball, held in a long, oak-panelled room where a huge fire blazed and crackled and where, in a bower of evergreen and holly a couple of fiddlers and the harpist from Muggleton discoursed sweet music. Laughter and gay voices made the old rafters ring at times. Was this a Cruickshank cartoon come to life, Alan wondered! But Phyllis continued to smile upon him while Mr. Winkle glowered from a recess across the room. Tall candles in massive silver candle-sticks and in four-branched sconces diffused a soft yet radiant light over the scene and rich brocaded gowns and satin "smalls" shimmered and rustled. Holly berries glowed redly everywhere and the scent of evergreen filled the air while the creamy mistletoe berry peeped shyly forth from its half-hidden retreat.

The merry old gentleman, his face rosier than ever and his eyes twinkling behind his spectacles, appeared without his gaiters and in smart pumps. He meant to dance with the best of them!

"*You!* In silk stockings!" cried Mr. Tupman jocosely.

"And why not, sir—why not?" demanded the merry old chap warmly.

How the girls laughed as their partners swung them through the mazes of the dance! What giggling and blushing beneath the mistletoe! How cleverly the merry old gentleman stepped through the minuet with the host's mother, graceful in spite of her four-score years! Then how delightfully he saluted his partner underneath the mistletoe, as the others had done, and took her to a seat! Mr. Snodgrass kissed Emily, Mr. Tupman kissed numberless young ladies and proved by his demeanor that he had long since ceased sighing for his lost Rachel, and Mr. Winkle kissed the girl with the fur around her boot-tops.

Seeing this last, Alan withdrew to a remote corner and sulked a little, but not for long. After a time he went downstairs and there found Sam, the jocular young man, and the maid Emma in close conclave, while the fat boy demolished a pork pie on a bench by the fire.

"Your master's a fine gen'l'm'n," Sam was telling Emma. "I hear he always invites the servants up for the games on Christmas Eve. I never see such a reg-lar gen'l'm'n."

Emma tossed her head, quite pleased.

"Oh, that he is!" the fat boy cut in. "Don't he breed nice pork!"

Sam turned and gazed at the youth for a moment in silence.

"I'll tell you what it is, young dropsy," he began at length, very impressively, "if you don't sleep a little less and exercise a little more, you'll lay yourself open to the same thing as was inflicted on the old gen'l'm'n as wore a pigtail."

"What was that?" Joe asked, showing much interest.

"Why *he* was one o' the largest patterns turned out—hadn't caught a glimpse of his own shoes for forty-five years."

"Lor!" exclaimed Emma.

"He was rollin' down the Strand one day an' he sees a pickpocket he knew a-comin' along arm-in-arm with a little boy with a werry large head. Now, there wasn't a pickpocket in all London but had taken a pull at his watch-chain, but it never broke an' his watch was stuck tight—almost burstin' through his gray Kersey smalls. 'They're a-goin' to have another try,' he chuckles. Then all of a sudden the little boy lowers his head an' rushes straight for the old gen'l'm'n's stomach an' doubles him up. 'Murder!' howls the old chap. An' w'en he come to his watch an' chain was gone an' so was his digestion for the rest of his nat'ral life. So young feller take care!"

The fat boy was much affected by this moving tale and went straightway to the pantry where he annexed a cold bird and half a dozen currant buns.

The servants were called upstairs now and old-fashioned time-honoured games were indulged in while the great wassail bowl with the hot apples hissing and bubbling was prepared by the host himself.

"Rake up the fire, Trundle," he called to his prospective son-in-law. "It is snowing hard now."

"We'll have a white Christmas, after all," someone cried, peering through a casement.

"What's that?" demanded the deaf old lady nervously. "Is the chimney on fire?"

"No, no, mother. Snow is falling and a bit of wind has got up. We'll have sleighing, I expect."

"And skating!" exclaimed Emily.

"Severe weather perhaps," remarked the merry old gentleman.

"Fine time for them as is well wrapped up, as the polar bear said," observed Sam in an aside to his master.

Blind man's buff and snapdragon together with copious draughts from the bowl of wassail continued to keep everybody merry and at length toward morning story-telling replaced the more active forms of amusement. Alan felt that he could have remained awake forever. He and Phyllis sat hand in hand now and listening to the tales of their host and the old clergyman and others he began to feel a sense of unreality steal over it all—the voices, softly English, the merry faces, and the touch of that small hand in his seemed all part of a delightful dream. Here he was, a soldier on a week's leave from the trenches miraculously set down in the midst of an old English family celebrating Yule-tide and with a fine old English country gentleman to do the honours. Like unfamiliar phantoms, such phrases as "food shortage," "farmerettes," "submarine warfare," "sea blockade" and "greater production" stalked strangely through his mind. Why weren't Winkle and Snodgrass in khaki? Why wasn't the old lady—and every other lady—rolling bandages or knitting? Why did the merry old gentleman not make a patriotic speech? Dick had written that he would find things very dull at the Manor Farm, as economy was the order of the day. There was little economy in evidence here—not that he would wish it otherwise for this one evening. But did they burn half a thousand candles *every* night? Surely not.

Whether it was the wassail or the sudden soft pressure of that little hand in his own or what it was, Alan suddenly became very brave and determined. His bashfulness fell from him like a cloak and he rose unsteadily and faced the throng of merrymakers. Just as he opened his lips to speak, Sam returned from a trip belowstairs and crossed over to his master.

"There's a couple o' sawbones downstairs," he said, in a low tone, but which Alan caught nevertheless.

"One of 'em is eatin' oysters an' aimin' the shells at young dropsy asleep in the corner."

"Ah! Medical students, I gather," said the merry old gentleman, smilingly. "I remember them."

"Yes, sir. One is Miss Arabella's brother. He's 'er guardian, he says. Won't 'ave 'er marryin' anybody as *he* don't approve of."

Alan looked at Mr. Winkle and caught that gentleman favouring him in the same manner. Steel flashed on steel in the two pairs of eyes and Mr. Winkle got up quickly and took a step forward. His expression was menacing in the extreme and Phyllis Arabella screamed. But Alan flexed the muscles of his good right arm and smiled.

"Come on!" he cried invitingly.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" cried the host quickly.

"Remember there are ladies present," said the merry old chap. "Winkle, restrain yourself."

"He stole her from me!" said Mr. Winkle. "Her brother, I am sure, would approve of my suit——"

"I had her first!" Alan broke in hotly.

"What does Phyllis herself say?" asked someone suddenly.

Alan turned in the hope of reading sweet assurance in Phyllis's eyes. But —what was this?

There she stood, lovely as ever, her cheeks like holly, warm and ruddy, her eyes glowing and a smile on her lips. But the yellow brocade gown—the pearls— the lace—where were *they?* From her head to her feet she was clothed in khaki brown! Slim and upright she stood, her curls half-hidden beneath a hat with *"Land Army"* on the crown—a severely plain hat with a straight brim. Heavy shoes and puttees had taken the place of the little fur-topped boots. Her waist was as neat as ever, but in a business-like belted jacket and—was the rest of the costume a skirt or some kind of bifurcated affair? Whatever it was, the whole effect was very pleasing. As Alan, lost in admiration, continued to gaze upon her she brought her right hand smartly up at the salute.

Then Winkle, in a jealous rage, fell upon the Canadian. There was a struggle, scuffling, loud voices, and—Winkle seemed to have quite a "punch" after all! Muscular fellow. Wouldn't have guessed it, though. Alan's own arms flew about like busy windmills. His breath came short. He heard strange noises and then a sympathetic feminine voice.

"Poor boy," it murmured, close beside him. "I suppose it's the first real sleep he's had in months. A shame to rouse him!"

"But this is where he gets off," came a deep rumbling voice, and Alan felt a strong arm shaking him. "I say, this is your stop, sir, wake up."

Alan's eyes opened full. The stout coachman loomed over him, breathing heavily.

"The fat boy!" Alan muttered.

Some of the other passengers sniggered and Alan turned a dazed glance about him.

"Where's Winkle?" he demanded drowsily.

"Where's who? There warn't nobody with you, sir," said the coachman. "This is the Blue Lion, sir, and there's a party a-waving to you from a motor down below. I'm a-going on to West Muggleton."

Alan rose and having found his bag pressed a coin into the palm of the stout driver.

"Thank you, sir," said the latter, touching his ear-muffled cap. Then, as Alan descended and the coach rumbled on—for the Blue Lion is not the important stop that it once was—the coachman smiled till the creases in his cheeks almost hid his eyes. "A golden crown, as I live! But I just about earned it, I did. Never see such a chap to wake up! He's almost as sound a sleeper as I was myself in my young days. . . . But I wonder wot he called me a 'fat boy' for! I ain't wot you'd call *fat.*"

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

BY GUY THORNE

WITH the dawn of Christmas Eve, snow began to fall heavily over the great City of Ironpool with rigorous persistence. Flake after flake descended through the heavy smoke-laden air until it seemed that the whole city was putting on a dazzling bridal garment for the coming feast. Muriel Winstanley, tall, lithe, and glowing with health, left her lodgings for the Prince's Theatre for a last rehearsal of the play in which she was to appear on Boxing Day. On all sides she saw the artistic posters advertising "The Old World Players," and here and there her own portrait as leading lady, stared out upon her from the hoardings.

The management of the Prince's Theatre had decided upon a new departure this Christmas. A pantomime was to be given at the three other theatres, but at the Prince's a play, written by a north-country author, and acted by professionals who had nearly all been born in the north, was to be produced. It dealt with the industrial life of a hundred years ago, and if the advance booking was any criterion, "A Certain Rich Man" was going to be a considerable success.

Muriel Winstanley had played small parts in London, Paris and New York, and was well known as a "leading lady" in the provinces. She had been born in Monpool, and had been selected to play the chief part in the new play. It was a distinct chance for her, and she knew it. The play was a good one, the part fitted her like a glove, and yet, as she made her way to the theatre, her mind was troubled, and her eyes dull with thought.

When she had gone a short distance, she stopped before a house at the other end of a long street, where theatrical folk generally lodged, and as she did so, old Mrs. John Lupin, the well-known comedienne, came out and joined her.

"It's freezing hard," said the jolly old lady, "so the snow won't hurt us, not but what I shall be glad to get to the theatre, so come along, my dear."

The two ladies walked along in silence. Neither seemed inclined to talk. Once or twice as they crossed The Square with its towering town hall on one side, the old lady stole a questioning glance at her young friend's face, and finding nothing to reassure her there, she sighed. They arrived at the theatre, and went round to the stage door, inquiring for letters from the stage doorkeeper in his little hutch, and then making their way towards the large dressing-room which they shared together, which, being what is known as the "star" room, was on a level with the stage itself.

"We're early, there is nearly half an hour yet," said Mrs. Lupin. "What is it, Muriel? I know you are unhappy, my dear—and I think I can guess the reason."

Muriel sat down upon a chair, and gazed moodily at the row of grease paints, neatly set out in front of a large mirror clamped firmly to the wall.

"We have known each other a good many years now, Harriet," she said. "You've been like a mother to me in the profession. When I was a silly, ignorant girl you saved me from all sorts of dangers."

"And will again, please God," said the old lady. She laid her hand upon the girl's arm, and the deep contralto voice that had set so many audiences rocking with laughter in the past, now trembled with womanly sympathy. "It's about him, isn't it, about Chris Pilkington?"

Muriel nodded. "Yes," she said, and there was a sob in her voice. The old lady sighed deeply.

"Ah, Muriel!" she said, "in all the years I have known you, you have been heart-whole until now. They call you 'Proud Maisie,' all the men say you are as cold as ice, and now. . . !"

The girl turned on her fiercely.

"The same tone!" she cried. "You are all alike. What is there against Mr. Pilkington? Why does every single member of the company treat him with such coldness? He is a great artist—he'll get to the very top of the tree in our profession; he is a gentleman, he is courteous, and kind, and yet, apart from the actual necessary business in the theatre, everyone seems to avoid him like the plague. I suppose it is because he is the leading man, and they are jealous of him—though I have never seen anything like it before in any company I have been with."

"My dear," Mrs. Lupin answered very quietly, "let me ask you one question. You needn't answer unless you like, but old Harriet is your accepted mother, you know! Muriel, do you think he loves you?"

The colour mantled into the girl's face, and her eyes grew bright.

"Doesn't a girl know?" she said, "it is mere pretence to say that she doesn't. A girl always knows."

"You don't think it is a mere passing fancy on his part—or on yours?"

"How should I be able to enter into a man's mind?" Muriel answered bitterly. "One thing I do know, he is not that detestable thing, a male flirt, like so many actors are, though he is by far the handsomest man I have ever met upon the stage. He doesn't go preening his feathers, and endeavouring to attract attention like so many men do. Oh, Harriet," and here her head fell upon her arms, "Harriet, I feel sure he loves me, and yet, and yet, he seems almost afraid of me—and then this hostile attitude of the company! There's a sort of veiled warning whenever they make any reference to him, and I am utterly miserable. Yet I thought that this was going to be one of the happiest Christmases I have ever spent."

"You've answered both my questions," said the elder woman gravely. "Child, it is not for nothing they have called you proud in the profession! You are proud, and I am glad of it, because your pride and your pride alone, will help you to bear it. You love Christopher Pilkington. I can see that, and because I love you as if you were my own daughter, I am going to be cruel in order to be kind. It is better that it should come from me."

The girl looked up, and stared with startled eyes at her companion.

"What do you mean?" she whispered, and there was fear in her voice. "There is something, then? Is there anyone else?"

Mrs. Lupin shook her head. "Not that I know, dear," she answered. "No, it is not that sort of thing. But for you, it is almost as bad."

"Tell me," Muriel said, wiping her eyes. "I must know. Don't be afraid. I shan't make a fool of myself and no one will know anything at the rehearsal. What is it?"

The old comedienne bit her lip, and her large, plump face wrinkled up unconsciously into her famous attitude of stage perplexity—though now she was sincere enough.

"You've noticed all the company look coldly on Chris Pilkington," she said, "they do. It's perfectly true, but they have only heard hints and rumours. If they knew the truth, some of them would very likely throw up their parts—those who could afford to do so at any rate."

"You know the truth?"

"I and one other person in the company, Rose Howard."

Muriel started. "That furtive, sly, little thing," she said, "though I'll own she can act. What do you and she know about Christopher?"

"Something that will shock you very much, dear."

"Then why haven't you and Miss Howard thrown up your parts, or at any rate told the rest?" Muriel said disdainfully.

"Because, my dear," Mrs. Lupin answered gently, "because I have seen so much evil in the world that I have learnt to be tolerant, and try to keep a kind heart for the failings of others. As for Rose Howard, I know very little of her. She always keeps herself to herself, but it is charitable to suppose that her reasons are the same as mine. Now I'll tell you at once."

"Please do, I can stand anything but this uncertainty."

"A year ago," said Mrs. Lupin, "you may remember that Constance Savage," she referred to one of the most famous actresses of the day, "had an eight weeks' tour, starring in all the No. 1 towns."

"I have heard you speak of it. You were with the show, weren't you?"

"I was. So were Rose Howard and Chris Pilkington. The tour was a big affair, a great success, and I was very glad to be a member of the company, for it was an advertisement."

She hesitated for a moment, trying to bring herself to the point.

"Go on, for heaven's sake go on!" said Muriel.

"One day, a gold hand-mirror, worth a considerable sum, was missing from Constance Savage's dressing-room—she is a most careless woman, and even on tour travels about with all sorts of valuable jewellery and toilet things."

"And what has a gold mirror to do with Christopher Pilkington?"

"Muriel, he, he took it! He was hard up at the time, he took it, and he pawned it!"

"I won't believe it, I won't believe it for a moment. Christopher Pilkington a thief, never!"

The other shook her head sorrowfully.

"It is only too true, dear, he confessed it himself. Constance Savage didn't want a scandal in a company like hers. She wouldn't prosecute. the whole matter was hushed up, and Pilkington was dismissed immediately. There have been all sorts of rumours as to what happened, but nobody knows the truth, except Miss Savage, Rose Howard and myself. I was most surprised when I found that Pilkington had been chosen for the leading part in this play. I suppose the management have heard nothing, and at any rate he is town born like yourself, and, as you say, a magnificent actor. That's all. Muriel, I would never have breathed a word of this had I not seen how things were going with you. But, loving you as I do, I have to save you."

Muriel kissed her, and the girl's lips were cold as ice.

"You have done so very effectually. A sharp operation, but I am cured."

The laughter that rang out in the dressing-room was so scornfully bitter and despairing that it stabbed the kind old woman's heart as with a knife.

*

Hammond, the stage manager, was thoroughly satisfied with the last rehearsal.

The curtain was up, and the enormous cavern of the auditorium was in gloom. The brown holland which covered all the seats and gilding seemed like some ghostly audience to the actors, and only a bar of yellow from the lighted room of the theatre manager, which opened into the back of the dress circle, focused the eye.

Muriel Winstanley played to that bar of yellow light. She said her words, performed, went through the business of the play, as if in a dream. She seemed a being aloof, apart. And though all her colleagues knew what fire she would put into her part on Boxing Night, they whispered, and some of them sneered to each other at the tall, dark-haired girl's detachment.

One member of the company neither whispered nor sneered, but his heart grew leaden cold within him. There was one moment in the play where Christopher Pilkington had to take Muriel Winstanley in his arms, and whisper words of love to her. For many days now the man had known that the girl in his arms thrilled as he took her, had known himself a keen anguish of mingled joy and pain.

To-day, she lay in his embrace like a doll, and a horrible fear came to him at the contact. She had heard! She had heard at last! And the man with dark red hair and the steady gray eyes also went through the rest of the rehearsal in a dream of pain.

*

Muriel slipped out of the theatre alone. She did not want to speak to anyone at all. Even Mrs. John Lupin would have been unbearable at this moment.

It was nearly three o'clock. Muriel was faint for the want of food. She shuddered as she thought of going back to the little sitting-room in Paradise Row. She hurried out of the theatre, crossed The Square, and hardly knowing what she did, entered a large, brightly-lit restaurant.

The place was full of happy, Christmas-faring folk. Laughter and bright chatter were all around her, as she shrank into a quiet seat and began her lonely and depressing meal.

But the food did her good. It restored her to herself, as it were. The terrible shock and blow of Mrs. Lupin's revelation had left her despairing and without courage.

Now she regained courage—of a sort—and steeled herself to go through the ordeal before her without a sign that she had been wounded in the very depths of her being.

As she left the restaurant, the snow was still falling. The shops blazed with light. Joy and festivity were all around her, but her heart was a stone.

Well, all her hopes were over. Her Ideal, her one Ideal, was shattered. She ground her teeth together, as she realized that she had been on the point of giving herself to a vulgar thief—a thief, nothing more nor less than that.

And yet— Oh! incredible!

She felt deadly tired. She wanted to go home and sleep, to forget everything.

Her homeward way led past the theatre, and she suddenly remembered that she had left a despatch box in her dressing-room. It contained several things of value, letters from old friends, it would be a companion for her lonely Christmas Day.

The stage door-keeper was dozing in his den as she passed quickly up the stairs, crossed the gloomy stage with it gaunt piles of scenery, and opened the door of her dressing-room.

As she did so, Muriel gave a cry of surprise.

All the electrics were turned on. A girl in a cheap fur coat of "Cony Seal" was bending over the despatch box with a screw-driver in her hand.

It was Rose Howard, the furtive little creature whom Muriel had instinctively disliked from the first, and who was the sharer of the secret with Mrs. John Lupin.

Muriel understood the situation in a flash.

"What are you doing here?" she cried. "You've wrenched open my despatch box, you've got my bracelets in your hand, why, you are stealing!"

The girl threw up her hands with a loud wail of despair.

Muriel caught her by one wrist. "You wicked girl! How could you do such a thing. Do you know that you could be lodged in prison for this?"

The other broke down horribly.

"It's mother," she cried, clinging to Muriel's skirts, "it's mother, I don't do it for myself."

"Do you mean to say that your mother makes you steal?"

"No, no, but she is ill, she is bedridden. I only earn thirty-five shillings a week, year in, year out, and I have to do my best to keep her. Oh, please, Miss Winstanley, let me go this time, and I'll never do it again."

Muriel's anger was short-lived. The sight was too pitiable, the girl was obviously speaking the truth.

"If you wanted money," she said gently, "you might have come to me and asked me for some, instead of breaking open my despatch box."

Suddenly a thought came to her, which froze the words upon her lips. She breathed quickly; a furious energy of excitement possessed her. "You've done this before!" she said, in a flash of illumination. "You stole Miss Savage's gold mirror!"

The girl's face was a white wedge of terror. Her lips grew ashen gray, she cowered upon the floor—her silence was sufficient answer.

"Now I'll tell you what I'll do," Muriel went on, "I shall write out a confession of what you did with Miss Savage, and what you have tried to do this afternoon, and you will sign it. I'll promise not to use it against you, if you try to mend your ways, I have no wish to harm you. And I'll lend you a little money—I get a good salary, and I have some of my own—and I'll do what I can to help you."

Then she remembered something else.

"But Mr. Pilkington was accused," she cried, "he confessed!"

"I gave it him," the girl faltered. "I told him it was mine, the last thing of value I had left, and I asked him to pawn it for me as I was ashamed to do so myself."

Anger and contempt for the miserable creature on the floor flamed up in Muriel like a torch. She could have spurned her with her foot, but the confession! At all costs she must get that.

There was a fountain pen and paper in the despatch box, and she sat down and wrote rapidly for a minute or two.

"Read that, and sign it," she said in a cold voice.

The sobbing girl did so, and wrote her name with trembling fingers at the foot of the document.

"I shall keep to my promise," said Muriel, folding up the paper, "come to me on Boxing Day, and I'll see what can be done. But how you could let an honest man bear this terrible suspicion all this time, see him shunned by everyone, knowing that you yourself were the thief, it is impossible to understand. Go now, or I shall say more than I wish to if you stay much longer."

There was a moan, a scuffle and the dressing-room was empty.

*

It was six o'clock in the evening, Muriel was alone in her sitting-room.

The fire burned brightly, and she was gazing into it with a tender smile upon her face.

Outside the snow was still falling thickly, and in the distance the voices of some carol singers sounded in sweet harmony.

Good King Wenceslas looked out,
On the Feast of Stephen. . . .

There was a knock at the door, and the landlady entered, a kind old soul, with whom Muriel had stayed before.

"Miss, will you do me a favour? The servant's out—I had to let her go on Christmas Eve—and I have not near done my shopping. Mr. Hammond it out, too," the stage manager occupied the sitting-room above Muriel's. "If I was to be gone for an hour, would it be troubling you too much to open the door, and take in any parcels?"

"Not at all, Mrs. Brown, I am not going out. Go and do your shopping and be away as long as you like."

*

The carol singers tramped by in the snow, and she could hear their merry voices.

Then, Muriel sat up suddenly, and the colour went from her face. There was a click of the outside gate, a muffled footstep on the path, and by sure instinct she knew whose step it was. Then came the ringing of the front door bell.

She went out and opened it.

"Can I see Mr. Hammond," said a man's deep voice, "there's some theatre business, I have——"

Pilkington recognized Muriel Winstanley.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I did not know—"

"Mr. Hammond is out, Mr. Pilkington, and I am alone in the house. But won't you come in for a minute or two out of the snow?"

He hesitated for a moment as she held the door more open, and the light from the lamp in the hall shone upon his face. She read the struggle there—the longing to accept the invitation, the stubborn will fighting against it.

"Please do," she said, "I am rather lonely to-night."

"Lonely!" he said, and there was a suppressed agony in his voice that thrilled her to the inmost fibres of her being.

Without another word he came in, and she knew that she had conquered.

She made him take off his hat and coat, and follow her into the sitting-room.

They sat on opposite sides of the fire—strangely intimate yet strangely aloof—in the cosy little room, and each knew as their beating hearts ticked off the seconds that the decisive moment in their lives had come.

For a minute or two they talked on indifferent subjects, and every instant of that time, Muriel divined the frightful struggle between love and duty that was going on within the soul of the man before her.

All at once she saw his face stiffen, and she knew that he would never speak unless she made him.

"You are lonely too," she said. Something like a strangled groan burst from him, and his hand went up to his throat with a swift, involuntary gesture. She looked at him, straight in the eyes, and he would have been more than mortal if he had resisted her.

In a moment he was at her feet, kneeling before her, pouring out his love with swift, passionate utterance, pleading with her, as no man had ever pleaded with her before.

"But I also love," she said quietly, and she saw him reel as if struck by a bullet. "I love a man who is the best man I have ever known, a man who is the soul of chivalry and honour.

His face grew deadly white. He tried to speak, and could not.

"See," she said, fumbling in her breast, and withdrawing something which hung there from a thin gold chain around her neck—"see, this is his portrait."

With a groan he looked.

What Muriel held out to him was a small, round mirror.

OUR SUBVERSIVE LAWS

BY L. A. M. LOVEKIN

THE late Honourable Edward Blake once profoundly impressed the members of the Ontario Legislature with a quotation from Junius, to many of his hearers, doubtless, an unknown name. It was taken from the "Dedication", in the course of which the famous masqued writer warns his countrymen against innovations in the machinery of state and counsels them never to permit the most minute invasion of their political constitution, however insignificant in appearance, to pass without resistance. "One precedent," he writes, "creates another. They soon accumulate and constitute law. What yesterday was fact, to-day is doctrine. Examples are supposed to justify the most dangerous measures and where they do not suit exactly, the defect is supplied by analogy." Mr. Blake repeated a warning given in Britain nearly a century before he spoke, but which, irrespective of the sincerity or honesty of the writer, he saw was applicable to Canada in 1872. It is still more so to-day, for there is a present tendency to permit the creation of dangerous legislative precedents with the most culpable indifference on the part of the public who may unknowingly be wronged and whose interests are most affected. And so more and more the process of one bad "precedent", embalming worse principles, goes on. The fathers complacently eat sour grapes careless whether or not their children's teeth be set on edge. Half a century's experience has shown us that the far-seeing Canadian patriot spoke wisely, and many a sinister page on the statute books throughout the Provinces proves the force of his warning. As Minister of Justice he was able to prevent the perpetuation of crude and badly-designed bills, and their consequent evils, in various parts of the Dominion. And it is regrettable that much of the "law" passed in Provincial Legislatures has not received the attention in the Department of Justice it should have received before becoming effective for good or evil.

There has recently been newly discovered in certain circles questions arising out of the passage of a bill in the Quebec Legislature thirty-seven years ago, which prolonged its own duration from the four years specified in the British North America Act to five. That its action cannot consistently now be challenged, on the ground of law, seems unquestionable. And in this may be seen the force of Mr. Blake's warning against public indifference permitting the creation of dangerous precedents. The "precedent" established at Quebec by Mr. Chapleau in 1881 has been followed by the creation of two others. One by the Legislature of Ontario in 1901, led by the late Sir George Ross, and a third by the present Assembly. These instances merit passing attention. In the first case it must be noticed that in extending permanently the duration of the Quebec Legislature Mr. Chapleau's bill, carefully drawn by Honourable L. O. Loranger, the Attorney-General, expressly excluded the existing Legislature from its operation. This at least avoided one most dangerous principle. But the measure did not pass, and with good reason, without challenge and it was severely criticized. The present writer well remembers the onslaught made on it by the Opposition of the day in the Legislature, headed by the late Sir Henry Joly, who moved the three months hoist on the third reading. This was rejected by a vote of 26 to 17, one of the Cabinet not voting. This debate was an able one and, apart from the constitutionality of the proceeding, it was held that if the assumption of such a power as the ministry proposed became general, Provincial Cromwells would be found necessary; and, further, that such low would tend to make the members of the Assembly too independent and the "mandatories of the people independent of their mandators". The proposal was largely treated as an infringement of the rights of the people. The debate was one of much ability and force and recalls the names of many noted public men of the period.*

The measure for certain reasons was not disallowed at Ottawa, though it was at the time said that Sir Alexander Campbell, the Minister of Justice, had verbally disapproved of the proposition, and he was one of the framers of the British North America Act. The Ministry was in the throes of an impending general election; "political exigencies" had to be considered and so a very important matter was side-tracked and such a "precedent" as Mr. Blake warned his hearers against established.

Of the Bill passed in 1901 in Ontario only having for its object the temporary extension of the Legislature nothing too severe can be said. The bad precedent established was certainly growing by what it fed on. for the Ross bill proposed to make it legal "for the Legislature to continue until prorogued by the Lieutenant-Governor and for ten days after". So, given an unscrupulous ministry and a pliant Lieutenant-Governor, the same Legislature might be sitting to-day. A Cromwell would indeed have been necessary. This Legislature legally expired about the end of March, 1902. A private communication from Honourable David Mills, at the time Minister of Justice, and possibly the influence of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Oliver Mowat, a "Father of Confederation", averted the proposed outrage and the Legislature was prorogued on the 17th of March, 1902, several days before its natural death. But there was an amusing sequel. By the extraordinary Act the Legislature was to continue for ten days after prorogation only. It therefore expired by the new "law" on the 27th of March. but the ghost of the defunct Assembly was laid by proclamation, with maimed rites on the nineteenth of April, the "remains" being wanting.

The question was raised in 1881, Did the British North America Act in clause 92 give the Provinces power to extend the duration of the Legislatures? Clause 85 clearly states that the duration of the Local Assembly of Ontario and Quebec shall be "for four years....and no longer". Now clause 92 grants to the Legislatures certain powers, one of which is "the amendment, notwithstanding anything in this Act, the constitution of the Province, except as regards the Lieutenant-Governor". Here is the ground of doubt and though raised it was not dealt with at Ottawa, probably for reasons already referred to. But at Quebec it was discussed and the opinion expressed that the duration of a Legislature could hardly be regarded as a part of the "constitution" in the ordinary acceptation of the term.

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* Of the Assembly then representing the Province scarcely any remain to-day. Of the Ministry Honourable E. J. Flynn (Crown Lands) is to-day a Judge of the Superior Court; Honourable W. W. Lynch (Solicitor-General) after some years' service on the bench was lately superannuated, and Honourable Charles Langelier, of the Opposition, is now a judge. Among the rank and file may be named J. Israel Tarte, W. Evan Price, Louis Beaubien, L. Ruggles Church, George Irvine, Charles and Francois Langelier, Michael Mathieu, A. Turcotte, Aimé Geoffrion, all of whom have played a leading part on the bench, in the Senate and House of Commons and in other public offices. Sir L. D. Taillon, later Provincial Premier, is now practising law in Montreal.

I was at that period engaged in Parliamentary work for the press and was instructed to gather as far as possible the individual opinions of some of the public men who were at London, and the Quebec Conference, at the birth of the great charter of Canadian Federation, as to the intention of the framers of the Act on this point. I have before me some memoranda taken down in answer to my questions. Honourable Senator Dickey, of Nova Scotia, said emphatically that no such point was categorically discussed. He added that at the time there was a very marked difference of opinion in certain quarters on the subject of the Legislative Councils, their continuance or abolition. The clause as to "constitutional changes" primarily related to that very important issue and he laid great stress on this point. The documents on Confederation issued by Sir Joseph Pope contain a point in the discussion which seems to add weight to this view.

Honourable William Macdougall dealt with the subject as one of a rather "paltry" kind which the "fathers" would hardly have wasted time over and said that if they had it would not have been for the purpose of enlarging Provincial powers. They would not have given powers to a Provincial Assembly which Parliament itself would not possess when the Act passed. Like Senator Dickey he held that the Legislative Council matter was the underlying motive of the sub-section 1 in clause 92 of the Constitutional Act. He added that he regarded the passage of such a law as the Quebec Bill as a contradiction of the preamble of the British North America Act, for that united the Province federally "with a constitution similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom", and he further said that spasmodic extension of the British Parliament at the will of the House of Commons was anything but an accepted "principle", and this would, in degree, apply to the Provinces. Such a virtual re-election of the House of Commons, by itself, would probably cause a revolution and he made some reference to the time-worn incident of Oliver Cromwell and the Long Parliament. Mr. Pope, Prince Edward Island, P. Mitchell, New Brunswick, Dr. Tupper and Mr. Langevin, Quebec, all expressed somewhat similar opinions on general lines, though it was clear that the question had never been positively given attention to in London as it later loomed up.

But whatever may have been the intention of the framers of the British North America Act the bad precedent set in 1881 has now apparently narrowed down to bad practice. The elementary principle that a statute is the will of the Legislature, and the fundamental rule of interpretation to which others are subordinate and that a statute is to be expounded "according to the interest of those who made it" is very oracular. When, however, the intention cannot be clearly stated there must necessarily follow the hair-splitting of legal interpreters and the evolution of what are supposed to be solid conclusions from a phantasmal premise.

Amusing, though rather serious, consequences arose not many years ago in Ontario as to the "intentions" of the framers of an act passed only a year or so before its operations gored, in the opinion of the gored, the wrong ox. An amendment to the election law was enacted and to the horror of the administration and its party among its first victims were Government supporters and their friends. The next session saw a new bill before the Assembly setting forth that "in view of the circumstances of the election trials since the last election it is just and expedient that relief shall be given to some extent to the candidates". They were relieved, accordingly, over and above the judgment of the courts and disqualification removed. It may be noted that Mr. C. F. Fraser voted against his friends on the retroactive clause. Sir Oliver Mowat waxed in debate very warm over the fact that the court's interpretation was "not the intention of the Act".

"From precedent to precedent." So it was but a natural sequence that Mr. Mercier should shortly after rush a bill through the Legislature of Quebec lifting the judicial disqualification of one of the Provincial Ministers or that, at a more recent period, the present Government should better its instruction and at one fell swoop wipe out all the judgments of the courts given in certain election trials. What next? Surely if such eccentricities of legislation are continued it will become imperative for the Ministry of Justice to scan more carefully in the future than in the past the bills it has submitted to it from the Provinces. But the remedy for fast accumulating legal abuses and their prevention in the future can be better provided by the exercise of ordinary common sense.

Some time ago the present Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, Honourable Benjamin Russell, made a very earnest plea for unification and revision of laws now chaotic. The need is greater now and as there is a convention of some kind about to meet for the consideration of the matter of unification it would be well if its programme were extended and a general revision of the results of the existing "lawless science of the law, the codeless myriad of precedent, that wildreness of single instances", made with the end in view of checking the growth of what bids fair to become a national danger. At present the aspect of our law and its tendencies is not an enticing one. Very recently an American critic, an unfriendly one, certainly, referring to laws in Canada, quoted, as the utterance of a Yale lecturer, the assurance that "the courts are not secure in their jurisdiction; the interpretation put upon statutes by the courts may be reversed by the legislatures; any man may be deprived of his property without due course of law. Property must be insecure, enterprise at a discount, the courts an object of contempt, the government an object of awe not unmixed with terror." The picture may be overcoloured, but as all these things specified have been done "by legal enactment" the criticism merits some study as a warning for the present and the future. With a Parliament and nine Legislatures turning out annually an endless torrent of laws, amendments and repeals, when the wrongs have been done by the repealed law, the Dominion bids fair to become "hag-ridden" with statutory enactments and too often under the protection of "precedent". Swinburne asks if "Precedent is not a King of men". Sometimes, it may with advantage be remembered, Kings cause their subjects to resort to extreme measures in order to obtain redress. On the strength of the theory most of the confuted and unjust domestic laws in Britain have been based and in that land reforms have only been brought about by defiance of oppressive laws and then negation by repudiation of the underlying principles on which they were founded. This is covert rebellion, an evil to be avoided. The gathering of an assembly for unification of the provincial laws could with national advantage at least initiate a scheme of reform 'which would not only unify, systematize and subordinate the present chaotic mass of too often incoherent statutes to common sense, but provide that future enactments be in the form of "reason written down".

A ROCKY COAST

From the Painting by
F. M. Bell Smith, R.C.A.,
Exhibited by
the Royal Canadian Academy

THE GREATER GOOD

BY BANNISTER MERWIN

ALL the way from town to Essex Lawns, Dr. Philip Latham pondered the best way of asking Marjorie Stone to marry him. A crowded week had forced his personal problems into the background. In addition to the many demands upon him as a young but brilliantly successful diagnostician, there had been an important lecture to prepare. The mere pressure of work had kept his thoughts from Marjorie; but now he was soon to see her.

How would she receive the avowal that her friend of years was more than friend? They had been boy and girl together, and it is not always easy to turn friendship into love. The very nature of her candid liking for him was, in its way, discouraging. It no longer pleased him, as it once had, to hear her refer to him as "dear old Phil".

When the car that brought him from the station at last swung into the drive, and came to a stop before the entrance to the house, he ran up the steps straight to the welcome of Fanny Caldwell, who clung to the old, informal way of meeting her guests. Her young face, beneath its crown of hair prematurely white, showed genuine pleasure.

"Why do you always run up the steps in that professional manner, Phil?" she said, laughing.

"Eagerness," he replied. "Who's here, Fanny?"

"Marjorie and her father." Mrs. Caldwell looked at him shrewdly. She had guessed his secret long before he knew it himself. "And two or three others who don't count," she added.

"Yes, you wrote that Marjorie was coming," remarked Latham. He glanced across the lawn. In the distance a girl in white was strolling slowly, a man at her side. "Who is that with her?" he asked.

"Cyril Kent," said Fanny.

"Kent? I don't think I know him."

"A man you will like," she replied; "an agreeable, experienced man, who has spent most of his life in travel. Marjorie and I met him in Cairo last winter."

With some inner pain Latham realized that Marjorie, who had made the trip to the Orient under Mrs. Caldwell's chaperonage, had never spoken to him of this Kent. But why should she? The question partly reassured him.

"Don't worry, Phil," said Fanny Caldwell. "Cyril Kent is not Marjorie's first globe-trotter. Marjorie is sensible."

Nevertheless, as he went to his room to rid himself of travel-dust and dress for dinner, Latham could not free himself from a disquiet which, because of its very pettiness, made him disgusted with himself. Surely he was not to be jealous of every stranger!

II

When Latham entered the library, a few minutes before the dinner-hour, the two men who were standing before the fireplace abruptly stopped their conversation. The older of the two, William Stone, nodded.

"Hello, Phil!" he exclaimed. "You haven't met Mr. Kent, have you?"

Latham advanced, took Kent's lean hand, and looked into his strongly marked face. It was the face of a man who might have known hard military service in tropical countries.

"How d'you do, Mr. Latham?" he said in an agreeable voice. "I've heard of you, of course—from Miss Stone and Mrs. Caldwell. But there was also a chap at Manila, a surgeon in the Eighty-ninth, who told me about your discoveries among the phagocytes."

"You are an army man?" asked Latham.

"Oh, no! but I was there for a time looking on—Mindanao, chiefly.

Latham felt that he was being met more than half-way, and he rebelled at his own unreadiness. He realized that Kent had the charm of one who has wrung much from experience—though, perhaps, at the cost of inner fineness. He could not avoid making this reservation.

"Kent is done with out-of-the-way corners," remarked Mr. Stone. "He is going to settle down at home."

"Yes," said Kent. He flashed a speculative look at Latham; it was almost instantaneous, but Latham caught it. "As I was telling you," he went on to Stone, "I've bought into Crane & Co."

The drift of Kent's words was apparent, and Latham's heart suddenly became heavy. How far matters had gone between Marjorie and this stranger, he could not determine: but Kent's easy confidence and Mr. Stone's obvious satisfaction aroused the dread that they were perilously close to some understanding.

However, at that moment Marjorie came into the room.

"Phil!" she cried, taking both his hands and smiling radiantly. "How good to see you! Why didn't you come down yesterday? Fanny thought you might."

She included Kent and her father in a swift, happy side-glance.

"I don't like to plead work," said Latham rather lamely; "but there was a lecture to be finished."

"Something with a long Latin name?"

"Why, no, Marjorie. It deals simply with professional ethics—the so-called medical secret, to be exact."

"How mysterious!" she laughed.

It was Latham's habit to be reticent about his work; but he explained:

"Nothing mysterious. The medical secret is the obligation upon the physician to respect the confidence of his patient. It is as sacred as the confessional, you know."

Marjorie did not know. Before she could carry the talk further, however, Fanny Caldwell entered with the two remaining guests, Mrs. Torrence and her daughter; and a moment later dinner was announced.

Latham had never seen Marjorie so full of spirits as she was that evening. All through dinner she led the talk, while Kent, from his place across the table, watched her with open admiration and persistently resisted her attempts to lead him out.

To Latham it seemed as if the man's self-effacement was based upon a recognition of what would make him the more acceptable to her. She was, in a sense, flattered. For she liked to count for something. She could be a bit wilful, too, at times. Yes, Latham knew her weaknesses as well as her virtues, and he loved them scarcely less. But it troubled him the more that Cyril Kent should appear so thoroughly to understand her.

When they arose to go to the veranda for the coffee, Latham saw a glance of understanding pass between Marjorie and Kent; and then Marjorie quietly pressed her father's hand. This partly prepared him for the inevitable. By the time Marjorie called him from the unending chatter of Miss Torrence and led him to a shadowed corner, he had schooled himself for what was coming.

"Phil, dear," she whispered, "I have been waiting for a chance to tell you. I know you will be so happy for me. I am going to marry Cyril Kent."

He choked down his pain.

"I sha'n't say I hadn't guessed," he answered. "And your happiness—"

"I knew you would be pleased," she interrupted. "He—he is splendid, Phil; and you and he will be such friends. We settled it this afternoon, but I couldn't say anything till he had talked with father."

That, then, was the talk that Latham had broken into in the library.

"I must speak to Fanny," she went on. "The Torrences aren't to know till we make the formal announcement."

She beckoned to Kent, who strolled over to them with just the right reserve in his gait—a lagging that suggested faint diffidence.

"Phil knows," said Marjorie.

Latham could merely put out his hand. He hoped that his failure to speak would be attributed to the emotions of friendship; and, indeed, Cyril Kent came to the rescue by speaking first—modestly, with the manner of one who has received more than he deserves.

It was only a moment before Marjorie led Kent away, and Latham had an opportunity to get himself in hand. But Mr. Stone approached.

"What do you think of it, Phil?" he asked. There was a faint hint of caution and doubt in his voice.

"An interesting and capable man," replied Latham.

"Exactly," said Mr. Stone reflectively. "I feel sure that he will know how to manage Marjorie."

"Manage her?" exclaimed Latham.

"I have said all along," continued Mr. Stone, unheeding, "that I should never consent to an international match. There was that Frenchman—De What's-his-name. But Kent is of a good Southern family, and he has property—enough."

"But her *happiness*—Marjorie's *happiness?*" blurted Latham.

His self-control had weakened. His face showed his feelings.

Mr. Stone stared. Then he spoke with evidence of sympathy.

"Why, Phil," he said in a low voice, "I never dreamed of this; nor did Marjorie, I'm sure!" He laid his hand on Latham's arm, and added gently: "My boy, it's too late; though, of course, it would have been quite suitable. But it's too late. Try to forget."

"Oh, I'll try!" exclaimed Latham, contemptuous of the elder man's superficial kindliness. He knew that William Stone was devoid of deep feeling, even for his daughter.

III

In his own room, at last, Latham went over to the window and stared out into the velvet night.

There had been a brief but veiled talk with Fanny Caldwell, and then an unavoidable rubber of bridge, organized triumphantly by Miss Torrence; but now he had the loneliness he had desired—the freedom to relax, to drop the mask of pretended interest.

Without Marjorie, life seemed empty. Yet the ironic mentor he called his reason reminded him that men as good as he had suffered in the same way and had recovered. Their lives had not been ruined. They had even loved again, after a time, and had married; had been happy. Meanwhile his work remained to him; and he would give himself to it more fully. Work—love; together, they constituted life. His work itself was based upon a love of truth as deep, as compelling almost, as the softer passions.

In the midst of these moments of emotional readjustment it suddenly occurred to him that he was considering only himself. What of Marjorie? Would Kent make her happy? Had the man appealed to her heart, or merely to her imagination?

"I have the right to ask?" he muttered.

The time dragged on, and Latham still wrestled for inner peace. He had no morbid liking for his misery, but he knew it was useless to try to sleep till he got himself better in hand. And he could not decide that the situation was right. He could not believe that Marjorie truly loved Kent. She was fascinated by his charm and by the mystery of his experience.

He heard the big hall clock chime one. Then, suddenly, there came a knock at his door. The sound was so unexpected, and he had been so completely lost in his thoughts, that, though he turned involuntarily, he did not speak. The door was slowly opened from without, and a man entered.

It was Kent. He had on a long gray dressing-gown. He walked as if he were very tired.

"Your light was burning, doctor," he said with an effort. "I had to see you—professionally."

"Are you ill?" asked Latham. "Sit down."

"Thanks," replied Kent dully. He staggered to the couch at the foot of the bed. "I'm pretty weak."

He let himself sink down on the couch before Latham got to him. He was breathing rapidly.

"I must have fainted," he gasped. "I went to the bath-room, and was turning on the light. Then I found myself lying on the floor. I felt as if I had been pounded."

"Too much smoking, perhaps?" suggested Latham.

"I haven't smoked since morning." Kent smiled wanly. "To tell the truth, doctor, I've had a strange, dizzy feeling all day. Some of the time it has seemed as if a draft of cold air were blowing on me."

"What?" exclaimed Latham.

The abruptness of the word caused fear to leap into Kent's eyes. He partly raised himself on his elbow, and his lips parted.

But Latham had turned away. His brows were knit, and it was several moments before he again faced Kent and said quietly:

"I will look you over."

He made a careful, methodical examination—pulse, heart, respiration, knee-jerk, and so on. Kent was sound and hard—hard as nails. With the few minutes of rest, his breathing had returned to normal. So Latham, who never hurried to conclusions, was forced at last to the hypothesis which he hoped would prove unnecessary. And with an effort of will, he thrust from his mind all thoughts and emotions except professional interest. He was in the grip of his work.

"Have you ever—fainted before?" he asked.

"Once; a year or more ago."

"What were the circumstances?"

"I was crossing the Arabian desert with a caravan. One day I fell, just as we were making midday camp."

"How long were you unconscious?"

"I don't know. My Arabs wouldn't talk of it. I fancy they thought I was in some holy trance—like a dervish. Myself, I thought it was the heat."

"And did you have any preliminary dizziness?"

"Yes."

"And a sensation of a draft of cold air?"

Kent nodded. His eyes were fixed on Latham's face as if to catch the reflected significance of his own words.

"And to-night," said Latham. "Do you know how long you lay on the floor?"

"It must have been some time. I can't say how long."

"And when you came to yourself, did the furniture seem to have been disturbed?"

"What do you mean? Yes, I must have knocked the chair over in falling."

"Where were you standing when you lost consciousness?"

"By the light—close to the door."

"And in what part of the bath-room were you when you came to?"

Kent stared apprehensively.

"At the farther side," he said. "I seem to have staggered several steps before I went down."

"Are you conscious of having staggered?" Latham persisted.

"No. But what is it, anyway?"

"A few more questions first," said Latham impersonally. "Now, please be very careful how you answer. Have you, from time to time during your life, had moments of mental blankness — as if you could not account for a second or so—perhaps when you were talking with some one?"

"Why, yes"—Kent spoke hesitantly —"during the last few years."

"And has any one ever remarked your turning suddenly pale?"

"Yes. But it didn't seem to amount to anything. Is it—is it my heart?"

Latham shook his head.

"You have felt a little dizzy afterward?"

"Why, yes."

"And perhaps your neck muscles have been somewhat stiff?"

"They have ached sometimes. Now, don't keep it back, Dr. Latham. What is it?"

Kent raised himself higher on the couch. His bearing had become steadier, but there was still the tortured fear in his eyes. And Latham, who knew that the hardest truth was often more merciful than uncertainty, answered him.

"It is bad," he said, "but many great and useful men have had it. Cæsar suffered from it; so did Napoleon; so did Peter the Great."

Kent's face was set in staring horror.

"School yourself," continued Latham. "Yes, it is epilepsy."

Kent relaxed as if a stunning blow had been struck him. His lower lip dropped. But, with a rebound to sudden fury, he jumped to his feet.

"You lie!" he exclaimed. "You are trying to frighten me! You—"

His face died away as he saw the truth in Latham's face. He sank limply to the couch and covered his face with his hands.

"It might be worse," said Latham gently. "Consider the situation as calmly as you can; and listen to me. You are in splendid physical shape. You have taken good care of your body, and you may withstand many nervous inroads. The attacks may never be frequent. Look constantly to your general health. Avoid undue excitement. Do not marry."

"Ha!"

Kent sprang from the couch. At the action, Latham realized the force of what he had said.

"Do not marry!"

He was no longer the single-minded scientist, but the man. His position was equivocal beyond explanation. He flushed.

"I am sorry," he said quietly. "For the moment I had forgotten the special bearing of my words. Nevertheless—you must not marry."

Kent looked at him contemptuously; then swung on his heel and went slowly to the window. After the lapse of many seconds he turned again to Latham, and his eyes were steady.

"Why?" he asked coldly.

"There is this shadow upon your life."

"Well? I shall keep it hidden from her."

"And—and the question of children?"

"There needn't be children," said Kent calmly. "No, Dr. Latham, I'm not going to give up happiness, because once in a year or two there is danger of being unconscious for a few minutes."

"But, man, think of *her!*" exclaimed Latham with growing disgust. "She is sure to find it out. And—"

"That is something you needn't concern yourself with," said Kent. "I'm quite capable of looking out for her."

"But you don't realize—"

"That you're in love with her yourself?" Kent laughed a short laugh. "No; that's been plain enough ever since you came. It's even plainer now."

Latham made an abrupt gesture. He smothered his resentment.

"You distrust me," he said gravely. "I have spoken to you as a physician, and not as a man. Now I ask you to go to New York and see Bidwell, and follow his advice. If he tells you not to marry, you certainly will not accuse him of interested motives."

Kent was silent.

"Will you do it?" Latham persisted.

"No, by Heaven, I won't!" Kent exploded. "You think you've got me in a trap. But if all the quacks in the world told me to give Marjorie up, I would not. Do you understand? She's mine; she'll stay mine."

"No!" exclaimed Latham sharply.

"I'm not afraid of you," sneered Kent. "I have come to you professionally. I am protected by the medical secret. It is as sacred to you as the confessional is to the priest. Your mouth will stay shut. Suppose I went to Bidwell, and he also told me not to marry, do you think he would interfere if I didn't follow his advice? Certainly not."

"But, Kent—" Latham cried.

"We'll stop right here," said Kent. "I came to you for professional advice. You've given it."

He jerked his head in a curt bow, and left the room.

IV

By all the vows that bound him to his professional ideals, Latham was pledged to silence. However, in the moments that followed Kent's departure, he let himself look at the case humanly, emotionally; and his soul cried out in utter revolt.

Should he work out a scheme by which Mr. Stone would of himself discover what was wrong with Kent? Should he bring about a disclosure that would appear to be accidental?

Impatiently he dismissed the thought. He would not evade the issue.

"As sacred as the confessional!"

His own words. He remembered how strongly he had insisted that in every case the physician must keep the patient's confidence. Without that assurance, how would it be possible to establish the *rapport* essential in diagnosis?

"As sacred as the confessional!"

The physician of men's bodies must be as single-purposed as the physician of men's souls.

But Marjorie—bound to a man who had no right to marry! How could he permit it?

"The good of the greater number," he muttered.

Was it sound reason? If the patient were afraid or ashamed to tell the truth, should not the physician's failure to treat the case successfully be charged against the patient? To insure full knowledge, should the physician condone a moral wrong and say, "This is beyond my province"?

He could not answer. All the traditions to which he had been tutored struggled against his human impulse, and accused him of warping his views to fit his emotions. And so, racked by his problem, he paced the room until the red dawn streaked the sky.

"The good of the greater number."

But was the good of the greater number always the greater good? Marjorie!

It came to him in a flash at last. Whatever the result to Latham, whatever the ethics to which he had been bound, Marjorie should not suffer. Even if he had to give up his profession, Marjorie should not suffer.

His portfolio lay on the table. Within it were the typewritten sheets of his lecture on the medical secret. He took the manuscript and tore it in two.

V

"This is most distressing, Phil," said Mr. Stone. "Are you sure there can be no mistake?"

"I am sure," replied Latham.

"And he had an attack last night? How terrible! Poor Marjorie!"

Latham was silent. Mr. Stone considered before speaking again.

"You say he came to you professionally?" he suggested.

"Yes." Latham spoke shortly.

"We-ell, it put you in an awkward place, Phil. But it was important for me to know. The match seemed suitable, but—Marjorie will get over it." His face brightened. "Who knows, Phil? Perhaps, after a time, she and you—"

"Stop!" said Latham painfully. "I go back to town at once. There is a train in half an hour. I am more than half minded to give up practice and go abroad for a year or two."

Mr. Stone smiled.

"Foolish!" he said. "This is awkward, Phil, but it is not so tragic as you think. From my standpoint, you have acted sensibly—yes, sensibly. In time Marjorie will feel the same way."

"Don't!" Latham pleaded. "Good-by, Mr. Stone."

"And Marjorie?"

But Latham was gone. Mr. Stone smiled a quiet, worldly smile.

Latham had already made his excuses to Fanny Caldwell, and the motor would soon be at the door; but a duty remained. Kent had not yet come down-stairs; and Latham went up to his room and knocked.

At the dull invitation to enter, he opened the door. Kent, still in his gray dressing-gown, was sitting before the empty fireplace. His brow was furrowed; his eyes were sombre.

"Well?" he queried, not rising.

"I have told Mr. Stone," said Latham.

Kent slowly nodded.

"I thought you would," he said. "In the hours I have been sitting here, I have come to see that you would. It is a violation you were bound to make." He stared into the fireplace. "I've been growing older, these hours," he added.

Latham stepped toward him impulsively. Kent raised his head and nodded toward the window.

"I've been trying not to look out there," he said.

Latham looked. In the garden, Marjorie, all in white, was helping the gardener to cull the morning flowers.

"I suppose she'll be yours some time, Latham."

"Not after what has happened," Latham replied.

"What has happened will become as a dream—to you and to her," said Kent. "There will be the greater reality to make you forget it."

"I am going away," said Latham chokingly.

Kent smiled.

"And every road will lead you back to her. Good-by, Latham. The fight has gone out of me."

"I am sorry," said Latham, "sorry that—"

"Don't!"

Latham respected the plea. His heart was wrenched by unforeseen sympathy. As he was about to go, Marjorie's laugh floated in to them through the window. The two men exchanged a last look.

Then Latham went down to the waiting motor.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE CLASH

By William Henry Moore. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THROUGHOUT every general election in Canada, and even whenever a great issue confronts the Canadian people, the racial differences between French Canadians and Canadians of other nationalities become at once the cause of much dissension and sometimes of open hostility. We were witness of this recently when the first attempts were made to enforce the Military Service Act, particularly in the City of Quebec. Notwithstanding this constant unpleasantness and the hundreds of pamphlets and articles on the subject, not until the appearance of this book by Mr. Moore have we had a sympathetic study of the French-Canadian race and a thorough consideration of the whole subject. The book professes to be a study of contrasting nationalities, but particularly of the people of Quebec and the people of Ontario; and it is, in fact, a defence of the French Canadians as a race. Heretofore most of the articles and pamphlets treating of this subject have made sentimental appeals, cited disputed incidents of history and misused inflaming generalities. But there is in this book no appeal to prejudice, no unpleasant insinuations. The statements made are supported by evidence, and the book as a whole is logical and convincing, convincing in its claim that nationality stands for "those thoughts and habits of life which are dearer than others because they are 'our own.' Because the yare the dearest possessions of mankind, Great Britain has respected national things; in Canada, in South Africa, in India the people who became British were left free as Canadians, Boers, and Hindus, to continue their group development in the land around which their traditions had grown; were left free to cherish the achievements of the past and free to work along their own lines for the greater achievements of the future. That is what is meant by national freedom. Do we believe in it? Of course we believe in our own freedom, and so does every other people; but such belief is not enough. Do we believe in national freedom as a principle? Time and time again we have said so; how can we reconcile our words with our action in curtailing the freedom of a nationality that, by force of war, has become subject to our domination in its native land?"

The book begins with an explanation of what nationality really means and how it is revealed in the French Canadians, for whom the claim is made, by the way, that they are first cousins of most of their English-speaking neighbours in Ontario. The author quotes Lord Thurlow to show that at the time of the conquest of Canada the attitude of the British statesmen was that humanity, justice, and wisdom compelled them to give the French Canadians possession of all the "customs and institutions" that do not relate to French sovereignty; and he cites the writings of Tilby as the historian's proof of what actually was done. Then he gives the German attitude as explained by Prince von Bülow: "We certainly do not wish to deprive the Pole of his mother-tongue, but we must try to bring it to pass that, by means of the German language, he comes to understand the German spirit. In our policy of settlement we fight for German nationality in the East; in our policy with regard to the schools we are really fighting for Polish nationality, which we wish to incorporate in German intellectual life. Here, again, we cannot proceed without severity, and this will increase or be mitigated as the Poles increase or diminish their opposition." Mr. Moore asks, "Have the English Canadians of Ontario and Manitoba accepted the British view that there is a morality above the written law, above the state, above their necessities or their desires, which protects the minor nationality in a land which was once theirs—or have they accepted the German view that, as a dominant majority possessing the State machinery, they may do as they please?" He goes on to observe that the "effect of Regulation 17 of Ontario's Department of Education is denationalization; the object of Regulation 17, as expressed by its creators, is 'to rescue this Province from bi-lingualism' and dual nationality; and yet *The Globe* argues in words that might have been borrowed from von Bülow that the lingual rights of the minor nationality are preserved."

The accomplishments of the French Canadians are reviewed, and by statistics it is shown that the average school attendance in Quebec is greater than in Ontario, that Montreal led the way in technical education, and that Quebec in agricultural production has held her own well compared with Ontario. A mild claim is made that in the arts the French Canadians have advanced ahead of the other nationalities in Canada, and the author cites the painter Suzor Coté, the sculptor Philippe Hébért and the songstress Madame Albani. With this claim we cannot agree, for it is a singular fact that the work of the French Canadians in the arts has not been nearly as good generally, notwithstanding the instances given, as one might think it would be in a race descended from a people who almost live artistically. It has been claimed in these columns that Coté is the outstanding French Canadian painter, but there are a dozen or more English Canadians who have greater claims to distinction than he has. He is a member of the Royal Canadian Academy and of the Canadian Art Club, but there are English Canadians who are members of both these organizations and also of distinguishing art societies abroad. Everyone acclaims the work of Philippe Hébért, but when the Canadian Art Club was organized he was not asked to join, although his fellow Canadian sculptors Phimister Proctor and Walter S. Allward were taken in, the former immediately and the latter a little later on. The French Canadians have done better in music than in any other art, but in the arts generally, and even in music, they have come short of the accomplishments of other nationalities in Canada. But that is a detail. The book stands, nevertheless, as a splendid study and defence of the French-Canadian people.

*

THE SHINING SHIP

By Isabel Ecclestone MacKay. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild, & Stewart.

THE popular author of the delightful novel of Ontario country life, "Up the Hill and Over," has been a frequent contributor of verse to St. Nicholas, Youth's Companion and other publications of particular interest to juveniles, and this volume is a collection of this class of work, some of it here published for the first time. It is all first-class and much of it is worthy of the consideration of adults. It contains much beautiful fancy, a wealth of imagery, and is indeed just the book for any youngster's library. It should indeed have a place in every public and Sunday school library in Canada. We quote one of the poems:

BIG SISTER'S VALENTINE.

The house seems wrongside out to-day,
Big sister acts the queerest way!
At breakfast father said, "My dear,
This tea is somewhat weak, I fear."
And sister said, "I quite forgot
To put the tea into the pot!"
Then when she heard the baby fret
She said, "Whatever's wrong, my pet?"
It took some time for her to think
She'd put no sugar in his drink.
She made Bob's lunch for him, but why
Did she forget to put in pie?
Why did she put Ned's coat on me
And laugh and say she "didn't see"?
Yet all the time she looked so kind
And smiled so nice we didn't mind.
I said quite low to father—"Say,
What makes big sister queer to-day?"
He whispered back, "Small son of mine,
Big sister's got a Valentine."

*

THE CHRISTIAN MAN, THE CHURCH, AND THE WAR

By Robert E. Speer. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

WHEN one facet of the multiform complex known as the Church can in Canada flash light about into the dark places of the nation's life as did the recent Methodist Général Conference in Hamilton, through its splendid quasi socialistic and semi-radical resolutions, there is hope that that same complex known as the Church may really serve Canada as a national asset. Not that the Church should go over to Socialism—if there is any meaning in talking that way at all; for there are as many parties in Socialism as there are sects and denominations in the Church, and to which one would she go? Socialism, taken even in all its compresensiveness, lacks the potentiality that is hidden in truth the Church has not lost. But the trouble with the Church is that so much of its energy is just merely potential. The Church gives the impression of a banker with a vast gold reserve who refuses to use it in the very crisis it was designed to meet. One feels about the banker that he has power; he moves in the atmosphere of power. But why, why doesn't he save the situation? If the Church would but set her gold in circulation! Instead, she issues paper unendingly. And so many people—quiet, serious simple people here and there no one would dream of having done it—have banked with her. They have put the shining gold of their believing into her keeping, and trusted her. And, and—she is going to let the world go to pot.

Unwittingly and pathetically and in the midst of doing splendid things, the Church has shown herself up in these four years of war. The very energy and high zeal with which she turned her pulpits into recruiting platforms and her services into war propaganda meetings for the nation, has betrayed her. She has been too frantic. Her great desire to please has revealed her fear lest she should not please. She has not trusted the people with her whole truth. It is significant that the greatest, most dignified, most resolute statements of war aims have come from statesmen and labour parties. The statements with pettiness and scandal-mongering in them, the statements born of fear and hate, have all too often come from the pulpits. A certain minister, defending the type of war sermon that has been current, said, "Well, but we must put it that way; there must be no public self-criticism to-day. The nation won't stand for it." It is true that certain pulpits have given splendid refutation to this man's contention. But it is also true that the Church has been too desperate in her effort to please, to justify herself, too much afraid to take chances with her truth. A Church with fear in her heart is dead.

A serious, quiet layman said the other day, "You know, I believe we would respect the Church more if she made us more angry''. It is a real truth. A subtle yet pervasive disrespect for the Church is developing among real men, among men whom possibly the Church would repudiate from her communions because she had never tagged them with her communion card, but among men who nevertheless believe in Christianity, though of themselves, perhaps out of a kind of modesty, they might never really work at it. The Church has failed for these men because in their heart of hearts they cannot really respect an institution, even while they tolerate and support it, that compromises with humanity's frailties (even their own) in its desire to please those frailties.

The Church has lacked in the matter of such simple work-a-day virtues as consistency and bravery about little things. She has not been at special pains to apply the cleansing flame of New Testament truth to the dark rubbish of our war minds. She has had the appearance of rather avoiding to read the fifth chapter of Matthew, say, too much in public. An emphasis upon what might be called the private use of the New Testament, notably such passages as those referring to the mote and beam and the woman taken in adultery, has not been particularly noticeable in an endeavour to subdue the excesses of war psychology. A widely circulated Church journal has had little but sneering disrespect to offer men like the conscientious objector who gave himself up, saying to the authorities quietly, ''You may do as you see fit with me, but I cannot fight''. The man may have been a fool, and to some have seemed an insane ingrate, but he had a conscience and was unafraid to follow it. There is at least due to such a man the respect that is so properly and lavishly given to the soldier who enlists. Is it that the Church is afraid to give it lest she displease the public and the military authorities? If so, her attempt to please is unavailing, because the public in its heart of hearts and the military authorities in their practical administration often offer the very respect she withholds.

Now this question of the impotent Church is Robert Speer's question in his little book. There is a certain amount of the tendency to a slight mental shortsightedness that characterizes Speer in the book. He is like many a religious person talking about war and the world and Christianity. He hasn't enough of the stark radical realism that was part of the equipment of Jesus when He dealt with questions. He talks a little too much about religion and not enough about politics. If Robert Speer and all the preachers who have been so voluble on what they have called ''the world situation'' had studied the political history of the last fifty years in Europe they would be none the less certain of Germany's particular guilt in the particular instance of this war, but they would also have a somewhat more burdensome certainty than they now apparently possess concerning ''the guilt of the whole world'', to use their own theological language. The entrance into a heavenly hereafter may indeed be guaranteed to one who learns certain of the occult phrases and cloudy symbols of theological abstraction. But the way to a heaven here is open only to him who masters the dialects and realities of world politics. How can any sane man talk about the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ on earth who doesn't know how Austria-Hungary is going to be broken up, or who doesn't understand the significance of the memorandum on inter-Allied war aims, or who hasn't read the British Labour party's Sub-Committee report on Reconstruction?

An alternative is offered to the assumption of responsibility for all this world knowledge, social, political, commercial. It is a kind of personal evangelism that ignores all external means and agencies. But except in the case of stray sects, the Church is not committed to this personal evangelism theory; on the other hand, she talks a great deal about business and society and politics. Upon her then be the responsibility of knowing what she talks about. At least she must be consistent with the implications of either theory of world regeneration. The world awaits her message.

*

THE YANKS ARE COMING

By William Slavens McNutt. Boston: The Page Company.

PEOPLE seem to have a bias towards viewing their co-humans of other nations in terms of some one characteristic. Thus, the Englishman is a snob, the German a pedant, the Irishman a wit, the American a blow, etc. This is pre-war mental stock in trade and probably mainly superficial, but some of it at least holds valid to-day. And there are possibly those who would say that this book of Mr. McNutt's is just another breath, this time very hot and very recent, of the Great American breeze. The book is a correspondent's account of the work and spirit of the various American training camps in the East, West, Middle West, and South of the United States. The enthusiasm of the book is outrageously contagious. One finds oneself—though one may never have met him before on any printed page, slapping McNutt on the back and saying, "Say, McNutt, *isn't* it a fine army!" And when McNutt answers, "Best ever!" you exclaim and say, "It sure is!" And all the while some veteran of the Canadian First Contingent sits by and listens and smiles. America has entered into this thing, he will say if you ask his comment, she is probably building up a magnificent army, her men will behave splendidly, in many departments of war activity they will likely excell, but, but—why do the Americans talk about it *quite so* much? . . . The spirit that prompts this question is not that of international discourtesy. It is rather the real thing that knits nations, the spirit of critical kindliness. Nobody—unless he be indeed a snob and a little person—nobody is really nasty about the American's love of a good blow. Indeed, there is something we like about it very much. It is, at its best, so abounding, so full of life, so the quintessence of naïve self-confidence leapingly expressing itself, that we often love to watch it. It is only with a sort of grave friendliness that sometimes we are moved to say, "Go a little easy, Brother Jonathan, go a little easy"; somewhat as we fear a bit for the neck of the colt loose in his first spring field. It is appreciation and love that prompts solicitude.

But whether Mr. McNutt is a little over enthusiastic or not, one cannot read his pages without realizing that America is developing a marvellous army of men, simple, sincere, high-minded, eager, boy-hearted men.

What are they going to do?

Mr. McNutt's book, coming for review just at this time, asks a very dramatic question. In Mr. McNutt's pages every one of the millions of men he talks about is out "to lick the Kaiser".

But if the Kaiser is licked!

What are they going to do?

It is a question for the militarist, for the pacifist, for the politician, the statesman, the political economist, the educationist. For every real citizen it is a tremendous question.

Shall we talk of William James's "moral equivalent" of war, that challenge which lies in our slums, in our mansions, in all the thousand and one dirty odd corners of modern political, business, social, religious life? Can all this energy of trained bodies and cleaned minds be turned into the American nation instead of out of it, for a great and holy if somewhat drab crusade? Can it all be redirected and bent upon the high business of national regeneration?

The book, not in so many words, asks the question.

THE COW PUNCHER

By Robert J. C. Stead. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THIS story of love and devotion in Western Canada is by one who knows the West well but who, like many others who write of the West, has not revealed the real spirit of the West in this novel. But whether he has or not, or whether or not it was his purpose to do that, he has stuck to facts and not gone romancing and swashbuckling like most writers go whenever they think about schaps and a sombrero. It is a wholesome novel, contains some good humour and is well written. The element of love is refined, and the characters, though somewhat conventional, are carefully drawn. It is the story of a boy who lives with a drunkard father on a ranch near the foothills. The father is killed accidently, and then the boy sets out to make a place in the world for himself and the girl who has won his affections. Here is his first effort at love-making:

> "Then I'm goin' to say some more things to you," he went on rapidly. "Things 'at I didn't know whether to say or not, but now they've got to be said, whatever happens. Reenie, I haven't ever been to school, or learned lots of things I 'a' learned, but I ain't a fool, neither. I know 'at when you're home you live thousands of miles from me, but I know 't in your mind you live further away than that. I know it's like all the prairies an' all the oceans were between us. But I know, too, that people cross prairies an' oceans, an' I'm wantin' to cross. I know it takes time, an' I'll be a slow traveller, but I'm a mighty persistent crittur when I start out. I didn't learn to break all those bottles in a day. Well, I can learn other things, too, an' I will, if only it will take me across. I'm goin' to leave this old ranch, someway, jus' as soon as it can be arranged. I'm goin' to town an' work. I'm strong; I can get pretty good wages. I've been thinkin' it all over, and was askin' some questions in town to-day. I can work days and go to school nights. An' I'll do it if—if it'll get me across. You know what I mean. I ain't askin' no pledges, Reenie, but what's the chance? I know I don't talk right, an' I don't eat right—you tried not to notice, but you couldn't help—but Reenie, I think right, an' I guess with a girl like you that counts more than eatin' and talkin.' "

In time he succeeds and the two are married. But the great war comes, and the young husband, like thousands of others in Canada, goes overseas and is killed at the Front. The ending is perhaps overly sentimental, but, even at that, most readers will like it.

*

THE ESCAPE OF A PRINCESS PAT

By George Pearson. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart.

TIME was when we read with awe and wonder of the escapades and glorious disasters of prisoners of war or adventurers who lived in far-off lands or bygone centuries. Today some chap who stands in the sun on the corner of College and Yonge in Toronto is the hero of more romance than was in all our imaginings; or he may live at 70 Standish Ave., North Rosedale, and his name may be Corporal E. Edwards of the P.P.C.L.I. This book is the story of the escape of Corporal Edwards from Germany after having been made a prisoner of war. It is rather fascinating reading. It is a vivid additional chapter to the Arabian Nights. Only in this case the chapter is vouched for as being true. All the more wonder in it, then, for the reader.

*

FOR GIRLS AS WELL AS BOYS

The Girl's Own and The Boy's Own. Toronto: Warwick Brothers & Rutter.

THESE two great annuals for juveniles should require no commendation, but it might be worth while to repeat that now as much attention is given to the book for girls as to the other for boys. Both are well illustrated, reliable and fascinating books for the young folks.

JOAN AND PETER

BY H. G. WELLS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

A WONDERFUL book! If there have been those who believed that after *Mr. Brittling* the brilliance of H. G. Wells suffered eclipse, they must now admit that his sun is once more clear in the heavens. "Joan and Peter" may or may not be literature, but it is certainly life. It speaks with authority. It has depth, it has breadth, and it has vision. It has what the world wants instantly and badly —a working philosophy of life for the young, who are facing their problems in a new world which will emerge when the frightful débris of this war has been cleared away. It is a book which believes profoundly (if unorthodoxly) in God and in man and in the possibility of a reconstructed world of which neither man or God need be ashamed.

The main factor in the new world-life is to be the new education. Mr. Wells has much to say about education, and what he has to say is the result of the constructive thought of a great brain and, as such, invaluable. Let us take this book seriously (not as a work of fiction, though it is an excellent work of fiction), but as an attempt by one of our foremost thinkers to let light in through the haze of receding battle over a shell-shocked world. The story itself is just the story of the lives of a boy and girl left orphans and the struggle of their guardian, an experienced and thoughtful man of the world, to fit them for life by giving them the best kind of education obtainable; of his failures and successes; of the inevitable development of *Joan* and *Peter* along the lines of these influences. Then comes the outbreak of the war and a study of its action and reaction upon their personalities and the personalities of those about them.

One does not pretend that the book is perfect or without flaws of taste, judgment and prejudice, but its central message is so big that the smaller things may be disregarded. No review can possibly do justice to a book of this nature. The utmost a review can do is to say, "read it". If you care at all for the future, read it again and then go out and do something to help. For the great value of the book lies in just this fact: It gives one the impulse to *do* something. Not only "world peace" but "world purpose" is the burden of its gospel.

*

FRAGMENTS OF PHILOSOPHY

BY JOHN MCQUARRIE. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THIS little book of a hundred odd pages does not belie in any serious way its title. The contents is fragmentary. There is something philosophic in its tone. The Fragments have appeared serially in many journals in the West. They are bright and homey and full of good common sense comment on education, money, politics, religion, etc. All who have appreciated the serial appearance of Mr. McQuarrie's work will now appreciate the opportunity of obtaining it collected in a neat pocket volume.

*

—Honourable W. L. Mackenzie King, formerly Minister of Labour in the Dominion Government, has written a book on reconstructoin, which is soon to appear under the title "Industry and Humanity." This is sure to be one of the most important books on popular economics that have been written in a long time. Thomas Allen, Toronto, is the publisher in Canada.

*

—William Briggs will publish soon a book of poems by the late Colonel John McCrea. It will include, among others, the well-known "In Flanders Fields".

AUTUMN, 1918

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

I

WHEN climbing tendrils of the amber flame
Hold our eyes watching and the room is still,
And flicker and glint and shadow have their will,
As we sit moveless, wondering whence came
Beauty to earth, Beauty that is the same
In firelit rooms, on roads, and on a hill,
Where waters leap, or where they lie all still,
Where a tree stands, Beauty that seems to aim

Piercingly near, and yet that ever slips
Somehow beyond us so we never say
We hold it, know it, not with all our arts –
When the day ends, and we from quiet lips
Murmur good-night, put Beauty's lure away—
There is a sadness in our heart of hearts.

II

If a dead leaf fall, eddying past your eyes,
And find a pool made by the recent rains,
And float there quiet, while its crimson stains
The jade pool with Beauty's quick surprise,
Standing and watching, will you deem Him wise
Who, grant your God, or what of Him remains,
Takes all the world of hills and seas and plains
And makes it Beauty in His great Emprise?

This Beauty tricks us: He has caught us sure
When we stand watching, naming life so rich:
Poor fools, 'tis death; we know not which from which!
And He still holds us with His ancient lure.
Better by far stand up and say the earth
Is dead, long dead, and we are dead from birth!

III

Nay, that contention's wrong, and this is true:
He does not trick us with His Beauty spread
Beneath us, round us, and above our head;
He puts Beauty in life that, through and through,
We may know life is good and that He drew
Great plans that day when in His soul He said:
"Let earth be made and fully furnishèd."
He has given us earth, and we are of it, too.

And, in death's Beauty, He has made it so,
We see but proving of His further aim:
He will have death a whisper and a kiss,
A promise of more Beauty, a portico
To Beauty. Have you not seen Him make upflame
The butterfly from out the crysalis?

IV

But why outside my window does the wind
  Reach through the trees and filch their Beauty down,
  And tatter all their crimson till the brown,
Naked, lean limbs appear, and Beauty's thinned
To nothing that was flushed and fine and proud?
  And why does goldfinch have to raise his cry
  That is so sad at summer passing by,
And all his colour and Beauty disallowed?

He's crying now, outside upon his wire—
  Must I go tell him Beauty is never over,
  There will be summers still for a happy lover,
Must I go mock him with his heart's desire,
  When all his fields and trees are bare? Must I
  Beg him remember it is best to die?

V

Ah, goldfinch, and ah, human Beauty's face
  Makes us both sad, for in our hearts we know
  Beauty is passing, we must let her go;
There is no faith, no hope, that can replace
What we have seen; all that gay summer chase
  Of you and your mate about the thistle-tops,
  All that I knew of summer, stops, just stops,
And of it all we find no single trace.

Beauty in this, says some wise sonneteer?
  More Beauty in death as death points out a way
    To further Beauty which He has in store?
I tell you, He rips Beauty, drabs its clear
  Colours. He blurs and blotches the bright day;
    And if He made it then His guilt is more!

VI

Yet, if He takes, He gives. Some even urge
  His taking yields more Beauty than His gift,
  Cite the leaf crimsoned and set down to drift
On the jade pool; and die as it were on verge
Of further Beauty. Let that pass, a splurge
  Of argument. If He takes, He gives. The lift
  And help of that is great: out of the rift
Of cloud the sun. From winters springs emerge.

So, it may be, He does it after all,
  Has a plan in it; as one form, fleeting, goes,
  He gives another, for the bud, the rose;
And, after roses, colours of the fall,
  And, after colour, snow. Goldfinch and I
  May find new Beauty even as we cry.

SHEARING SHEEP

From the Painting by Mark Fisher, A.R.A., in the National Gallery of Canada

THE
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THE INEVITABLENESS OF PARTY

BY CHARLES MORSE

THE War having witnessed in the great English-speaking communities of the world the subjection of party politics to the need of the State for the highest measure of governmental efficiency and freedom of action, the question confronts us whether party as a factor in government has not become *tout usé*, and, therefore, ready to be scrapped while the activities of social reconstruction are going strong.

This question cannot be answered without taking thought concerning the nature of our political institutions. What if the abolition of party be not the mere lopping away of a dead or diseased branch from the tree of representative government, but means the laying of the axe to the root of the tree itself? This is a very serious question, for disaster may surprise us where we only seek reform.

Party government has been more fully exhibited in England than elsewhere, and its true development must be traced in English constitutional history. I concern myself wholly here with the English political system, but the intimacy of its bearing upon our own is apparent from the following observation of one of the ablest of our constitutional writers: "No one who knows the actual working or machinery of government in Canada will contend that either in the Dominion or the various provinces there exists other than responsible parliamentary government."

Parties are no new thing in human history. In some form or other they are as old as the origin of civil society. "Party feeling," says Sir Henry Maine, "is one of the strongest forces acting on human nature . . . It is as universal as humanity."

But parties as they exist to-day under the English system and its colonial derivatives are a native growth, and find no prototype in the annals of early European States. Parties as they appeared in the ancient Greek States and in Rome were never more than factions, and afford a sad picture of strife and corruption. What they struggled for was power, not for the attainment of just and settled government. So far from being, as our parties are to-day, a conventional part of the State mechanism, they were ignored both in law and usage by the State. In England, as we shall see in a moment, party government emerged from the conflict between autocracy and individual liberty in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Liberty which is so fluid and elusive a thing to the individual hand that seeks to grasp it, must surely yield itself to the concerted and unremitting pursuit of the many. Middle-class Englishmen of the Stuart period certainly did not need Spinoza's counsel that fusion is the price of efficient social effort. But in the Greek cities, and down to a very late period in Rome, the rights of the citizen as against the State were undreamed of. As Fustel de Coulanges puts it: "The State considered the mind and body of every citizen as belonging to it . . . It is a singular error, therefore, among all human errors, to believe that in the ancient cities men enjoyed liberty. They had not even the idea of it. They did not believe that there could exist any right as against the city and its gods." How low the ethos of Athenian partisanship was can be learned from Plato's allegory of the ship of State; but Thucydides's survey of Greek politics, appended to his account of the Corcyraean massacre, ranks as the *locus classicus* on the subject. He was inclined to think that every form of villainy that permeated Greek society at that time found its origin in the strife of parties. Anyone who would have a clear understanding of the ethics of party in Rome should have recourse to the immortal chapter entitled "The Old Republic and the New Monarchy" in Mommsen, or to Gaston Boissier's illuminating study of Roman society published under the title of "Cicero and his Friends". Even modern history discloses no parallel to the genius of British political parties in continental Europe, although there was a more or less complete system of representative institutions in the government of the Sicilies under the Swabian kings so early as the beginning of the thirteenth century. On the other hand, in the nineteenth century there were several attempts in European States and elsewhere to mould party government on English lines.

Parties, as I have said, are part of the mechanism of the State under the English system. True, they are extra-legal, inasmuch as they have no constitutional recognition; but I shall endeavour to show before I close my examination of them that they are the very nerves of the organs of government as they exist to-day, and that without them these organs would cease to function.

Again, parties in their outward and visible organization are extra-parliamentary, yet their real battle-ground is in parliament, and it is there that they reach their greatest measure of achievement. It was in the House of Commons that the English party system was born. Its coming was at least adumbrated when Peter Wentworth, ✓ member for Tregony, in the year 1576 withstood the arbitrary pretensions of Queen Elizabeth in winged words. "Sweet is the name of liberty," he said, "but the thing itself a value beyond all inestimable treasure. So much the more it behoveth us to take care lest we, contenting ourselves with the sweetness of the name, lose and forego the thing. Without this it is a scorn and mockery to call it a Parliament house; for in truth it is a school of flattery and dissimulation."

Wentworth took this bold stand on behalf of the right of the Commons to regulate matters affecting the religious liberty of the nation — "to deal in God's causes," as he finely phrased it; and in taking it he became one of the heralds of the Puritan party which fought so gloriously for liberty and helped in a wonderful measure to shape the character of the modern British State.

The intrepid spirit of the Puritans in demanding religious freedom could not fail to stimulate the independence of all members of the Commons who had a noble rage for popular rights in the large. Before the close of the sixteenth century, organized parliamentary opposition to the prerogative was so menacing that the great statesman Burleigh seemed to see with prophetic vision the tragic passing of autocracy in the coming age—"England can only be ruined by her Parliament," he said. In 1597 the Commons presented an address to the Crown concerning the abuse of "Monopolies", whereby the Queen had assumed the right to make lavish grants to her favorites which enabled them to deal exclusively in commodities embracing almost all of the common necessaries of life.

To this address the tactful Queen made this very adroit reply, that she "hoped her dutiful and loving subjects would not take away her prerogative, which is the choicest flower in her garden, and the principal and head pearl in her crown and diadem; but would rather leave that to her disposition, promising to examine all patents and to abide the touchstone of the law". But the "choicest flower" in the royal garden was so carefully cultivated by the monopolists that its leaves had to be shattered by the "forced fingers rude" of the reformers. In 1601 a Bill was introduced by a member of the Commons to invalidate these royal grants, and after a prolonged debate, in which the supporters of the prerogative were overwhelmed in argument, assurance was solemnly given to the House on behalf of the Crown that all existing patents of monopolies should be revoked and none granted for the future.

These were the beginnings of political parties in England. But it was not until the reign of the first Charles, when the members of the Long Parliament divided upon the question of the disposition that should be made of the episcopal office in the national church, that parties with distinctive names and definite and opposing principles assumed a place in the political activities of the State which they have ever since persisted in occupying. As Dr. Hannis Taylor observes: "By the division which occurred on that question on the 8th of February, 1641, the line was first roughly drawn between the two political bodies that in the course of time had developed into the two parliamentary parties which, after having been known first as Roundheads and Cavaliers, then as Whigs and Tories, still survive under names so familiar at the present day". Broadly speaking, the Tories, when our history of political parties begins, were the supporters of absolute monarchy, while the Whigs stood for a monarchy limited by Parliament. Whig principles triumphed in the Revolution of 1688, and after a long period of hard fortune, largely due to their dalliance with treason, the Tories found it necessary to renounce the

"Right divine of Kings to govern wrong"

and to acknowledge the supremacy of Parliament and the fundamental rights of the people. History shows that while the fabric of our political institutions was almost wholly constructed by the Whigs, yet they themselves have not always been astute to uphold parliamentary and popular rights—notably, not to mention other and more recent instances, when the "Junto" refused to resign on the loss of their majority in 1698. History also shows that from the middle of the eighteenth century down to Disraeli's time the Tories had done much to warrant his magniloquent claim that their party had been, and would continue to be, the guardian of our institutions, the preserver of empire, and the defender of the masses from injustice and oppression. All of which testifies that while neither of the two great political parties may have always responded to the demands of "highest office and the chief ministry of the gods", as Plato characterizes State service, yet behind each of them there is a splendid record of noble and persistent achievement for the common weal.

The centre of gravity of the State was shifted from the Crown to the House of Commons as a result of the Revolution of 1688, since the executive power formerly exercised by the King thereafter came to be administered by a committee of Parliament, known as the Cabinet, which depends for its existence directly upon the will of the popular chamber and indirectly upon the will of the people as expressed at the polls. But the Cabinet as we now have it was not a deliberate creation. It is a development of the political forces of the nation working silently, and more or less informally, towards equilibrium. For a long time Englishmen seemed to think it an evil thing, that was to be associated with the disreputable 'Cabal' of the reign of Charles II. Neither in the reign of William III. nor of Anne, to both of whom ministerial control was anathema, did the Cabinet assume its present form. Before that system could be effectually set up it was necessary for the occupant of the throne to accept the maxim *Rex regnat, sed non gubernat*—for the Cabinet is a body chosen from the ranks of the party having a majority in the House of Commons and is clothed with the supreme executive power of the State. Had our first Hanovarian king understood the English tongue well enough to preside over meetings of his advisers, the modern Cabinet might not have dated from his reign. George II. is not credited by historians with a discerning mind—indeed, we have recently heard from them that his mentality chiefly expressed itself "in a truly German passion for designing uniforms" — but his petulant remark: "Ministers are the King in this country" cannot be bettered as a definition in a nut-shell of the place and power of the Cabinet. This body stands outside the law of the constitution—that is to say, the law does not attempt to define its rights and responsibilities. From Addington's administration in the early years of the nineteenth century down to our own immediate times members of the Cabinet were required to hold office as ministers of the Crown and also to have seats in one or other of the two Houses of Parliament. That was the practice; but, to quote an eminent authority, "although the rule which requires the Minister to be a member of the legislature is now firmly established, so that any deliberate and persistent departure from it would be justly regarded as utterly unconstitutional, yet there is no law or legal usage to render it binding". (Taswell-Langmead Eng. Const. Hist., 7th ed., p. 546.)

During the progress of the great War, which we may now regard as happily ended, a sharp and radical departure from this practice was made in Great Britain. The Cabinet called into existence by Mr. Lloyd George in December, 1916, not only included members who were without portfolio — for which, of course, there was precedent-- but some who were even without seats in either House of Parliament. The rupture of constitutional usage was intensified in 1917 when the leader of the Government announced, as a result of the deliberations of the War Conference of that year, that the Premiers of the Dominions and Colonies, or their representatives, were to be temporary members of the War Cabinet while present in England, and, later, General Smuts was made a permanent member of that body, although he had no seat in Parliament. But *silent leges inter arma,* and it is not likely that so serious a departure from the constitutional rule above stated will persist in the piping times of peace. When discussing this subject with an English democrat not long ago, he told me that he looked upon a coalition government as one of the worst forms of war-blight. Necessary as it was for unity of action, it was nevertheless a reversion to type—"So like the King that was"!

To return briefly to settled usage and practice, it remains to be said that formerly the chief of the Cabinet, the Prime Minister, had no more legal status than had the Cabinet itself. It was not until the year 1905—when the Prime Minister by Royal Warrant was given precedence next after the Archbishop of York, that the office obtained some sort of legal recognition. The members of the Cabinet are chosen by the King and nominally hold office at his pleasure; but the choice is made on the advice of the Prime Minister, who, in his turn, has been practically nominated by the party that has been given by the electors a majority in the the House of Commons. The King cannot now exercise his pleasure to dismiss any one of his ministers while that minister has the confidence of his colleagues. On the other hand, ever since Pitt forced George III. in 1792 to retire Lord Chancellor Thurlow—the King's permanent spy upon his ministers—no one can remain a member of the Cabinet against the will of the Prime Minister. It is not incorrect to say that in our times it is the people at the polls, and not the King nor the lobbyists in Parliament, who choose the Prime Minister.

Thus, by a slow and gradual process of development, has the executive power passed from the sceptred hand of the King into the hands of a political body that can be made or unmade by the people in a day. And when we remember that 'His Majesty's Loyal Opposition' is a complementary body to the ministry, possessing a traditional mandate from the sovereign people to environ the Executive — lest, perchance, its footsteps slide from the paths of honest government—and to proclaim lustily from the watch-towers whensoever its counsels go unheeded, are we not justified in viewing English party government as the express image of democracy in action?

Now, while this brief survey of the question fairly predicates the utter inseparability of the party system from representative government, there are many earnest souls among us today who would sacrifice both the principal thing and its accessory if so be political purity would ensue and the interests of democracy suffer no loss. And this phase of iconoclasm is no new thing. In every period of recovery from some national strain which subordinates party interests to the united action of all for the safety of the State, we have good people impelled by the fever of reform to cry out for a chance to smash the idol of party beyond repair. But hitherto it has been in the dispensation of Providence to maintain our political system unimpaired. In these days of social unrest and dislocation it is the patriotic duty of us all to uphold the constitution in some concrete way. When the blood of our bravest and best has been spilt that liberty as we understand it should prevail, it is a cheap thing for us to confine our patriotism to shouting "God save the King" in public places now and then. Our hearts are all right, but the trouble is we are cursed with a weak spirit of diffidence and self-consciousness. That is not the spirit that animated our forefathers at Naseby or our boys on the fields of Flanders and France during the last four years. We should defend our political institutions with downrightness whenever they are attacked by misguided enthusiasts and half-baked doctrinaires. Those institutions embody the only system of practical democracy that accords with the genius of the British people. In the opinion of expert critics, both at home and abroad, no better system has yet been devised to maintain equilibrium between autocracy on the one hand and anarchy on the other. It proved too democratic for such reactionary minds of our own race as those of Maine, Carlyle, and Lecky. They were affrighted by the spectacle of the commonwealth being handed over to the control of "a sovereign people", corrupt and largely ignorant of their duty to society. But this spectacle of sovereignty they envisaged was no illusion, and the rest is a matter not without hope, judging from the splendid spirit of public service shown by all classes of the people during the war. To quote the opinion of Mr. Delisle Burns, one of the most stimulating of contemporary publicists: "Political education is what is most needed; political purity may be left to take care of itself".

Space will not permit of me making extended reference to the authorities, but I feel that I ought not wholly to stay my hand from support for the views I have set down. Let me first quote from Mr. Graham Wallas, who approaches the party system from the viewpoint of social psychology:—"Party is in fact the most effective political entity in the modern national State. It has come into existence with the appearance of representative government on a large scale; its development has been unhampered by legal or constitutional traditions, and it represents the most vigorous attempt which has been made to adopt the form of our political institutions to the actual facts of human nature." ("Human Nature in Politics," pp. 82, 83.)

This is much of a piece with what Bluntschli said many years before in his "Character and Spirit of Political Parties". He thought that instead of party being looked upon as a political disease it was a symptom and guarantee of sound public health. More than that, it was indispensable to the functioning of representative institutions in that it supplied the quality of adaptability to changing environment which made for permanence in the social organism. Goldwin Smith, although he scolded, *more suo,* about the shortcomings of party, was forced to admit that "the machine of elective government must have a motor, and the motor hitherto in England has been party, in the absence of which there always has been a reign of cabal". ("The United Kingdom," vol. II, p. 108.)

"The ministry must govern," says Sir Courtenay Ilbert in his preface to Professor Redlich's "Procedure of the House of Commons"; and he continues: "How can the ministry control the body on whose favour their existence depends? How can they prevent the supreme executive council of the nation from being an unorganized, uncontrollable, irresponsible mob? The English answer is, by party machinery. It is this machinery that secures the necessary discipline. The Cabinet system presupposes a party system, and, more than that, a two-party system. This does not mean that there may not be more than two parties in each House. But it does mean that there must be two main parties, one represented by the Treasury bench, and the other by the front Opposition bench, and that the party represented by the Treasury bench must be able with or without its allies to control the majority of the House of Commons". President Lowell ("Government of England", vol. 1, p. 435), speaks as follows: "Experience has, indeed, shown that democracy in a great country, where the number of voters is necessarily large, involves the permanent existence of political parties; and it would not be hard to demonstrate that this must in the nature of things be the case."

Let me close my array of authorities by quoting again from Mr. Delisle Burns. This time he is having a fling at the passionate meddlers who would shatter to bits the present party system and remould our institutions nearer to their hearts' desire. He says: "All attacks which I have seen on the party system seem to imply that we know what should be done, but the party politicians will not do it. But I am not so confident that anyone knows so much, and I am absolutely certain that the opponents of the party system do not." ("Political Ideals", p. 288.)

And so I conclude that party colour is inexpungible from the texture into which our political ideas are woven. We are all familiar with Aristotle's dictum that man is by nature a political animal, which may perhaps be regarded as a sort of pagan conception of the doctrine of original sin; but however that may be, history seems to indicate that the Anglo-Saxon has been able, in a measure quite unparalleled, not only to dignify the conflicts of party but to make them subserve the best interests of the State.

TRIBUTE

By CECILE JOYCE KEENAN

UPON your lowest step I'll rest—I'll kneel upon the floor—
To steep my spirit in the glory shining from your door;
'Twixt us the bond of human tears, (He died that I might live),
Then let me share your sorrow, I who have no son to give.

Life's harp against the lintel hangs, 'tis tuned to sacrifice;
His fearless hands struck from the strings a chord that swept the skies.
The wind of fame caught up the strain upon its pinions strong,
That all the list'ning years might wake to sing the deathless song.

Then let me kneel beside your door, and share your splendid woe:
"To Arms! To Arms!" our country called—I had no son to go.
But you who bore, and you who gave, and you who suffer now,
Take off the garments of distress, the myrtle from your brow!

Put on a robe of purple silk, put on a golden crown,
Upon the throne of Motherhood in majesty sit down;
And let me kneel before you, then, in lowly tribute, I
Who, when the ravaged world cried out, could send no son to die!

HELIOTROPE

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF “UP THE HILL AND OVER”

CHAPTER II.

WILSON ARCADE, as everyone knows, is a hive of architects, and No. 17 is one of the cells. Its chipped glass door bore the name “T. Maddison, Architect,” in very new gilding across its surface. T. Maddison was in, and delighted to see us.

He thought we were clients.

When he found we were not he tried to be delighted still, but when he had read our card and heard our business he was just plain mad. Most people, we find, are affected in that way. If all the world loves a lover, all the world fights shy of a—criminologist. And in this case there was a lady to be thought of.

T. Maddison, I am sure, was thinking of her while he icily prepared to baffle all our polite inquiries. Not a word would he tell us about the affair of the adventure. He had nothing to say about the lady, or about the lost property or about anything which might conceivably help us in our business. He was a most obstinate young man, and chuck full of chivalry. We couldn't help liking him.

But finally Gregory lost patience.

“Very well,” he said calmly, “we cannot force you to speak. All that we can do is to turn this matter over to the regular police. You will be watched, your office, your home will be watched; your phone calls will be checked. If the lady has not already claimed her lost property—thanks, I see by your expression that she has not—she is certain to do so. You do not know where she lives or who she is, so you can't warn her. And when she does come she will walk right into the arms of the police. Not at all a pleasant thing for a young girl.”

This gave our chivalrous architect pause. He settled his collar uneasily.

“By jove, what am I to do?” he pleaded. “Don't you see what a deuce of a fix I'm in?”

We did see it and were properly sympathetic. But we were very glad we had come right along, for it was plain that we had come in time. Though only just, for while T. Maddison was still fooling with his collar, the 'phone rang, and when he answered, the blindest bat could have told by his changing expression that it was the expected call which had come.

The one side of a telephone conversation is not very illuminating. All that our architect said was, “Yes”. and then “Yes”, “That's all”, and then “Yes, certainly”, “Not at all”, “Much pleased to have the opportunity”.

He hung up the receiver gloomily.

“Well,” he said, “that was the girl. I dare say you gentlemen guessed. And a nice kind of beast I feel getting her into a peck of trouble like this.”

“You are more likely to keep her out of trouble if you are sensible,” declared Gregory. “Are you to return her property or is she coming here for it?”

"She is coming here. And say, you fellows have got to clear out. You've simply got to. She'll think that it's a trap. She'll think that I——."

"No, she won't. But if you really insist, we will clear out. Only I'm warning you that it would be a foolish thing to do. If we stay and explain the matter to her, she will have a chance to do a little explaining, too, and probably everything will be put right inside five minutes. It is quite possible that the lady is not the lady-in-blue at all. In which case all the worry is over. If she is the blue lady she is certain to be found by the police—it's an absolute necessity. She will be wanted as a witness. I for one have no idea that she will be wanted in any other capacity. And I give you my word that as long as I keep that point of view it will be the first care of myself and my partner to keep the lady from any annoyance. But if it is left to the regular police—well, you know."

The young architect gave in. "I'll tell you what I know," he said. "I was walking down Stanley Street last night at about five o'clock. It was getting very dark, with a big storm coming. It was just beginning to spit rain and I was putting up my umbrella when a young girl came running down the street and collided with me—knocking the umbrella out of my hand. She was breathless and seemed terrified. I thought it was the storm. Some women hate storms. I wanted to reassure her, to offer the umbrella to—to do anything I could, but she didn't give me the ghost of a chance—just kind of sobbed out, "Sorry, so stupid of me", and rushed on. By the time I had recaptured the umbrella she was almost out of sight. It wasn't until I reached home that I found a small bag of silver mesh which had caught on the button of one of my raincoat pockets."

"The shiny purse!" exclaimed Gregory, nodding at me.

"There was no card or address in it, just some money and three rings done up in tissue paper. The rings are very valuable. Hence the advertisement."

"Rings," said Gregory, thoughtfully. "Were the settings loose or anything? Did they need cleaning?"

"No, they are in perfect condition."

"And the lady's dress?"

"It might have been blue. I'm not sure."

"But your impression is?"

"That it was blue."

"Well, now, I think," said Gregory, "that we ought to have this whole thing out in the open. With your permission we will tell the young lady all about it and how we come to be here. If she is a sensible girl she will help us instead of hindering."

Personally, I think this was rather risky, but Gregory has a way with him which does wonders with nervous people. By the time the girl's knock came, he had T. Maddison quite smoothed. Still, I kept thinking—what if the girl really were——.

After I saw her I didn't think that any more. She was the kind of girl you couldn't think evil of—not even if you are a criminologist. The Jessie child had been right. She was pretty. Her hair was black—soft black made especially to set off her creamy face and to match her candid dark eyes. She was about twenty, I should say, and the last thing in style, from her high-laced boots to the point of the flame-tipped quill in her close little brown hat. She was not wearing blue to-day. T. Maddison was plainly overpowered. He stuttered. He blushed, but finally he managed to return to her the silver mesh bag and to utter incoherent apologies for not knowing by instinct her name and address, so that he need not have had recourse to a newspaper.

The girl smiled, thanked him, opened the bag eagerly and looked inside. Then she grew very pale. "Is that all?" she asked in a kind of helpless way.

"The rings are there," he assured her eagerly. "Three of them."

"It was not the rings," she faltered.

"It was an address, wasn't it?" asked Gregory kindly. "I think I can assist you. Is this it?"

The girl turned to him. Her look expressed blank surprise. But her face turned a little paler.

"Did—did this gentleman have my purse?" she asked T. Maddison slowly.

"No, he did not," spluttered that irate knight. "I assure you it has never been out of my hands."

"This address was not found in the purse," explained Gregory blandly. "It was picked up in the garden of No. 3 Richly Road—where you dropped it."

The girl, still controlled, but very white, took the slip of paper from his hand and examined it. As she did so a certain tension seemed to relax. "This is not the paper which I lost," she said firmly, handing it back.

"Excuse me, I think it is, although it may not be the one you are looking for." Gregory's tone was still kind, but had a hint of sternness in it.

"I do not know what you mean."

"I am going to tell you. But before I begin, won't you sit down? And please do not put yourself on the defensive. We do not suspect you of harming the old lady who lived in the house whose address is written here. All we want to know is, why you went there. Whether you knew her personally and what happened during your visit?"

"I didn't——."

"Come," interrupted Gregory briefly, and with an assurance which could not but convince, "we know all about the visit. You were seen going in and coming out. We want to keep it out of the hands of the police, if we can."

For a moment she glanced at the young architect, who was looking the picture of contrition, and then back to Gregory's firm yet kindly face. She realized further evasion to be useless and undignified. The colour rushed into her face and ebbed away again.

"She was dead when I got there," she said briefly.

We all started. At least T. Maddison and I did. Gregory nodded. "I thought it might be that," he said. "But—you stayed a few moments—didn't you?"

"The girl looked ghastly, but she held herself well.

"Yes, I did. I was looking for something. I made myself stay until I found it. Then I lost control of myself. I ran out. I was horribly frightened—there was a strange noise——."

"Cats," said Gregory.

"Yes. I saw about the cats in the morning paper. But then I didn't know. It terrified me."

"Why," said Gregory, "did you not knock at the door?"

"I thought she would not let me in."

"She knew you then?"

"I think she knew me by sight."

"You knew her?"

"No."

"Hadn't we better have the story?"

"You can't have the story," said the girl firmly.

"Well then, part of it. You see it is necessary."

She was quiet for a moment, obviously thinking hard. Then, "I'll tell you what I can," she agreed. "This woman was a bad woman. She was a blackmailer. She was threatening someone—a friend of mine. This person had done nothing wrong. The woman's story was a lie, but lies can do a lot of harm. My friend was ill. I got the address from the letter she—that woman—sent and went myself to do what I could to stop her wickedness."

"And you took with you the three rings and some other jewellery, which you carried in your handbag—to bribe her with, if necessary?"

"Yes. I thought if I could see her and talk to her I might do something. She had said in her letter to my—friend, that there would be no further negotiations. That was why I did not knock. I was determined to see her. I went right in. The door into the hall was open and I could see the light of the fire. I went into that room—I saw her. She was dead. I was terribly shocked, but she was so wicked I didn't care. After a moment I was glad she was dead. I stood for a moment wondering what to do. Then I saw some letters lying on the table and I remembered there ought to be a letter there somewhere written by my friend. I wanted to get it. I made myself go over to the table. I looked through the mail, and found the letter. I took it out of the envelope to see if it was the right one, and just then that—that cat—oh it was horrible! I just turned and ran. I must have dropped the envelope then, but I did not miss it until I got home. I hoped it was in the silver bag—because it was in my friend's writing. That is all that I can tell you."

She was so obviously determined to say no more that Gregory did not attempt to press her. Instead, he rose and walked to the window. "Dear me!" he exclaimed after a moment's keen survey of the street below, "dear me, this is most unfortunate."

"What?" I asked.

The girl echoed the question in a startled tone. She had risen and was moving toward the door.

"Don't go yet," recommended Gregory gravely. "I am afraid we have underestimated the quickness of the police in this affair. I think I see the red head of Macrae——."

"The police!" cried the girl, with a little catch in her voice.

T. Maddison doubled a muscular arm and made a move toward Gregory. "You infernal—" he began, but Gregory smiled at him blandly.

"None of that! If Macrae is there it is none of my doing. But Miss—the young lady--had better remain here until I make sure."

He was gone before anyone could expostulate further. The girl sat down again, her lips pressed tightly together to keep them steady, I think.

We waited. Gregory's "making sure" took a little time, but when he returned he was smiling. "A false alarm," he told us. "Evidently other people besides Macrae have red hair," he observed.

"May I go now?" asked the girl in a tired voice.

"Yes, any time. But I should like to ask you some questions first."

"I cannot answer."

"That's as you see fit. But let me tell you a few things anyway. Now please! You make me feel very brutal when you look like that. And all I want to do, Miss Hampden, is to help you. You see I know your name. You are Miss Enid Hampden, daughter of John P. Hampden, owner of the Hampden Mills."

"I do not deny it."

"Why should you? And why need you make a secret of the fact that the "friend" you mention in your story is Alice Hampden, your mother?"

The girl said nothing to this, but her hands locked themselves tightly in her lap. Gregory went on as if she had spoken.

"You see it is always foolish to complicate mystery with mystery in an affair like this. I like to straighten things out as I go along. For your own sake as well as mine, I must have your position clearly defined. You did not care to speak, so I was compelled to trace your telephone call and to make a few casual inquiries. Your mother is ill. I am right, am I not, in assuming that it is her you have been protecting?"

Gregory has a very pleasant voice and a manner which, quite apart from what he says, has a remarkable effect upon nervous people. Miss Hampden, who had looked like marble a moment ago, suddenly melted, perilously near tears. Her lip quivered and her eyes swam. She was really exceedingly pretty, and I don't wonder that T. Maddison wanted to shoot us both.

"Yes—it is mother," admitted the girl. "I—it would kill her to be mixed up in a scandal like this."

"Well, we must keep her out of it. I do not want to injure an innocent lady any more than you do. But you will have to tell me the whole story."

Again the famous manner carried conviction. It was fortunate for little Miss Hampden that Gregory was really what he appeared to be.

"I suppose I must," she said bravely.

"It is a sad little story, but not disgraceful. When my mother was very young she and my father fell in love, but they couldn't acknowledge it and be married publicly, because he was too poor to support her, and she was always so delicate. They decided to wait, but—well, they loved each other very much. My father was certain of success; my mother knew that he would claim her as soon as ever he could, and—and she didn't quite realize—anyway no one could have foretold the disaster which followed. My father was badly hurt in a railway wreck out west. He was ill for a long time, and mother did not know where he was. She was very frightened and alone. I do not need to give you any of the details, but after I was born there was a time when mother paid for me to be taken care of by a woman who looked after little babies—who—whose parents couldn't acknowledge them. The—Mrs. Simmons was the woman ——."

"A baby farmer, by Jove!"

"Yes, I suppose so. Anyway, she was a bad woman, but mother didn't know, and it wasn't long before things came right again, for father got better and returned, and the deal he had been putting through in the west was a success, so he came to her at once and they went away, paying the woman, and taking me with them. At least," one big tear overflowed from the girl's wet eyes, "they thought they took me with them. Don't you see? Then, after all these years, the woman wrote to mother and told her that I was not her baby at all. Her real baby, she said, had died and she had not told her because of the regular pay. Another child had been substituted. But she promised that if mother gave her a large sum of money she would keep the truth from my father and from me, but if she did not pay she would see that everyone knew — wasn't it wicked? Wasn't it desperately *wicked?*"

"I cannot say that my respect for the late Mrs. Simmons increases!" said Gregory grimly. "What a fiendish trick!"

"Mother hasn't had a happy moment since. She says she is sure, quite sure, that the woman lied—but—there is the horrible doubt. She says she remembers seeing a little dead baby which the woman showed her who was about my size and dark like me. And she was so terrified of father or me knowing. The woman said she would write to father if mother did not pay the money. Father is very fond of me and this terrible thing would quite ruin his happiness. Mother didn't intend me to know, either, but she was so ill. I found the letter and made her tell me the rest. I went to the house with my jewels just on the chance of finding out the real truth. I didn't know what I should do — plead or bribe or threaten or all together—and you know what happened. We are safe from any scandal now unless my name is dragged into the murder case and father is safe—but for mother and me" — the girl broke down and cried in earnest.

"Oh come," cheered Gregory. "It is almost certain that there is not a particle of truth in her statement. It has blackmail on the fact of it. Wouldn't a mother know her own baby?"

"She might not if she had not been able to see it for two months. Wee babies are so much alike and two months makes such a difference. And how would anyone suspect a thing like that?"

"But the resemblance. Do you not resemble your mother—or your father?"

"It is strange, but I don't — not enough to serve as evidence. Mother thinks I look like her grandmother. There is a miniature and there is a resemblance—but not at all a striking one. Mother herself is fair and father is dark, but not really like me.''

''Well, that is no evidence either way. Plenty of children do not look at all like their immediate ancestors.''

The girl nodded. ''Yes,'' she agreed in a small voice.

''Don't let it trouble you,'' said Gregory. ''And remember, when this case is cleared up, other things may be cleared up too. You have given me most valuable information. Sit tight and my partner and I will do our best to bring you good news. But do not wear a blue hat or a blue dress or carry a blue handbag for some time to come. Now before you go try to think of anything, anything at all which you noticed while you were in that house—it need not be facts, only, impressions, too, are valuable.

The girl passed her hand over her eyes. ''I—I can't think,'' she faltered. It was plain that she was tired out.

''Well, don't try, then,'' said Gregory kindly. ''But when you feel more like yourself, if there is anything, however trivial, ring me up and let me know—a-chew! Hubbard, I am getting that confounded cold of yours!''

Miss Hampden thanked us quietly and went out, escorted to the elevator by T. Maddison.

''Did you really think you saw Macrae in the street?'' I asked, the moment we were alone.

''No. I knew it wasn't he. But I had to get away, and to keep her here while I made a few necessary inquiries—just to induce her to go on with her story. But Macrae might very well have been there just the same. He is a smart fellow, and is almost sure to connect that personal sooner or later with a possible lady-in-blue. When he does he'll come straight here.''

''Then we shan't be able to keep Miss Hampden out of it after all.''

''We can try. I have thought of a plan. Let us provide a substitute. Someone who cannot in any way be remotely connected with No. 3 Richly Road and whose whole walk and conversation is open to inspection. Miss Price would do. We'll tell young Maddison to refer all inquiries to her as the lady who bumped into him and dropped her purse. We'll provide her with the necessary details of the encounter, and with a silver purse to show as evidence of returned property. She is quite clever enough to carry it through, barring accidents, so that trail need not lead to Enid Hampden at all.

Young Madison was delighted with this plan, and it was not necessary to ask him to be discreet, as he happened to be a person of quite normal intelligence, as evidenced by the question, ''But can't they trace her by the 'phone call, as you did?''

''They do not know, as I did, that she 'phoned. Say merely that she called for her bag and took it away. Then give them the address — Miss Price's address—and the trick is done. Be casual and quite open with them.''

Maddison grinned. ''I will that.''

We walked back to the office in deep thought.

''Well,'' I said, ''when we were alone, ''the puzzle begins to shape a little. One piece has fallen into place, at any rate.''

''You mean the baby's night slip?''

''Yes, a former baby farmer — a baby's garment—they hang together. Also, we know now that the woman was a bad one. Instead of narrowing, the field widens. Any one of the men or women she blackmailed may have taken the short way out. We know that she had visitors upon other days —why not upon this day? The fact of the child's not seeing anyone go in save the girl in blue is nothing. Other people passed along the street and may have slipped in when the child was not noticing. May have been in the house all afternoon, or more likely yet, the murderer may not have passed the child at all, but may have entered from Stanley Street by the side door. It is a quiet street and it was getting dark.''

"It looks as if our most promising clue so far were the baby slip. Did you tell Ridley to send it around?"

"Yes, and the box with the coins. I expect they are here now. I'll ring and ask Miss Emsley if a parcel came and will let her see what she can make of the slip."

Gregory has a great belief in women's intuition. He is fond of saying that if a woman could be found with sufficient nerve she would make the ideal detective. It was natural, then, that he often sought the help of women in cases where the masculine mind seemed to lose itself, and our new typist, Miss Emsley, had already proved herself to be a young person of alert and capable mind.

Before we had time to call her, however, Macrae's well known knock interrupted us and that canny Scot breezed in with fire in his eye.

"Here's to the mon who said that genius is just takin' pains," said he triumphantly. "Every bit of anything in yon house gone over with a microscope by that million-eyed Irishman O'Toole, and at long last we've got it."

"Got what?"

"The deil by the tail. Look you!" He spread before us a single sheet of writing paper, written in rather thick black ink with a pen that spluttered.

"A pairfectly graun clue!" said the Scot fervently, "fine, fine!"

Gregory and I bent over the paper and read:

> " 'You are a wicked, wicked woman. I haven't got the money and I can't get it. But I tell you this, if you tell my husband and spoil everything, I'll kill myself, but I'll kill you first, and you had better believe it, for I don't want to live, if he knows.' "

"This is something new," said Gregory slowly." For, of course, this is not the letter missing from the empty envelope found upon the floor, paper, ink, writing, everything are different."

"You're no sae blate," said Macrae admiringly. "I saw that mysel' and forby this letter has an envelope of its own—here it is."

There was no doubt about the two matching. The envelope was exactly like the paper, cheap and ordinary. The writing and ink were identical. It was addressed to Mrs. Simmons, and the stamp showed that it had been posted at the Grand Central station.

"Where did O'Ttoole find it, Mac?"

"In the bottom of the coal scuttle."

"Anything else there?"

"Just torn up bills and circulars. It looked as if the old leddy used it for a waste-paper basket."

"Any other letters anywhere?"

"No, and that's a queer thing. Bills and receipts and documents of various sorts, but not a scrap of correspondence, and her postie says she got her fair share of letters, too."

"Perhaps she burned them."

"D'ye think it likely?"

"No, I don't. We've got enough to suspect her as a blackmailer and blackmailers must have ammunition. There are other letters somewhere — or the letters have been stolen."

"You can take the word of a Macrae that there's nae letter in the hoose."

Knowing something of the thoroughness of O'Toole's methods of search, we nodded our agreement.

"We found a hidie hole, though," Macrae told us modestly. "It was nicely hid in the seat of the chair she sat in. But it was bare as your very hand."

"Was the opening on the upper or the lower surface?"

"You could get at it both ways, from down below or from above, under the cushion."

"Any finger prints?"

"Not a print. And nae sign o' any tamperin'."

"Either she took them out herself then, or they were taken out by someone who knew where they were and how to get them. Someone who wore gloves."

"I had come to that conclusion mysel'. But it's the letter, mon, what do you make o' the letter?"

"Not very much. It is a woman's writing — public school writing — the writing of one who does not write often and who has never developed a style of her own. The writer had little to do with letters, literally or figuratively — see there is no punctuation, and 'husband' is spelled with a 't'. Hurry might partly account for the lack of punctuation, but with a person accustomed to writing, punctuation is instinctive. The paper and envelopes are probably part of a 'box'—and not a fresh box either—see, it has slightly yellowed at the edges, as cheap paper will. The postmark may mean one of two things. The writer may live in the city and may have chosen her posting place to hide traces, or she may live in one of the nearby villages or towns and posted it while up for a day's shopping trip to the city. What do you think, Hubbard?"

"I should be inclined to favour the latter. It was certainly written in a big hurry and under stress. I doubt if the writer would ever think of the possibility of tracing by means of a postmark. She would just naturally run and post it in the nearest letter-box."

"I think I agree with you. Let's get the date."

This, unfortunately, we found impossible. The stamped dates were blurred beyond recovery.

"Go back," said Gregory, "and piece together some of the torn up bills and circulars. If they were all of one date it is probable that the date of this letter is the same. She may have thrown just one day's mail into the scuttle."

Macrae looked terribly crestfallen. "I micht have thocht o' that," he murmured as he departed.

Gregory picked up the letter again and studied it intently, only to throw it aside with an unsatisfied air.

"Somehow I doubt if it's half as important as it looks," he said. "It is an hysterical effusion. People who threaten murder and suicide — on paper—seldom commit either. The dead woman evidently agreed with me, since she disregarded the threat sufficiently to throw it into the coal scuttle. All the same, the person who wrote it must have spent some bad half hours since the murder. Let's have Miss Emsley in now and get her opinion about the baby slip."

But we were not destined to hear what Miss Emsley had to say that day, for just as I bent forward to touch the bell, the 'phone rang, and Gregory announced Miss Hampden, on the wire.

"Better cut in with the other receiver," he told me, "and make notes of what she has to say. After all, although she doesn't know much, she was the nearest to the actual crime of any witness we have found yet."

"I hope you won't think I'm silly," the girl's voice was saying, as I cut in, "but you asked me to try to remember everything. Do you mean impressions, too, and not just what I actually saw or heard?"

"Yes, Miss Hampden. Impressions, if they were really impressions received at the time, are quite as valuable as facts."

"Well, then, when I first went into that room, I had quite a distinct impression that there was someone there. That was why I couldn't believe she was — wasn't alive. Do you understand? It didn't feel like an empty room. Even when I knew she was certainly dead, the feeling of someone there did not go. That was partly what frightened me, I think."

"Yes, I understand. But are you quite sure that there was nothing tangible to suggest that feeling. No sound, no movement?"

The voice over the 'phone was silent for a moment and then "no," it went on, "there was nothing. Only that strange noise that made me drop the envelope—that horrid cat!"

"Any other impressions?"

"Yes. I remember as I went in—before I saw what had happened—that the room smelled sweet; of flowers, I think. Were there any flowers in the room?"

"No. There were no flowers."

"Well, I can't account for it, but I certainly thought there were flowers somewhere. I forgot all about my first impressions after I saw—her. But now that I am not so nervous, I can think back and remember, I clearly remember thinking that the room was warm and that the flowers were very sweet, and that if she liked flowers, she might not be so terribly bad. That is all and I know it sounds silly and hardly worth mentioning."

"Not a bit of it. Thank you very much. And don't worry. Things are going to come our way."

"He rang off and we looked at each other."

"Sensible girl that!" announced Gregory. "Not afraid of being laughed at."

Still, it was rather a silly fancy, wasn't it? There were certainly no flowers. And not a trace of perfume. Although," as a certain fact struck me, "I'll admit that I could not have smelled it if there had been. I haven't smelled a thing since I took this confounded cold!"

Gregory grinned, "I'd trust Miss Hampden's nose in preference to yours anyway," he declared. "If she thought she smelled flowers, depend upon it, the scent of flowers was there. And if she thought there was someone in the room—at least we must not forget that her entrance must have taken place shortly after the woman's death. For all we know she may have been very near death herself."

"You mean," I said, a little startled, "that the murderer may still have been in the room?"

"Or the next room, or the hall. But it's only a possibility. Her sense of human presence may be simply attributable to the fact that its occupant was so lately dead."

"More than likely, in my opinion," I said dryly, whereupon we entered upon a psychological dispute which lasted until dinner time.

(*To be continued.*)

AFTERNOON, VENICE

From the Painting by
Florence Carlyle, Canadian Painter,
in the National Gallery of Canada

CANADIAN WOMEN WAR WORKERS OVERSEAS

BY MARY MacLEOD MOORE

THE work of British women, using British in its widest sense, is one of the remarkable features of the war. High and humble alike, they have answered the call, and now after four years of war they are still carrying on faithfully, splendidly, not weary in well-doing.

Canadian women have marched shoulder to shoulder with their sisters from all parts of the Empire, and the Dominion may well be proud of the record of her daughters, whether they bravely kept "the home fires burning" between the Atlantic and the Pacific, thousands of miles away from the treasure of their hearts, or whether they crossed the ocean to work year in and year out almost within sound of the sullen guns crashing their message to a stricken world in arms.

Frivolous women are not indigenous to any soil. Nor is it given to all to have the staying power that results in steady work for days and weeks and months and years, long after the first fiery enthusiasm has died away and only the cold ashes of monotony and sorrow are left. Therefore no one denies that there are a few failures, a few butterflies who avoided their share of the common burden, a few who said with fervour "I go, sir," and, when novelty merged into habit, "went not".

Of such one need say no more. One can only feel sorry that the Great Opportunity came and found them lacking. The contrast is the stronger when one thinks of the capable, devoted women who have helped to maintain the fine reputation won for Canada by her fighting men, who from the time they saved the situation at Ypres have never fallen below their high standard.

Pride of place must be given to the Canadian nursing sisters who came from two thousand Canadian homes, from East and West, and even from the farthest North, that they might care for the sick and wounded soldiers from all parts of the Empire. This they have done in England, in France, in Egypt and in Salonica.

When, some months ago, a very wonderful service was held in St. Paul's Cathedral, to the memory of the nurses who have lost their lives in the war (and since then many more have fallen on active service), it was a noticeable compliment to the Dominion that the Canadian sisters were allocated to the place of honour. In the very from rows, immediately behind Queen Alexandra and the other royal ladies, sat scores of Canadian sisters, headed by Miss M. C. Macdonald, R.R.C., the Matron-in-Chief of the Canadian Nursing Service, who came over in the earliest days of the war and is still ruling wisely and firmly over the professional destinies of the Canadian sisters. The Matron-in-Chief, who is from Nova Scotia, and has three brothers in the Army, saw service in the Spanish-American War and in the

Miss. M. C. Macdonald,
Matron-in-Chief, Canadian Army Medical Corps

South African War, and has been on the Canadian permanent force since 1906.

Canada's nurses have won a noble reputation, not only because of their excellent training and their professional skill, but as sympathetic women, and as brave soldiers. This war has broken all precedents. For women to nurse under fire at the Casualty Clearing Stations, in the din of air-raids, in many places, and to face the dangers of a soldier's life, is no novelty nowadays. If the personal experiences of the Canadian nurses, alone, were collected, one would read tales as thrilling in their record of simple courage and devotion to duty as any that have been told.

Canada will never forget her nurses drowned by the Germans while doing their duty, killed or dying of wounds from the bombs dropped on hospitals, or dying of illness contracted while on active service.

Many of the Canadian sisters have won the nurses' decoration, the Royal Red Cross, and some have a much coveted military honour as well. Matron Edith Campbell, R.R.C., of Mont-

Lady Drummond,
Assistant Commissioner, Canadian Red Cross Society, London, England

real, for example, and five other Canadian nurses, received the Military Medal for "gallantry and devotion to duty during an enemy air raid", when regardless of personal danger these faithful women cared for their charges and inspired all about them by their calmness and devotion to duty.

This question of the Military Medal for nurses is a curious one where Canadians are concerned, for our sisters are the only nurses who have the rank, pay, and allowances of officers. Naturally, one wonders why, if officers, they were not awarded the Military Cross? Perhaps officialdom can answer. It is a mystery to the ordinary person.

In the front rank of women war workers from Canada are those associated with the Canadian Red Cross Society. Many of them, headed by a much-loved leader, Lady Drummond, of Montreal, Assistant Commissioner of the Society, and a Lady of Justice of St. John of Jerusalem, have been working steadily since the autumn of 1914.

In the London headquarters of the Society there is a staff of between two and three hundred, the most of whom are women, and for the most part voluntary workers. In addition, there are more than twelve hundred official visitors, Canadians, English and Scotswomen, who go regularly to all hospitals where wounded and sick Canadians are being treated, and supply them with comfort, home newspapers, etc.

Mrs. David Fraser,
Head of Parcels Department, Canadian Red Cross Society, London, England

It is impossible to mention here the names of a little army of hundreds. One can only speak of the heads and of those who have been longest active in the work, knowing that they are representative of all.

Lady Drummond arrived from Canada a few weeks after the war broke out, and at once began to apply her great ability, her sympathy and her many advantages for the benefit of the fighting men from Canada, of whom her only son, Captain Guy Drummond, who fell at Ypres, was one. The day after the First Contingent landed in France, February 11th, 1915, she opened the Information Bureau of the Canadian Red Cross Society, which it is no exaggeration to say has proved an invaluable link between the people of Canada and their soldier sons overseas. The Bureau has an Inquiry Department for the wounded and missing, with eight different sections, *i.e.*, the appointment of visitors and after-correspondence (Miss Rickards); recording general casualties (Miss Bella Mackinnon); reports to relatives of sick and wounded (Mrs. Forrester); reports of officers' casualties (Mrs. John Craik and Miss Mackinnon); hospitality for officers (Miss Elise Kingman); verbal inquiries about casualties (Miss B. Caverhill); inquiries for sick and wounded (Miss Warring); inquiries about men missing or killed (Mrs. Ellisson).

Over the whole eight sections Miss Erika Bovey, of Montreal, who was

Mrs. Nelles,
President, the Canadian Woman's Club for War Work,
Folkestone, England

one of the original workers in the Bureau, presides with ability and sympathy.

Another valuable and popular Department is that for Parcels, presided over by Mrs. David Fraser of Lancaster, Glengarry, assisted by a number of skilled workers. From this department the men in hospital receive all sorts of comforts, such as toilet articles, "smokes," books, maple sugar, fresh eggs and countless other gifts.

There is also a department for supplying the men with home newspapers, of which Mrs. Gibb Carsley is head, having succeeded the Comtesse Pignatorre, formerly Miss Molson of Montreal; and a Department for Drives and Entertainments for officers and men in hospital, over which Miss Caverhill now presides.

Lady Drummond has also devoted much time and enthusiasm to the Maple Leaf Clubs for Canadian soldiers on leave, of which she is President. The women of Canada owe her a great debt, for her generous care for the men, both well and ill, has been untiring.

Mrs. David Fraser, the head of the Parcels Department, is another Canadian woman who has done splendid

Captain Mary Plummer,
officer in charge of the Canadian Field Comforts Commission

work since she came to England in the winter of 1915 and undertook the control of this division of the Red Cross Bureau. She is "carrying on" with as much zeal as she displayed in the days when the men wounded at the Second Battle of Ypres were arriving in England, and being supplied with all the little extra comforts a woman could suggest. Mrs. Fraser, who is the widow of the late Mr. David Fraser, is a daughter of the late Mr. Archibald Campbell, also of Glengarry. Both her sons joined in 1914, and one made the great sacrifice in 1916. Her only daughter, Miss Louise Fraser, is an active worker in the Prisoners of War Department of the Canadian Red Cross. This department, now the Care Committee for Canadian Prisoners of War, under the Central Committee, was opened a few days after the Second Battle of Ypres, with Mrs. Rivers Bulkley in charge, and two assistants. The works has grown enormously, and the Canadians who are, or have been, prisoners can testify to the fact that all that could be done to ameliorate their hard lot has been done by Mrs. Rivers Bulkley and her helpers. As Miss Evelyn Pelly, Lady in Waiting to H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught, Mrs. Bulkeley made many friends in Canada. She has now, in addition, many unknown friends bound to her by ties of gratitude and appreciation.

A few of the many who have done good service in the various Departments of the Red Cross, besides those mentioned already, are Miss Jean Bovey, who, like her sister, has been with the Red Cross from the beginning; Miss Mona Prentice, formerly of Hamilton and now of Montreal, who was an original worker, and, after a wide experience in the Parcels Department and in other branches, is private secretary to the Chief Commissioner; Miss Stikeman, Mrs. Watts, in charge of the Canteen; Miss Hagarty, of Toronto, Miss Dinah Meredith (now Mrs. O'Reilly), Miss Strathy (now Mrs.

Lady Perley,
wife of the High Commissioner for Canada

Holden), Mrs. and Miss Wylde, Miss Waud, Mrs. Ross Robertson, Miss Sutherland, Mrs. Papineau, Mrs. Reginald Beckett, Mrs. Pringle, Mrs. Hume Blake, Miss Lilias Torrance, Miss Galt, Mrs. Stairs Duffus, Miss Constance Scott, Miss Helen Kirkpatrick, Lady Allan of Montreal, who is in charge of the Officers' Home at Sidmouth; Mrs. Martin Johnston of Lethbridge, in charge of the packing for the prisoners of war, and others too numerous to mention. In addition, at the Shorncliffe Depot of the Canadian Red Cross, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon have forty ladies working under them to make conditions easier for the wounded men.

Lady Perley, formerly Miss Milly White of Ottawa, the popular wife of the High Commissioner for Canada, Sir George Perley, is an indefatigable and able war worker.

A few days after war was declared a meeting of Canadians in London was held at the Westminster Palace Hotel in the very room where a tablet commemorates the signing of the articles of Confederation, and there a Canadian War Contingent Association was formed to work for the comfort of the Canadian soldiers in camps and in the trenches, and to help in such other ways as might be possible. (Besides collecting and distributing comforts of all kinds to the fighting men the Association, founded with the assistance of the Canada Lodge of Freemasons in London, has been responsible since 1914 for the Queen's Canadian Military Hospital at Beachborough Park, near Shorncliffe). A ladies' committee was formed with Lady Perley as Chairman, and Mrs. George McLaren Brown, the wife of the European Manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, as Honorary Secretary, and from that day these ladies have worked steadily and faithfully for the soldiers.

Lady Perley is Commandant of the Canadian Imperial Voluntary Aid Detachment, which was formed in February last, and in her office at the Headquarters of the Canadian Red Cross Society she attends to much business connected with the Canadian V.A.D's. There are now about 150 members, some in France, others scattered all over the United Kingdom, and some working with the Canadian Red Cross in London.

In this connection one might mention that there are another 300 official V.A.D's who have come from Canada at the request of the British Red Cross and Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Some of these girls are in Salonica, some in France, and the remainder in

Miss Winifred Lewis, of Ottawa,
Commandant, Canadian Convalescent Hospital, Roehampton, England

the United Kingdom. All are doing excellent work.

Lady Perley is also Chairman of the Committee of the I.O.D.E. Club for Canadian Nurses, in Lancaster Gate, W. She is one of the vice-presidents of the King George and Queen Mary Maple Leaf Clubs, a member of the committees of the Peel House and Victoria League Clubs for soldiers, and together with Lady Turner, the wife of that distinguished soldier, General Sir R. E. W. Turner, V.C., D.S.O., represents Canada on the Beyond the Sea Committee.

Mrs. George McLaren Brown, already referred to, was Miss Eleanor Crerar, of Hamilton, and her husband, now Lieutenant-Colonel Brown, is filling an important post at the War Office in connection with transport.

Mrs. Brown, who is both brilliant and steadfast, a combination not always to be found, is in close touch with Canada, for through her work for the Canadian War Contingent she has been in communication from the very outset with people all over the Dominion who generously send gifts for the soldiers to be distributed by the Association. Cases are usually sent in to such big centres as Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Edmonton, Vancouver, and forwarded thence to England. Patriotic societies all over the country can speak from experience of the interesting letters from Mrs. McLaren Brown which tell about the life and work in England in war time. In addition to her arduous duties in connection with the Canadian War Contingent Association, Mrs. McLaren Brown is Honorary Secretary of the House Committee of the I. O. D. E. Club for Canadian Nurses, which was opened by H.R.H. Princess Patricia on March 15th last. The Club is in charge of Mrs. Danby Smith, who came over as a nursing sister.

Another gathering place of Canadian nursing sisters, by the way, is the beautiful Canadian Red Cross Rest House, at 66 Ennismore Gardens, S.W., where about 100 Sisters monthly enjoy a peaceful holiday. Mrs. Charles Hall of Montreal, who has been with

Mrs. George Black, of Dawson City,
Administrator in England of the Yukon Comforts Fund

the Red Cross for a long time, is the Lady Superintendent.

Miss Mary Plummer and Miss Joan Arnoldi, or to give them their proper titles, Captain Mary Plummer, and Lieutenant Joan Arnoldi, both of Toronto, can claim to be among the earliest Canadian war workers in England, for they were appointed officers in charge of the Canadian Field Comforts Commission, for sending comforts to the soldiers, the very month after war was declared, and are still going strong''. They came over with the First Contingent of deathless memory, were at Salisbury Plain till March, 1915, when they were moved, first to Ashford, and later to Shorncliffe, where the Commission now has its quarters in the R. E. Barracks. Four other officers, *i.e.*, Miss Lenore McMeans, Lieutenant, in charge of personal parcels, Miss M. I. Finn, Lieutenant, in charge of purchasing and accounts, Miss M. R. Gordon, Lieutenant, in charge of records, acknowledgments and inquiries, and Miss S. E. Spencer, Lieutenant, in charge of unpacking and stores, were appointed in 1916. The workers who assist these officers are Mrs. Allen, Miss K. M. Bell, Miss Burbidge, Mrs. C. C. Clinch, the Misses Corderoy, Mrs. Fort, Miss Fletcher, Mrs. Godfrey, Mrs. Melville Grant, Miss Hall, Miss Hayman, Mrs. C. H. Morris, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Magor, Miss B. L. Ogden, Mrs. Phelps, Mrs. Charles Smart, Mrs. Van Sittart, Miss Wilson and Miss Wilks.

Captain Plummer is the daughter of Mr. J. H. Plummer, Sylvan Tower, Toronto, and was the originator and Honorary Secretary of the Hospital Ship Fund. Lieutenant Joan Arnoldi is a daughter of Mr. Frank Arnoldi, K.C., and was Vice-President of the Toronto Women's Patriotic League when it was organized for war-work. Both ladies have been ''mentioned''.

In Folkestone, also, is the Canadian Women's Club for War Work, which was started in the autumn of 1915, when so many Canadian women were settled in that neighbourhood. Mrs. Charles MacDougall was the first President, Mrs. St. Pierre Hughes and Mrs. George Rennie were the Vice-

Mrs. Alfred Watt, of Victoria, British Columbia,
chief organizer of Women's Institutes for the Board of Agriculture, England

Presidents, and several sub-cimmittees were responsible for certain work. Among others was a Red Cross Committee, which visited soldiers and supplied them with comforts, and was responsible to the Red Cross Headquarters in London. In addition to this work the Club built revolving huts at Moore Barracks and a recreation room was built and equipped for tubercular patients. In May, 1916, the Club was asked to take over a Soldiers' Home started by some English ladies who were unable to continue it owing to ill-health. As the Maple Leaf Club, Folkestone, it proved a great success, and is remembered gratefully by thousands of Canadian boys who enjoyed its comfort. Mrs. Nelles, Mrs Rowe (Matron), and Mrs. Arthur Snell formed a House Committee, and various members of the Women's Club volunteered to cook and to serve meals. Of the latter more than twelve thousand were served in 1917. The home atmosphere created by Mrs. Rowe has been much appreciated by homesick soldiers.

The Club has also helped discharged soldiers' wives and families, by assisting them to return to Canada, and by relieving distress.

Though the Club had no financial backing it had strong friends in General Sir Sam Steele, K.C.M.G., Colonel Charles Smart, C.M.G., of Montreal, whose wife is the Honorary President this year, and Colonel Charles Nelles, C.M.G., who commands the Reserve Cavalry Regiment, and was formerly in command of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, Stanley Barracks. These officers not only gave private donations, but the proceeds of sports and entertainments, for the benefit of the Club.

Mrs. Gordon Brown,
Canadian Red Cross Rest House for Nurses, Boulogne

Mrs. Nelles, wife of Colonel Nelles, is President of the Club, Mrs. Cowan and Mrs. Mosely are the Vice-Presidents and Mrs. Kennedy is the Secretary-Treasurer.

Mrs. Watt, M.A., M.B.E., came to England in 1913, from Victoria, B.C., where she had spent her married life. A great many old friends will remember her better as clever Madge Robertson, of Collingwood and Toronto, the first woman in Canada to receive the degree of M.A. She is a graduate of the University of Toronto, and the Ontario School of Pedagogy, and both before and after her marriage to the late Dr. Alfred Tennyson Watt, she contributed over her maiden name general articles, essays, and book reviews to the Canadian and American press.

Mrs. Watt had for long been deeply interested in the question of food production and conservation, among many other phases of country life, and was a leader in British Columbia in the Women's Institute movement. It was only natural, then, that when war broke out, and she considered how she might best help England, she should turn her attention to these subjects. As a result, after four years of hard and steady work, Mrs. Watt can see the result of her labours in the 800 Women's Institutes in England and in Wales, with eight regular organizers, and about forty voluntary county organizers under the Board of Agriculture. Mrs. Watt herself is not only Founder, but Chief Organizer, of a movement which is having a stimulating effect upon country life in the British Isles, and is, indeed, part of a great advance towards the union of the various parts of the British Empire.

Like so many other Canadian workers, Mrs. Watt is a brave and patriotic mother. Her elder son (the younger is

Lieutenant Joan Arnoldi,
of the Canadian Field Comforts Commission

a school-boy) is Lieutenant "Robin" Watt, who went from Sandhurst into the Yorkshire Regiment, has been wounded four times, has won the Military Cross and bar, and is now A.D.C. to General Sir Arthur Currie, who commands the famous Canadian Corps.

A charming little lady, American by birth and British by marriage, who lives up loyally to her I.O.D.E. badge, is Mrs. George Black, of Dawson City, Yukon Territory, the wife of the ex-Commissioner, who came over with his men from Yukon, fought, and recently has been wounded in the splendid Canadian advance. Mrs. Black has a young son, Lieutenant Lyman Black, with the Canadian Machine Guns, who has won the Military Cross, and two other sons are with the Americans. When Mrs. Black was leaving Dawson, to travel to England in a transport with her husband, she suggested to the Canadian Yukon Patriotic Fund, the Dr. George M. Dawson Chapter, I. O. D. E., and the Martha Munger Black Chapter, I. O. D. E. (called after her), that some money should be placed in her hands to be used for the benefit of the Yukon men in the field and in hospital. This was done. Since then individuals and organizations have subscribed, and as a result from the Yukon Comforts Fund, of which Mrs. Black is administrator, the men have been supplied with comforts of all sorts, even small heaters, newspapers and lamps. Many of the soldiers, some of whom call Mrs. Black "Mother", ask her to make their own purchases for them, to write to their mothers,

Mrs. George McLaren Brown,
Honorary-Secretary, Ladies' Committee,
Canadian War Contingent Association, London

and to take charge of their personal effects, such as jewelry, cameras, photographs and money.

The Fund makes donations to the Canadian prisoners of War Fund, for the benefit of the Yukon men who have been captured, sick and wounded Yukoners are visited by Mrs. Black, and when it falls to the lot of one of her men to make the greatest sacrifice of all, this sympathetic friend writes the poignant details to a sorrowing wife or mother.

A Canadian woman who will be remembered gratefully by many of her own fellow-countrymen is Miss Winifred Lewis of Ottawa, the Commandant of the Canadian Convalescent Hospital at Roehampton, near London. Miss Lewis came over in 1915 and helped Mrs. Sandford Fleming with a Convalescent Hospital for Canadians. Later she returned to Canada to raise a fund to open another Canadian Convalescent Hospital. This was started in 1916 at Clarence House. Roehampton, once the home of William IV., as Duke of Clarence.

The hospital is an auxiliary to the King's Canadian Red Cross Hospital, at Bushey Park, and is under the officer in charge. There is an equipment of 124 beds, and for some time amputation cases were sent here. Most of them now go back to Canada for treatment, but those who are taking their discharge in England are sent to Clarence House, where heart and nerve cases also receive attention. As the Government grant is only three shillings a day for each man, the Hospital depends to a great extent upon the liberality of friends in Canada.

The staff is entirely Canadian, and is composed of V.A.D. workers as well as trained sisters. Among those who have been helping lately are Sister Scott, Sister Cosier, Mrs. Wm. Scott, Scott and Miss Scott, Mrs. Du Domaine of Halifax, Mrs. Jack Maynard of Toronto, Mrs. Mervyn Morrow of Vancouver, Mrs. Basil Wedd of Toronto, Miss Helen Gordon of Kingston, Mrs. Basil White, Miss Kate McDougall of Ottawa, and Mrs. Murray of Sydney, N.S. Miss McDougall is leaving to drive a car for a Canadian unit.

Among the Canadian women workers here are members of Canadian Army Service Corps, who have proved themselves of great value as drivers of ambulances, cars and lorries.

The first girl to join up was Miss Evelyn Gordon Brown of Ottawa, and her record must prove inspiring to the Canadian damsels longing to do something great in the war. Miss Brown first drove a staff car, later an ambulance, and in December, 1917, she left for France with the "Fannies", otherwise the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry Motor Ambulance Corps, a splendid English women's organization which has seen service since the very first month of the war. Miss Brown was the only Canadian in her unit, and she is the first Canadian woman to win the much-prized Military Medal "for conspicuous bravery under fire".

She and several other members of her unit were decorated for their magnificent conduct in moving the wounded during a bad air raid in a certain locality of military importance "somewhere in France".

Other Canadian women who were pioneers in the A.S.C. are Mrs. A. Douglas Cameron, a daughter of Mr. George Galt of Winnipeg, Mrs. Sweeney of Vancouver, the wife of Major Sweeney, Mrs. Max Reid, also of Vancouver, Mrs. C. H. Pozer and Mrs. R. C. Holman, both Americans married to Canadian officers, Miss Dot Dickson, of Pembroke, Ontario, Miss Katherine Snyder, a daughter of Major Snyder, who has now returned to Canada, Miss "Poppy" Macdonald, daughter of Honourable Mr. Justice Macdonald, and Mrs. Hislop, Calgary.

Miss Roberta MacAdams, M.P.P. for Alberta, is a Canadian whose career is fairly well known among her countrymen for her election in 1917 as the soldiers' representative for Alberta aroused widespread interest on both sides of the Atlantic. The "Lady M.P.", as the papers called her, was then acting as Dietitian in the Quartermaster's Department at the Ontario Military Hospital, Orpington, Kent. Since her return to England from a visit to Canada she has resigned her commission in the Canadian Army Medical Corps, and is now supervisor of the women's staff of the Khaki College, in England, of which Dr. H. M. Tory of Edmonton is the President.

There are also a number of Canadians helping at the "Beaver" Y. M C. A. hut under Miss Fitz-Randolph.

In France there are many Canadian women performing admirable service in the cause of the Allies—in addition, of course, to the nursing sisters. The Canadian Red Cross, which seems ubiquitous, is responsible for many of them. The Society's Rest House for Nurses, at Boulogne, which receives nurses from every Dominion, from every part of the British Isles, and from the United States, as they travel to and from England and the hospitals in the war-zone, has for its Commandant Mrs. Gordon Brown of Ottawa, the mother of the young Military Medallist referred to elsewhere, and sister of Sir Percy Sherwood. Mrs. Brown's only son, Lieutenant E. G. Brown, died of wounds in the spring of 1917, and she has been in France almost ever since. For nearly a year Mrs. Brown was in charge of the only Canadian V.A.D. billet in France, under the Red Cross, and when the Rest House was opened she was appointed to take charge. The Rest House is manned by a number of Canadian members of the Voluntary Aid Detachments.

Few people in Canada realize the usefulness of the Canadian V.A.D's. who take charge in France of the Canadian Red Cross Recreation Huts for the "up" patients, which are attached to the big Canadian General and Stationary Hospitals. Among the girls who are, or have been, so engaged, are Miss Helen Mathewson, Miss Marie Meagher, Miss Armorel Thomas and Miss Emily Yates, all of Montreal, Miss Saunders and Miss Kay of Toronto, Miss Ruby Michie of London, Miss P. M. Taylor, formerly of Kingston, Miss Alice Bell of Victoria, B.C., and Miss Kitty Armour of Vancouver.

Other Canadian women are with the British Red Cross, or with the "Fannies", or the "Waacs", as the Queen Mary's Women's Auxiliary Army Corps is called. Many are driving ambulances. The Canadian Red Cross, through the great generosity of the people of Canada, supplied more than sixty ambulances for a great hospital centre in France, and some of these cars are driven by Canadians, who constantly have before their eyes the names of Canadian towns and organizations. Some are working with the Y. M. C. A. and kindred bodies, in canteens and otherwise; some are helping the French people; and Canadians do not need to be reminded of the good work of the ladies who are connected with the Officers' Convalescent Hospital, for Mrs. Christopher Robinson, Miss Gertrude Tate, Miss Blanche Murphy and Miss Stewart Galt were all "mentioned" for their services.

Mrs. Charles Henshaw, of Vancouver (Captain Julia Henshaw), has also done admirable work.

The material on the subject of Canadian Women War Workers Overseas has long burst the bounds set for it. Reluctantly one must omit many names deserving of mention. Those referred to are typical.

This peaceful invasion of England and of France by efficient and charming Canadian women must prove of great value in that future to which we strain our eyes through the smoke and mist of this the most terrible of wars.

They have been, in their enthusiasm, their capability, their patriotism, a revelation to the people of the Old Country, who regard them as representative of that virile young land whose name the Canadian soldiers have covered with radiance.

Fortunate is Canada to be so ably represented. Fortunate, also, are these her daughters that when the call came it found them with their lamps trimmed and burning. War has brought many of them deep sorrow. It has brought, also, the joy of giving of their best for an exalted cause.

A DISTINGUISHED CANADIAN NURSE

MATRON ELIZABETH RUSSELL, R.R.C., (First-class)

MATRON ELIZABETH RUSSELL, R.R.C. (first-class), who during the war has had charge of two of the most important hospitals in England, has had a remarkable career as a nurse throughout three wars, and in times of peace during the last twenty years. Probably no other woman has nursed as many distinguished patients as she or has done as much towards the relief of suffering humanity. She has travelled completely around the world twice and has crossed the Atlantic no fewer than fifty-six times. On being graduated from the Presbyterian Hospital, New York, she was drafted into the American army and did very valuable service during the Spanish-American War. She made nine voyages between Cuba and American ports and one to the Philippines. She was in charge of the hospital relief ship that carried wounded soldiers. When hostilities broke out in South Africa Miss Russell offered her services to the Canadian Government. She was sent to the scene of hostilities and served there for fifteen months. On the outbreak of the Great War Miss Russell, who was then on the staff of the Presbyterian Hospital, took charge of Mrs. Whitney's hospital at Juilly, France. She sailed on the *Lusitania,* but just before the ill-fated voyage. After a year in France she applied to be transferred to the Canadians and since then has made a name for herself which as time goes on and the history of events is recorded will stand out as a memorable testimony of what devoted and self-sacrificing duty, coupled with an unbounded capacity for hard work, splendid executive qualification, tact, and a modest, genial and lovable personality, has meant towards winning freedom and liberty for humanity. Since the Great War began Matron Russell has crossed the Atlantic six times. She has worked with some of the most celebrated surgeons of the day and among her patients have been some members of the royal family.

The portrait on the opposite page from this is from a painting by Matron Russell's brother, Mr. John Russell, a distinguished portrait and figure painter. It was exhibited by the Canadian National Exhibition and bought by the city of Toronto.

MATRON ELIZABETH RUSSELL, R.R.C., a Distinguished Canadian Nurse

Painting by John Russell

The Canadian Magazine

THE SCHOOLBOY IN THE WAR

BY NELLIE SPENCE

"DON'T be too hard on that boy! He's Wallace's brother, you know. You ought to show a little mercy for Wallie's sake."

The scene was a class-room in a well-known Canadian school; the time about four in the afternoon some seven years ago. I was in charge of a motley assembly of delinquents who had been gathered in from all the forms to do a half-hour's penance for various sins of the day. A small boy occupying a back seat had been into some mischief, and I had just brought him up to the front and was in the act of delivering a little homily for his benefit when one of my colleagues entered the room and whispered the above admonition. The small boy overheard the whisper and smiled a roguish and knowing smile, as much as to say, "I guess I'm all right now!"

That little mischief-loving lad of seven years ago was destined to offer his life in the last and most epic phase of the great World War.

In his history of the Battle of the Somme, John Buchan pays a high tribute to the Schoolboy in the War. "When our great armies were improvised," he says, "the current fear was that a sufficient number of trained officers could not be provided to lead them. But the fear was groundless. The typical public-school boy proved a born leader of men. His good-humour and *camaraderie*, his high sense of duty, his personal gallantry were the qualities most needed in the long months of trench warfare. When the advance came he was equal to the occasion. Most of the fighting was in small units, and the daring and intrepidity of men who a little while before had been schoolboys was a notable asset in this struggle of sheer human quality. The younger officers sacrificed themselves freely, and it was the names of platoon commanders that filled most of the casualty lists."

Though speaking in general terms, Buchan has evidently in mind the English "public"-school boy, the boy of Eton and Rugby and Harrow. Following afar off his great example, I wish, while writing under a general title, to pay a tribute to the Canadian Schoolboy in the War. Some recognition of his work and spirit is long overdue; and, failing a worthier voice and pen, I am constrained to essay the high, heroic theme. *Arma puerumque cano*—and oh, how much more inspiring a figure is the Boy than the Man to-day! the Boy who went forth, even as did the lad David in the days of old, and with the self-same purpose—to slay Goliath!

"O men with many scars and stains,
  Stand back, abase your souls and pray!
For now to nineteen are the gains,
  And golden Twenty wins the day."

As it is easier to deal with a subject in the concrete than in the abstract, I am going to describe the Canadian schoolboy soldier in the person of that one whom I have known best, perhaps, of all the boys—between four and five hundred in number — who passed (many of them directly, some after an interval at college or business) from the study of history in my class-room to the making of history overseas. That one is the little lad to whom I showed mercy for his brother's sake some seven years ago. If I can succeed in drawing a faithful picture of him, I shall have succeeded approximately in describing the Canadian schoolboy in general. And perhaps the picture may stand for the schoolboy in a still more general sense, since (though I may be pardoned for thinking that there is no schoolboy in the world quite like the Canadian schoolboy) it is likely that the schoolboy is much the same the world over; or, at any rate, in free countries, where he is allowed to grow up as a plant in God's own sunshine; where discipline at home or school rests more on moral than on physical force; where the stress is laid on the spirit rather than on the letter of the law; where a real comradeship is possible between child and parent, pupil and teacher.

Is it necessary to express the hope that, in these days when we are all being drawn together by a feeling of kinship and by a sympathy which is born of sorrow, the personal note (none other is possible in such a sketch as this) and the mention of things intimate and sacred may be pardoned?

My acquaintance with the boy Alan, begun thus dramatically, did not develop much until two years later, when he entered one of my classes. So my knowledge of him extends back over the past five years—one *lustrum,* to use the old Roman time-unit, of a life that numbered only four.

From the beginning I found him a very interesting pupil, especially because a certain complexity in his character baffled me for a long time. It was only when I made the discovery that he was not, as I had thought, all Scotch, but Irish on his mother's side, that I began to understand him. He had lost that mother shortly before my acquaintance with him began, and I know her only through a beautiful picture and through some very lovable traits transmitted to her children. But the Scottish side of Alan seemed to predominate, and it was Lowland Scotch at that (and surely the Lowland Scot is the least understandable as he is the least expansive of human beings). "You may be half-Irish, but you are still three-quarters Scotch," I said to him more than once; and I tried hard to coax that Irish part out to a more equable proportion. It was that part, with its mysticism and its poetry, that appealed to me.

My second year's acquaintance with Alan was his last at the school, the year 1914-'15. That first year of the war was the most wonderful in the history of our school, as, I daresay, of all Canadian schools. There never was, there never could be again, a year like it. We were all in a state of patriotic exaltation, and the relationship of teachers and pupils became a much closer and finer thing than could have been possible under any other circumstances. Of all the boys in attendance that year three became especially endeared because of their active assistance and interest in our patriotic work. There was George, English of the English, to whom loyalty was as the very air he breathed. There was Raymond, the Yankee lad (but of old Acadian stock), who was almost the best Britisher of us all. And there was Alan, who had a double heritage of the fighting spirit, and, moreover, like the other two, a beautiful enthusiasm for all that was noble and fine. All three were prominent in the school life because of natural qualities of leadership, and because of offices to which their fellow-students had elected them in the Literary Society, the Rugby Team, and other organizations. When the girls of the school were "mobilized" into a Knitting "Brigade", these boys volunteered to act as our financiers. "Don't you worry about money," they said. "We'll get it out of the fellows. If the girls are going to do the knitting, it's only fair for the boys to find the money." It was never necessary to tell them that our exchequer was empty, for every little while one or another would come along with the anxious inquiry, "How are you off for cash?" I never quite got over the novelty of the sensation caused by such solicitude on the part of a pupil over the state of my finances. Not to make too heavy demands upon the boys' pocket-money, we got up a play or two (we seemed to be overflowing with energy), and our relationship became thus closer than ever. We all liked to have George and Alan act together, for they "played up" to each other perfectly, and were such an interesting contrast—George, the typical Anglo-Saxon, with fair skin and warm colouring; Alan, the typical Gael, with dark hair and deep blue eyes. Both had real histrionic ability; but, while George acted upon all instructions with readiness and quickness, Alan, with a perversity that was probably a blending of Scottish and Irish obstinacy, often proved intractable to the very last, when he would come out with all the requisites of his rôle according to instructions given at rehearsals, and with improvements and additions of his own inventive fancy. Once during the year the boys put on a wonderful Minstrel Show, in which Alan, with Tartan facings on his coat-lapels and a rich burr in his accent, played the part of one Sandy McTeich in almost inimitable fashion.

All too soon the year sped away, shadowed toward the close by St. Julien and Festubert. At the latter place Alan's eldest brother, Gordon, was killed. I had never known him personally, but, as Alan often used to slip into my class-room after hours to show me his letters and talk about the war (what an event a letter from overseas was in those days!), I seemed to know him very well indeed. All through the winter Alan was straining at the leash, though he was not seventeen till April; and I was afraid of the effect which his brother's death might have on his intense Scots-Irish nature. When, as soon as the Matriculation Examination (on which he was writing) was over, I heard that he was going over to Niagara Camp, I hastened out to his home on the little Credit River, carefully preparing on the way an array of arguments to persuade him to wait another year. But my arguments were so many blank cartridges, and my reference to his youth only roused his ire. He was old enough—almost a man—he must go. Oh, the infinite pity and pathos of it all!—the way these boys, little more than children, assumed the responsibilities of the war! "What a mistake," wrote a friend to me on hearing of Alan's enlisting, "our voluntary system was! It seemed so fine and free, symbolic of our national liberty; but it just drained our country of its very best—so much youth, hope, ambition, apparently wasted! The Americans have profited by our lesson. The Draft System is the only one, and twenty is quite young enough to take these lads for service."

George and Raymond and Alan all joined the colours about the same time, in the summer of 1915; and, after a winter in camp at Toronto, went overseas in 1916; Alan in March, George in May, Raymond in September. With them went a large number of their comrades of the campus and the class-room, many of them skipping a year or two in their haste to reach military age and their eagerness to die for their country. Each year since has seen a similar exodus, and the old school has become a rather forlorn and desolate place. In fact, it has seemed as if part, and that the better part, of the school were overseas; and, like the Jacobites of old, who drank to the King over the Water, we have pledged our hearts' dearest allegiance to the lads who crossed the sea, the lads whose deeds proved them to be of the real Blood Royal and whose Right Divine was therefore not to be gainsaid or questioned. If only I had space to tell of their endeavours and achievements here! There was Fleetwood, in whom I was given "a third legal interest" by his parents, and who was sometime to take me for my first flight through the blue Empyrean—when he had made quite sure of his landings (but poor Fleetwood never made quite sure of those landings). There was Harry, who did take me for a flight one day, very real even though imaginary, away up over the lines on the Western Front, assuring me that I need not be afraid, for he would "twist and turn all over the place," and I should see "Archie" shooting wild; but Harry took a last flight all alone in his little fighting 'bus just before Vimy, and whither he went no one knows to this day. There was Walter, whom we all thought quite safe because he was a Medical Officer in Shorncliffe Hospital, until one day, like a bolt from the blue, came the news that he had died suddenly of overwork. There was Charlie, whose face was never seen without a smile, even in death, when they found his body lying in No Man's Land beside that of the comrade whom he had tried to carry through the deep Flanders mud. There was Arnold, the intrepid naval airman, who, having to descend on the German side in Belgium, passed through a month of such adventures and escapes as make the wildest fiction seem tame, and who, after a brief leave in Canada, returned to duty, only, alas! to be claimed a victim by the insatiable North Sea. There was Douglas ("Duggie" of beloved memory), a hero if ever there was one, who went to the war at seventeen and returned a scarred but decorated veteran, only to have to fight all his battles over again in the delirium of pneumonia, and, worn out with the double struggle, to lay down his arms at last. There was Max—but no, I will not speak of him or of others now. There is not room on my canvas for so many figures; I must keep to my one sketch.

I have been going through two bundles of letters received from Alan: the one covering the year that elapsed till his Canadian furlough; the other the year and more since his return to the Front. The early letters, written in England, are brimful of enthusiasm—everything was so fresh and interesting. One letter—a long one—describes a review of the Fourth Canadian Division by the King shortly before its departure for France. After speaking of the preliminaries, the boy goes on: "Then came a blast on a bugle, and you could hear the mutter, 'The King is coming!' Finally came another blast, and the Division sloped arms. First a big car rolled up with the Queen in it, and then we could see the Royal Standard coming over the hill. The King rode up to the saluting base with his staff grouped round him. . . . The command came: 'Fourth Canadians—Royal Salute—Present Arms!' and the Division came to the present, while the massed bands played the National Anthem. Then we sloped arms again, and there was a minute's quiet, when Gen. Watson stood up in his stirrups and called for three cheers for the King. You should have heard a Canadian division cheer! I never heard such a noise in all my life. Every man put his cap on the end of his rifle and cheered his lungs nearly away. When everything was quiet again, the King turned his horse and trotted down beside the crowd, followed by his staff. He circled around past the artillery at a walk, and came slowly up the infantry line. As he came up to us, I heard Gen. Watson say, 'This is the 75th, sir, another Toronto unit.' Then the King said, 'There is one thing we notice about your Canadians——' and they passed on. The letter ends with a reference to the preparations for departure for France, "the place I have longed to reach for two years."

But we shall see how he fared "over there".

The first Battle of the Somme, begun on Dominion Day, 1916, had been in progress for about a month when our boy crossed the Channel. From August to December he was in active service. Like other correspondents, he was reticent about his experiences and feelings; but occasionally he broke silence, and I remember, in particular, a reference to Courcelette in one of his letters, and an enthusiastic tribute to the 22nd French-Canadians, who covered themselves with glory in this action. Just before Christmas he was stricken with appendicitis and taken to England. Writing from an Epsom war hospital in December, he says, with a touch of the humour that was part of his Celtic heritage: "This is the biggest hospital under one roof in this country. It was, before the war, the London County Insane Asylum; so, you see, I have at last found my level—I am an inmate."

In March of 1917, almost an exact year from his departure, he came back on a well-earned furlough. Shall I ever forget that Saturday morning when, answering a tap which I took to be that of the janitor, I found him at the door of my little flat? One fears almost as much as one hopes to see these lads again; but a single look was enough to show me that he was the same clear-eyed and clean-souled boy who had gone away—the war had not coarsened or corrupted him in the least. In fact, he seemed quite unaltered that day; but, within twenty-four hours, I noticed a great change come over him. For the very day after his arrival news came of the death of his beloved commander, Colonel Beckett (who had been like a father to him); and, though he received the word with outward composure, he was greatly affected by it. He scorned to speak of nerves, but to those of us who knew him well he could not help betraying himself occasionally; and I have reason to know that he passed many a night, in a terrible dream life, roaming up and down No Man's Land, vainly searching for the body of his lost leader. He should not have gone back for a long while, if at all; but, when I spoke to him about the matter, as I was asked to do in a letter from his brother Wallace, who was then in France, he said decidedly: "I could never look George and Ray and the other fellows in the face again if I didn't go back. I *must* go."

And so, one evening in June, I saw my Boy Benjamin for the last time, when he ran in for a few minutes to say good-bye. He was cheery and brave, as a matter of course, only saying, in answer to some inane remark of mine: "Yes, I know what I am going to, but I've got to go. Don't you see that I have got to go?" And I did see that to a lad of his mettle there was no staying at home, no accepting of the "cushy job" that I knew had been offered to him in Canada. So I could only summon up my poor pennyworth of Irish and say to him, *Dia Leat!* explaining that it had more virtue than its nearest English equivalent, "God bless you!" or "God be with you!" "*Leat* is a Dative, Alan," I remember saying, and I had a queer subconsciousness of how absurdly pedagogical were my last words to the boy—a little lesson on Irish grammar. Oh, the smiles we put on just to cover our tears! Oh, the poor little trivialities with which we camouflage our love!

He had scarcely left our shores before news came of the death of George, and, a fortnight later, that of Raymond also. George had been mortally wounded at Fresnoy, Raymond at La Coulotte. Had the news come earlier, I think that I should have moved heaven and earth to keep Alan home. But though I might have moved heaven and earth, I know that I should have failed to move the stubborn resolution of a boy in his 'teens, made more adamantine as it would have been by the loss of his two friends. And somehow, though I often wondered what he had meant when he had said, "I know what I am going to," I was buoyed up by a faith that the last of my beloved trio would bear a charmed life, and, winning through the war, come tapping at my door again some happy Saturday morning.

He was in England only a short while—England was dull and uninteresting to him now—and presently word came that he had rejoined his old unit, under Colonel Harbottle, in France. That was in August, 1917, and since that time, with the exception of two brief furloughs in "Blighty", he was at the great and grim game in France and Flanders to the end. For a long time he was scout officer for the battalion, and his work was, of course, very dangerous. But, as I heard from other officers, he seemed to know no fear. "That boy," said a returned captain of the 75th to me once, "used to go up and down No Man's Land as if it had been his own back yard"—whereupon there was dashed off a dissertation on the text, "Discretion is the better part of valour". In due course came an answer, pleading "Not guilty" to the implied charge. "You see," he wrote, "my work is not easy, and my nights are spent in the front line and in No Man's Land; but my business takes me there. . . . You need not worry. I know enough about this game to keep me from taking fool risks, and I have seen enough sights to last till the end of my life."

A few months after his return to France he was promoted in rank, and became a captain at nineteen. A little later, in the spring of 1918, came a decoration, the Military Cross, "for continuous good service at the Front and conspicuous bravery on the field of battle". When I gave this news-item to the press and innocently sent him the clippings, this erstwhile pupil of mine sent me back a gentle reprimand, saying that he disliked publicity, and that there had been too many references to his family in the papers to suit his taste. I was reminded of Donald Hankey's Average Englishman, who glories in never having had his name in the newspapers. But I think that, if he could speak today, my boy would not refuse me the privilege of penning this little tribute to his memory.

In a letter dated August 16th, he describes the drive which began on the 8th, praising the gallantry of Colonel Harbottle (who evidently proved a good successor to Colonel Beckett), but grieving over the loss of brother officers, especially Major Bull, D.S.O., and Captain Commins, M.C. But, proudly describing the advance, he says: "You can hardly imagine our feelings as we marched through mile after mile of conquered country, past long rows of German guns, through wooded dells which but a few hours before had belonged to the enemy, finally going through our own glorious phase of the attack and handing over the advance to another of our divisions, as well as to divisions of cavalry, and hundreds of tanks, which poured through for miles."

Early in September he was in England on leave, and could scarcely have more than got back to the line when, in that wild storm of wind and rain with which Nature fittingly accompanied the third battle of Cambrai, a battle greater, more epoch-marking, more heroic than that in which gods and men contended

> "Far on the ringing plains of windy
> Troy,"

he fell, with so many of his peers, schoolboys of yesterday, fighting grimly, and yet, I like to think, joyously, to the very last.

I thank God that, though He denied the dearer boon for which I prayed, He yet granted, in lieu of life, so glorious a death. Not for a young, heroic soul the tame and quiet passing desired by an old poet who, with all his strength and fineness, was scarcely a combatant, and never, surely, a real boy. Rather the death desired by another poet who was "ever a fighter", and, even in old age, something of a real boy still. I seem to hear a voice from Marathon and from the market-place of Athens. It is the voice of young Pheidippides, the runner, the soldier, shouting his exultant *chairete nikomen* in the very moment of a death, the most beautiful surely, with the one great exception, that past history records. And now the voice changes to one dearer and more familiar, one that I have heard on many a hard-fought Rugby field. It is a little raucous, yet it makes music to my ear. It comes from Bourlon Wood and from Cambrai. It uses a language less melodious but not less virile than the ancient Greek, the language of Britain and of Canada and of that America of which Canada is a part. It is the voice of the schoolboy in the war, shouting as exultantly as did the young Pheidippides, but with an added note—"Rejoice, we are victorious! Oh, death, where is thy sting?"

Almost at the moment of Alan's death came his latest photograph; and, sharing as I do that sweet Celtic fancy that wherever one's picture goes, something of oneself must needs go with it, I feel as if the spirit of our boy, when his body was struck down, winged its flight back to the Canada that he loved so well. Placed beside a photograph taken just before he went away, it makes an interesting study. Less than three years separate the two pictures, but they seem at least a decade apart. The one shows a boyish face, eager, wide-eyed, wondering; the other the face of a man, stronger, sadder, gentler. The boy is ready to set out on the Great Adventure; the man has come through that adventure, and is about to fare forth on the still Greater Adventure.

Since that fateful April 22nd, 1915, and most of all since that more fateful August 8th, 1918, a cloud, growing ever larger and blacker, has overspread our once serene Canadian skies. To none of us can life ever be the same as it once was; and many there be who now turn longing eyes towards that land of heart's desire that lies, we hope, beyond the setting sun. We take comfort in the thought that there are for us only

"A few more years at most, and then
Life's troubles end like summer's rain;
The pattering on the leaves will cease,
And we shall meet our boy again."

If only some more daring and successful Columbus could voyage forth on a wide Sea of Discovery, and, returning, link this little planet up forever with the great Spirit World! Perhaps the lads who "go west", these young Captains Adventurous of ours, do return to visit us sometimes; but we, earthbound creatures that we are, do not hear their quiet coming, do not rise to let them in.

Yes, though the laughter has died out of our lives, we should dishonour our beloved dead if we did not try to emulate their marvellous courage and good cheer. We must "carry on" as best we may, and each do his little part in the reconstruction of a world that has been turned topsy-turvy; and we must somehow see to it that neither Cæsar nor Demos shall henceforth have power wantonly to destroy the fair handiwork of God or man. We shall have to recast our theology, perhaps after the manner suggested by the clear-visioned student in arms. But we cannot lose faith in the human or the divine; for, if the war has shown the deviltry to which man may descend, the Schoolboy in the War has shown the divinity to which he may attain. Perhaps the world is on the backward swing from the extreme of materialism of which German science has been the exponent. Perhaps we are on the eve of strange and new discoveries in the world of thought—who knows? At any rate, we must go on, patiently working at the problems of this mysterious life of ours, and hoping against hope that by and by the light will break in upon us, and that we shall at last understand, and in our understanding rejoice and be exceeding glad.

THE PEACEFUL PURSUITS OF WAR

BY J. D. LOGAN

OFTEN on town or city streets in Canada nowadays one will overhear a brief, hurried colloquy like this:

CIVILIAN (to a soldier just returned from the Front): "Hello-o-o! Just back from France, eh? Say, you certainly *are* looking fit—never saw you look so well in civil life—fat, ruddy, and bright as a new dollar. Thought you'd be a physical wreck by this time. But you're better set up than ever. What's the secret?"

SOLDIER: "Oh, that's an easy one. Nothing to worry about and *the peaceful pursuits of war.*"

In this colloquy there is not the slightest bit of facetious camouflage. The truth is that the civilian *does* see in the returned soldier a healthier-looking specimen of humanity than when he knew his friend or chum in the days before the latter enlisted in the volunteer citizen-soldier army; and the soldier is not attempting to hide the real fact by an off-hand, facetious reply to a genially expressed question. The soldier means what he says. If he puts it, as he does, in the form of a paradox, his good health and his healthy appearance are, in his own view and phrasing, due to these causes: "Nothing to worry about, and the peaceful pursuits of war".

There is, I must admit, in this formula a bit of cynical pun in his play on the word *pursuits* and some reminiscence of the satiric comedy that obtains in the midst of the brutal tragedy of war, and that colours and relieves the life-and-death-democracy of the fighting field and the trenches. For the returned soldier's point of view is that of relative values in contrasted, contradictory, spheres of life. *Relatively* to the responsibilities, cares, annoyances, anxieties, struggles, doubtful issues, failures and defeats of civil life, which insidiously undermine a man physically and mentally, harrow his soul and destroy his enjoyment of existence, army life is care-free, and the serious pursuit of war is attended by incidental other pursuits which, even if some of them degrade manners and if others annoy, are a kind of peaceful occupation, and which are accepted as humorous episodes in the brutal business of slaying humankind. I shall describe these, solely in the interest of social history, under the following catch-heads: (I), the Pursuit of Communism; (II), the Pursuit of Hoboism; (III), Hunting Big Game; and, (IV), the Playhouse at the Front.

A citizen-soldier army is a social phenomenon by itself—absolutely unique in constitution, government, and manner of living. It is the only example of that kind of democracy which is known as "egalitarian"; that is to say, the democracy of the French and American original stamp, in which every individual counts for one and no one for more than one.

And yet, paradoxically, the government of the ranks of a citizen-soldier army is tyrannous, despotic, and anti-democratic. Again: life in the ranks of a citizen-soldier army is the only example of genuine communism in the world. In the ranks of such an army are men of all grades of social and intellectual standing from thug and hobo to college professor and clergyman. Once in the ranks of an army the enlisted college professor or clergyman can have no more privileges than the thug or hobo. All are wholly on the same social plane. They are billeted together in the same tents or huts, the same ruins of shell-wrecked villages, or vermin-infested dugouts, or holes in the ground. They feed from the same rude canteens, and eat the same roughly-cooked rations. They are drilled in the same way, the thug and hobo side by side with the college professor and the clergyman; and whether vulgar or refined, callous or sensitive, receive the same brusque and even profane orders from officers, N.C.O's or other instructors, who in many cases are the social and intellectual inferiors of the men in the ranks whom they are drilling and instructing. They are disciplined in military dress, toilet, and decorum with the same rigorous, heart-breaking imposition of arbitrary regulations. They march to battle under the same conditions of fine or inclement weather, tread the same wearying roads, carrying the same overburdening, devitalizing equipment and packs, and engage in the same hellish fray to make the same sacrifices of body or of life. And they go through all these strange, rough, harrowing, agonizing experiences and even make the supreme sacrifice gladly in devoted obedience to the same ideals of loyal citizenship, of genuine patriotism, and of free and humane civilization.

But while army communism, especially when fighting troops are on active service at the battlefront, eventuates in a unique and adamantine and necessary solidarity amongst the men of the ranks, wholly irrespective of their various social and intellectual status in civilian life before enlistment, still its life-and-death democracy has many ugly and degrading elements or phases. In the army on active service even those who have previously known nothing but the niceties and refinements of life become worse than hoboes—nay, almost semi-cannibalistic—in the matters of eating, sleeping, personal hygiene and manners, including speech. All this is, to be sure, inevitable under the conditions. Looked at simply as a fact in itself, and not by comparison with the conduct of civil life, army hoboism, if relatively ugly, has nevertheless its own peculiar humour; and if a civilian spectator, with imagination, were to think of the men at the Front as the soldiers of the King, and behold them disclosing the hoboistic phases of army life, he would, after all, be compelled to smile and say, to quote Byron—"There are his young barbarians at play".

I present a few phases of the picture. For eating utensils the rankers are supplied with a knife. fork, and spoon, and with what is called a "canteen"—a small tin can of compact compartments, one compartment being for tea or other potable and the other compartment for solid foods. When, in the line, and often in rest quarters, this canteen is, according to the rations for a given meal, proportionately supplied by the cooks, who are far from being spotless in person or attire. Each soldier hurries away, with his canteen, to any place nearby where he can make his repast on the uninviting food. He is, however, genuinely hungry and empty, and greedily eats, or, rather, devours, or even "wolfs", the food.

Now, it often happens that a comrade is, through mislaying or through theft, without a canteen and other eating utensils. He borrows these, quite uncleansed—for in the line water is more precious than rubies—

from a soldier who has already eaten. At first the borrower is somewhat squeamish about eating from uncleansed utensils, but he soon gets over that attitude, for he is genuinely hungry, almost famished. He, too, like the owner of the canteen, after the canteen has been supplied with food at the field kitchen, hurries away to make a repast, and eats avidly, conveying the food to his mouth with his knife, fork, or spoon, or with his fingers, or with utensils and digits.

Moreover, this frequently occurs. Possibly one soldier, for some special cause, is not really hungry or has in his canteen more food than he can eat, or has rejected as unpalatable certain bits of food. I have seen soldiers in the line, even those who were used to the refinements of life, ask a comrade, who had in his canteen more than he could eat or who had rejected certain bits of food, whether they could have the "leavings" in a canteen. And I have seen them devour the disgusting mess with relish, totally oblivious of the beastly character of the mess and of the unhygienic state of the food and the menace to health that lay in the food itself as well as in the utensils, which might cause those who used the utensils to become infected with unmentionable diseases. In this regard, compared with the soldier on active service in the field, the lowest, roughest hobo is an epicure and a gentleman.

As regards the degradation of manners, especially in speech, I shall remark nothing more than to observe that for sheer invention of shocking but picturesque, and even poetic, phrases in obscenity and profanity, soldiers on active service are in a class by themselves. The constant hearing of vile, though picturesque, obscenity of speech and profanity, on the part of those who are low-born or indecently bred, acts like an infectious disease on the others of their comrades who were refined in civil life. The latter, as it were, "catch" the gift and habit; and on two occasions I have heard men in the ranks, who were clergymen in civil life, explode with obscene invective and profanity that ordinarily would have sounded worse than blasphemy, had not the first shock of it been relieved by the picturesqueness of the phraseology and by the grotesque humour of it involved in the incongruity of the language itself as contrasted with the character of the speakers. I was compelled to laugh; and I did not need either to pity or to forgive. For I was too good a psychologist not to understand; and, possibly, I recalled the fact that, as the New Testament reports, Peter, the strongest and yet weakest of Christ's disciples, under intense emotional excitement, exploded with profane speech: "Then," says the Scriptures, "began he to curse and to swear." But, no doubt, this was straight taking of profane oaths, and nothing more, whereas the obscene and profane speech of the army ranks is the picturesque expression which we associate with the hobo who invents his daily speech with the same wit or wits with which he invents his daily modes and means of subsistence.

One of the most fetching, particularly to soldiers, of Captain Bruce Bairnsfather's cartoons has a most extraordinary subject, with this for its legend—"Hunting Big Game". Soldiers in the line employ a different legend for the subject of this cartoon of Bairnsfather's. They call it, euphemistically or satrically, "Chasing the Little Brothers of the Hun". When on one occasion writing from the Front to the Canadian press I said that the men in the line dreaded the mud, rats, and "the little brothers of the Hun" more than they did the Germans, no doubt I was thought to be romancing. I was not at all romancing.

In special training camps overseas, but not in the field, the coldier gets adequate rest in relatively decent quarters. But on active service in the field, he inhabits and turns in for sleep, for the most part, in vermin-infested ruins of houses, barns or other wrecked buildings, or in underground dugouts or holes in the earth, equally swarming with rats, lice and repulsive insects of all sorts. The rats are pestiferous, but soldiers get a sort of fun and diversion out of them. Now, these trench rats are nothing like the breed seen in lands where war is not raging. They are large, unafraid, insolent, ravenous, and quarrel outrageously amongst themselves. If a soldier happens to be merely resting in his dugout, often a rat will come close to him, look up at the fighter, and make grimaces at him; and if the fighter kicks the rat away into a corner or as high as the mud ceiling, back the insolent "varmint" will come and repeat his saucy insults, in scorn of bodily harm or death. Or, if a soldier is sound asleep in his dugout, one rat will come and sit on his breast, like a domestic kitten, another will sniff about his face, like a puppy, and another will rummage through his tunic pockets for candy and chewing gum, being particularly fond of "spearmint" flavour.

The rats, however, become real pests in two ways. Men in the line get some amusement or diversion out of the spectacle of these vermin quarreling and fighting amongst themselves—if, that is, the soldiers are awake and at ease. But the fun ceases when men in the line are seeking sleep or are asleep; for the rats, in the *mêlée* of their quarreling, fighting, and wrestling with one another, frequently fall over each other and are precipitated upon the person of the sleeping soldiers with a momentum and thud that would waken the most worn-out sleeper. Or, working inwards from the outside of the dugouts, while the men are asleep, the rats at last reach the mud ceiling, and continuing their fierce scratching, they finally penetrate the ceiling, and deluge the bodies and faces of the sleeping soldiers with broken clay. Their rest thus disturbed, the tired and awakened men in the line make their existence still more uncomfortable by raucous raging and profane cursing of their tormentors throughout the horrible nights.

The rats, however, are companionable creatures in comparison with those marauders which Bairnsfather has cartooned as "Big Game" and which the men in the line satirically call "the little brothers of the Hun". They are all sizes, shapes, colours, and even nationalities; and they operate in numbers amounting to platoons, companies, battalions, brigades, corps, and armies—being like the sands of the sea for multitude in the trenches.

There is no escaping them; officers and men alike suffer from their fierce and ubiquitous raidings. For these ravenous insects infest, in swarms, the earth and the wood of the dugouts, the soldiers' blankets and their clothing. Let me present two pictures of what a civilian spectator might see of the work of "the little brothers of the Hun" in the trenches—one without any element of humour in it; the other disclosing a humorously peaceful pursuit of war. Suppose that a soldier has been for forty-eight hours at a stretch out in the wet, cold, and mud helping to hold the line or on outpost duty. Naturally, he must be a much worn-out man, exigently needing rest and sleep. Suppose that at length he is ordered to retire to a dugout or funk-hole for rest. Can he get his rest? Not he. He has been cold and active for forty-eight hours, and thus has not felt or noticed the activity of "the little brothers of the Hun". But shortly after he has lain down for rest and sleep, the warmth of his body draws the insects from their lairs in his own clothing, in the blankets and in the wood and ground. Soon they swarm in battalions over his sensitive skin and make persistent raids on his succulent person. Thus attacked, tormented, and crazed, the worn-out soldier cannot get rest or sleep; and, whether he was or was not a cultured, refined man in civil life, he rends the air with ragings and cursings that are shocking in vileness and unparalleled in variety of ingenious and picturesque phrasing.

Now look on this picture. Scores of times I have seen this startling phenomenon—a spectacle which, if it did not have in it certain elements of grotesque humour would be totally revolting. In the open, where all might view the spectacle, I have seen, sitting side by side, a low-born, rude-mannered soldier and a comrade who in civil life was a college professor, or who was a student of divinity or even a clergyman, both of whom were absolutely nude and, shamelessly absorbed in what, as I have observed, Bairnsfather has caricatured as "hunting big game". Finally, I have seen the entire bodies of such victims of these ruthless little Huns a mass of red abrasions and festering sores due to incisions in the skin made by the finger-nails in attempting to get relief from the agonizing itching caused by the infesting, ruthless insects that, in the trenches and in rest billets, raid the human person. Still, as I have said, the spectacle which I described is grotesquely humorous, as also is the somewhat rarer sight of officers and men, quite shamelessly in the open, for public view, adopting and applying the traditional Highland method, established by the Duke of Argyll in ancient Gaelic days, for getting rude but ready relief from the aforementioned species of sanguinary and carnivorous insects. The thoughtful Argyll provided special itching-posts, tradition says, and the clansmen were wont, after obtaining the highly welcome relief, to laud their benefactor devoutly, exclaiming, "God bless the Duke". But officers and men in the line seize upon any object —a bit of a tree, the corner of a ruined house-wall, or what not—to which they can apply the backs of their irritated bodies, and while thus "in action" add to the amusement which their plight affords spectators, by profane utterances of lurid expletives and chants of hate against the army, war, the trenches, the Huns and the universe of men and things in general. Seriously, however, in a spiritual sense, there are worse enemies than the Huns. For the Huns, at the worst, can only kill the mere body outright, but the raiding vermin degrade soldiers to the level of the outcast and the beast. For, I ask, how can any soldier who has gone through the bestializing experiences which I have just detailed, be a decent, companionable comrade while on active service? and how can he, after the war has ended and he is returned to civil life, ever again shamelessly look on the faces of his cleanly fellows who were compelled to remain at home, or smile, for favour, into the eyes of beautiful and immaculate women?

I turn now, in conclusion, to summarize the chief phases of one of the genuinely peaceful pursuits of war—namely, the demand for fun, entertainment, amusement, and diversion at the Front, even in the very midst of sanguinary destruction or of the menaces of imminent death from the engines of war on the land and high above in the heavens.

Certain psychological conditions of the fighting soldier's peculiar and singular, though temporary, artificial, and acquired, characteristics and attitudes must be noted and oriented before I briefly detail the chief phases of the Playhouse at the Front. For the mental, sentimental, and imaginative characteristics, attitudes, and demands of the fighting soldier are not only highly contingent but also wholly ephemeral; and, as such, show forth a phenomenon *sui generis*, and form a new or novel and special field in psychological data and investigation. Only by such orientation, brief as I must be in the present instance, of the fighting soldier's mind and heart, shall we be able at all to understand and appreciate what has been aptly called "the inveterate heliotropism of the human plant"—not only the warrior's anomalous and persistent demands for, and exhibitions of, infectious good cheer and laughter, his demands for, and participation in, music-hall and amateur theatrical entertainments, and his avidity for field sports, baseball and football and boxing contests in the line and in rest quarters, but also his amazing engagement, with the utmost *sang froid*, in absolute foolhardiness (seemingly) and scorn of imminent death, in games of football even on the battlefield when(as I have observed in France) an engagement with the Huns is taking place in a nearby section of the firing-line.

The general good cheer and happy spirit of the men (officers, of course, as well) at the battlefront, who, with repeated regularity, as corps, divisional, brigade, or battalion orders arrange, go into the firing-line, is undoubtedly, from the point of view of the civilian, an unexpected, anomalous, startling, and unique psychological phenomenon. Summarily, these are the facts: soldiers in the line, to use the colloquial slang, are as "playful as kittens". They fool, play, sport, jest, and sing with a *camaraderie* that did not exist amongst them even when schoolmates or college mates in civilian life at home before the current war. In rest quarters, after coming out of the line from an engagement, they insist on having their inter-company games of baseball or football (soccer) for the battalion, brigade or divisional championship; and they flock, even if they have to miss their suppers, to the music-hall concerts given by the so-called Divisional Concert Parties and the instrumental concerts given by the various regimental bands in the division or brigade to which their units belong. They insist, in the midst of war, on being diverted from the harrowing experiences of war. And so—with all the reputed expertness in psychological and psychophysical science and investigation, which for half a century has been attributed to the German *gelehrte*—the German has missed absolutely the inmost structure, character, and meaning of the heart—the mind and will—of the Anglo-Keltic race in the United Kingdom and its off-shoots in the Dominions overseas.

The inner neaning of our Y.M.C.A.'s and our amateur, rough-and-ready-made playhouses at the Front—if their psychological, especially their conative, effects on the minds and hearts of the men who go into the firing-line are rightly to be appreciated—is this: that there is an intolerable *ennui* to war, that is, active fighting—a stagnating routine of day and drudgery, even more stagnating than the routine of peace, from which the spirit of the soldier, especially the young soldier, revolts, and which causes him to feel glad when his unit receives orders to move up into the line. Moreover, paradoxically, the same *ennui* attacks the soldier in the line, in the trenches, where, one would think, the roar of heavy artillery, the crackling rattle of machine guns, the screaming and crashing of shells, the charging with bayonets, and the general fighting would furnish such intense and continuous excitement as to make *ennui* impossible. Far from it. The awful business itself, the violence, the terror, the slaughter, and death—real war—through familiarity which breeds contempt, becomes, first, vulgar, unimpressive, and monotonous, and, at last, relatively an unreality. And so the British "Tommy" (which includes the Canadian, Australian, New Zealand, and other "Tommies"), even in the trenches, will sing, or whistle, or jest, or if asked what has happened a comrade will reply, nonchalantly or with a shrug of his shoulders, "Oh, nahpoo" (French, corrupted, "*il n'y a pas peu*", there is no more of him, he is no more; that is, killed, dead).

First, then: it is on account of the monotony, the routine, the intolerable *ennui* experienced in war that fighting soldiers turn "with inveterate heliotropism", as the plant turns to the sun, to the Y.M.C.A. entertainments, battalion and divisional concerts, and the playhouse at the Front for mental and emotional therapeutics. The whole being, bodily and inner, of fighting soldiers is as they phrase it, "fed up" with the active business of war; their bodies must be relaxed and rested, their souls cured of war's *ennui,* and their sensibilities and hearts renewed and reinvigorated by spiritual refreshment. Otherwise they will die inwardly and become indifferent or even inefficient fighting soldiers. The British "Tommy" *must* laugh. Why he. must do so, the foregoing psychological facts make plain.

In the second place: why does the British "Tommy" insist upon not only laughter, but also upon laughing *now*—right in the midst of the horrid holocausts of war and in the face of imminent death. He *will* be amused, he *will* laugh, even while shells are screaming overhead, and in spite of the probability that the next moment may be his last—he will do thus, just because of the very imminence of death; if he does not laugh *now,* why, then, he may never laugh at all. A merry life for the British "Tommy", while life last And so, after a rest out of the line, during which he has played his baseball and football games, attended the Y.M.C.A. and other concerts, and thoroughly enjoyed the amateur vaudeville and theatrical shows at the war-front playhouse, he goes up or down to the fight again, thoroughly refreshed, inspirited, and fit to engage the Huns in a fair fight, a true fight, and let the best man win. At any rate that is the British "Tommy's" spirit of war and, paradoxically, he fights grimly indeed, but with a cheerful and indomitable heart—until the monotony and *ennui* of it all comes on him once more, and he must go again into rest quarters to the founts of fun, good cheer and laughter. It is this constant demand for and receipt of laughter in war that makes the British and the overseas troops always able to meet the Germans with a disconcerting or destructive "come back" after a reverse. And it is this unique phase of the fighting soldier's psychology that the Huns neither can understand nor even apprehend nor observe.

Finally: briefly I observe a still deeper paradox in the soldier's demand for the entertainments, and the vaudeville and theatricals in the playhouse at the Front. To his people at home war is the most grimly, most brutally real phenomenon on earth. The British "Tommy" has another point of view. He knows the brutality of war; he knows its mordant tragedy. But after all, in his view, war was born of a delusion, and all its phases, even death, is an illusory and ephemeral aspect of ultimate reality. In short, in his view, war is the great illusion, the great unreality of earth and existence. It is, indeed, present, pressing, and overwhelming —but war, nevertheless, is the great unreality. The real things in life, the everlasting, precious goods of existence, all that will count eternally, are those goods, those boons, which exist far from the seat of war, namely, home, love, joy, beauty, peace, and all spiritual possessions. If he be at the seat of war, still does he longingly turn his inward eye to look back upon that which is dearest, and therefore realest, to him. But the inward eye is not so efficacious as the outward eye—the fancy and imagination need assistance from the outward senses in order to give him a full and ready measure of the goods of the spirit, the real things of life. And, in obedience to the spirit's demand for sustenance and refreshment from the real goods of life, the British "Tommy" seeks the playhouse at the Front. For there he either forgets the awful horrible unreality of war. or has his thoughts turned away from it to the real things of life, the enduring, and permanent satisfactions of existence—home, and family, and fireside, and love, and joy, and peace.

The playhouse at the Front may be either a Y.M.C.A. tent or hut, or a barn or any half-ruined enclosure which affords room for a stage and provides seating or standing room only. In the earlier days of the war properties were either improvised from any old materials that were available for the purpose or were picked up in German dugouts (as, for instance, ladies' dresses and hats and gloves, or pianos and other musical instruments). Nowadays, either visiting concert and theatrical parties bring their own costumes and properties, or, if a show is being put on by a fighting unit, the battalion supplies the properties by direct purchase made from funds freely contributed by the officers or from canteen surplus.

As a rule, concerts, vaudeville and theatricals by soldiers themselves are preferred by the men in the field, though they gladly welcome all visiting concert and theatrical parties, especially the divisional concert parties and those from London. Moreover, while they will enjoy more serious plays, or rather the more literary plays, such as "The School for Scandal" or G. B. Shaw's "Man and Superman", what they really want is light comedy or melodrama, as, for instance, "The Old Homestead", which was recently produced in France by the members of the brass and reed band of the 85th Battalion, Nova Scotia Highlanders. In the olios and vaudeville they demand considerable local or topical allusion; and they cling to the "community" method, as it is called, in the matter of songs from the stage. That is, they like to hear songs which give them the chance to join in the refrain or chorus. To laugh and sing together, to the accompaniment of the thunder of artillery at the line and of the crack of exploding bombs dropped from airplanes overhead, while they themselves refresh their hearts and spirits, uncaring and unheeding what else is going on outside—this is the British and overseas' fighting soldier's conception of happiness and his supreme moment of the joy of life, so far as there is or can be joy at the Front.

Thus does the soldier in the field or right in the firing-line keep his heart sweet, and wholesome, and cheerful, and courageous, and loyal. Relatively to the cares, anxieties, worries, annoyances, and petty defeats experienced in civil life, in conducting a trade, business, or profession, the pursuit of war is peaceful, or war has its peaceful pursuits. The army takes care of the soldier in all necessities and needed luxuries. The soldier has nothing to worry about save mutilation of body or possible death—and he never worries about such contingencies. Rather, he laughs in the midst of bloody violence and of death. If he is wounded, he never whimpers, but smiles over his prospect of reaching "Blighty". If mortally hit and dying, he does not weep or bemoan his fate, but passes heroically. Wounded or dying he is the happy warrior.

And therein is the psychological paradox which no Hun, no matter how erudite, either understands or can understand.

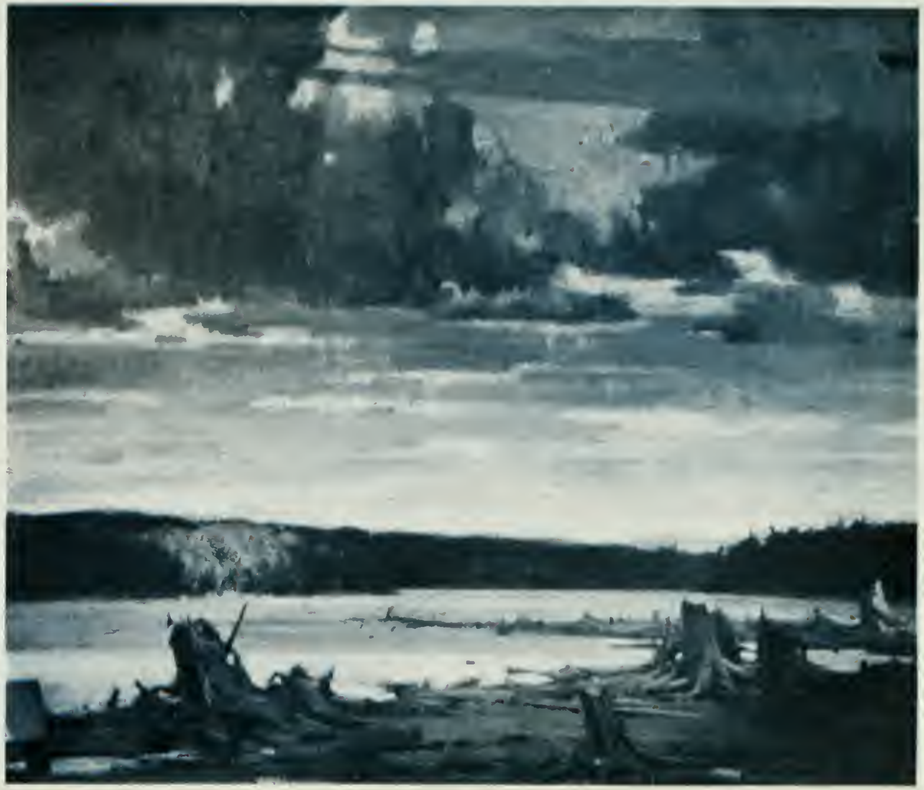
SNOWSHOE FANTASY

By MAIN JOHNSON

BEYOND the monastry,
On snowshoes light,
We dropped by smooth descent into the glen.
Above, the sky was warm with violet,
But in the north
One deep black spread of ink!
The evergreens were laden thick with snow
Until their branches bent beneath the weight,
And took unto themselves
New forms—fantastic, quaint.
Here, some huge fan
Swung langorously by Oriental slave,
And there a group of goblins shaggy-haired,
Their scrawny arms stretched out to seize.
One broad and heavy branch of mighty pine
Reached to the very ground;
Its white and rounded covering formed a hut
Wherein we crept and rested pleasantly,
Seated amidst the warm and kindly snow.
Far lights began to glimmer tenuously,
Orange and green,
Like coloured candles on a Christmas tree.

We swept ahead, with all-embracing steps,
Giants upon our spreading shoes,
'Cross open glades and over fairy slopes
Where, tier on tier,
Hung wizard trees.
From one low-hanging bough we ate
Bountiful layers of fresh, rich snow,
Its flavour like the smell
Of pine twigs and pink roses.

We climbed a hill—
The wood was gone—
And, in its stead, a spacious arctic tract,
Field after field of driven, crusted snow,
Broad as the prairie lands beyond the lakes;
No yellow wheat and summer blue,
But gleaming white and stygian black.



NORTHERN ONTARIO

From the Painting by
J. W. Beatty, R.C.A.,
Exhibited by
the Royal Canadian Academy

REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

IX.—EXPERIENCES OF AN EDITOR

ON June 30th, 1890, I was appointed editor of *The Globe*. During the winter and spring I had been in the Press Gallery at Ottawa. From Mr. James Somerville, member for Brant, I first heard that Mr. John Cameron was to leave *The Globe* and return to *The London Advertiser*. To my complete surprise he declared that there was a common feeling among the Liberal members from Ontario that I should succeed Mr. Cameron. I told Mr. Somerville that I was neither foolish enough nor vain enough to entertain the proposal and that I doubted if he had sounded his parliamentary associates very deeply. A few days later Mr. Somerville, Dr. Wilson, of East Elgin, and Dr. Landerkin, of South Grey, came to me with the assurance that the Ontario Liberal contingent would petition the directors of *The Globe* in favour of my appointment if I would agree to have the petition circulated. I remonstrated and dissuaded so strongly that for the time at least the proposal was abandoned. Nor was I convinced that any such action should be taken even when I discovered that Mr. Laurier was favourable to my appointment. This assurance I had from himself and I have no doubt that Mr. Robert Jaffray, President of The Globe Printing Company, had a like assurance from the Liberal leader. Indeed, I believe Mr. Jaffray had determined that I should be appointed even before I knew that Mr. Cameron was to resign. I had hardly recovered from my surprise that I could be seriously considered as a candidate for the editorship when I was ordered to report at Toronto. I asked Mr. Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright to send messages to Mr. Cameron urging that I should not be recalled until the close of the Parliamentary session. If they did so the messages were ineffective. When I got home I learned that the Legislature, which was sitting simultaneously with the Federal Parliament, was to be dissolved as soon as the session was ended and that I was to go into the Legislative Press Gallery until prorogation and conduct *The Globe's* campaign during the general election. Mr. Cameron was still editor of *The Globe*, but he explained that I was to have complete responsibility during the contest and that nothing of which I disapproved would appear in the news or editorial columns. It was a curious position, but the private understanding between Mr. Cameron and myself was strictly observed. The few contributions to which I objected Mr. Cameron rejected, and while I did not hesitate to seek counsel from my associates when I was in doubt as to the wise course to pursue, I did exercise the authority with which I was temporarily invested. The Government was returned by a substantial majority, although "Mowat must go" was the Conservative slogan in that contest. Leaders of the party expressed general satisfaction with *The Globe's* contribution to the result. My associates in the office who knew that I had been in very close association with Mr. Cameron during the campaign gave me more praise than I deserved.

Long before the election was over I understood the situation better perhaps than Mr. Cameron or the directors of *The Globe* suspected. I knew that if *The Globe* made no capital blunder in the campaign and if the Government was sustained I would succeed Mr. Cameron, and that if the Government was defeated I would not. Throughout the contest my wife expressed frequent surprise at my philosophy and unconcern. I never lost an hour's sleep nor had a moment of worry. I knew that *The Globe* was in deep water; the actual depth I did not suspect. I knew that it was low in reputation as compared with its great days, and that there would be a long and difficult climb towards the hilltop. As I have said elsewhere, members of the staff were often distressed by the disconcerting candour of unsympathetic critics. Once I drove out with Mr. Laurier to a village in Drummond. On the way he told me that we would have dinner at a hotel kept by an old Scottish Liberal. I suggested that if the landlord should discover I was connected with *The Globe* he would hint that it was not the paper it was in George Brown's day. He did not hint, but bluntly expressed his conviction in the very words that I had used. On my way to the office in Toronto one morning I turned back three blocks to find for a stranger an address for which he had been vainly searching. He was grateful and inquiring. When I told him that I was a writer for *The Globe* he shook his head and murmured sadly, "*The Globe's* not what it was in George Brown's time". Thus it was thirty years ago with the fathers who still mourned for George Brown and the great old days of rigid faith and glorious controversy. All this I knew and I did not believe that a man under thirty-four years of age, without either connections or reputation, could restore *The Globe* to its ancient ascendancy. Hence my reluctance to succeed Mr. Cameron and undertake a task to which I believed he had proved unequal. Hence when I was asked to meet the directors I refused to be considered as a candidate for the editorship and urged that only a journalist of greater experience and established reputation could give the paper the prestige and authority which its traditions demanded and its situation required. But the experience which I had acquired in the election gave me confidence, and when I learned what other names were under consideration my indifference lessened and I told friends at Ottawa whom I had urged not to write to Mr. Jaffray in my behalf that I was a candidate for the editorship.

I did not know until two or three days before I was appointed that Mr. Edward Farrer was to leave *The Mail* and become *The Globe's* chief editorial writer. There is reason to think that Sir Richard Cartwright and other active counsellors of the Liberal party had this in mind for some time. Mr. Farrer stood foremost among Canadian journalists and was better equipped than any other writer to expound the fiscal policy to which the Liberal party had committed itself. It was true that in *The Mail* he had thundered against Rome, the Bishops, the Obscurantists, the black Militia, and the Jesuits, lay and clerical, domestic and imported, while *The Globe,* through the Mowat Government, as Conservative Oppositionists contended, was in practical political alliance with all these interests and agencies. But it was believed that Mr. Farrer could safely become an editorial writer for *The Globe* if he was not available as its official editor. When I was told that Mr. Farrer was engaged I acquiesced, but did not reveal the extent of my understanding.

I knew that Honourable Edward Blake, Sir Richard Cartwright and Sir Oliver Mowat were not very favourable to my appointment. They doubted, as I did myself, if I had the necessary experience. But they did not agree upon any other candidate. Sir Richard was eager to have Mr. Farrer associated with *The Globe* and thought Mr. St. John, of *The Montreal Herald*, had qualifications for the editorship which I did not possess. I like to think that Mr. Blake, Sir Richard and Sir Oliver agreed later that I had proved my fitness for the position, although for a time Sir Richard's confidence in my discretion and judgment was not excessive. Indeed, he would have had me dismissed for causes which this chapter will disclose.

The conditions prescribed for the government of Mr. Farrer and myself were impracticable and impossible. It was provided that Mr. Farrer should be chief editorial writer, but that I should read all editorials before publication, and should hold such articles as I did not approve for the judgment of a committee of the Board of Directors. I saw at once that if I reserved an editorial for the committee's consideration and my advice was rejected my resignation must follow. Besides, it was impracticable to hold over for a subsequent issue an article which must appear in the issue for which it was written if there was to be continuous and authoritative treatment of public questions as they arose. It was just as clear that friction would develop if I undertook to embarrass Mr. Farrer by criticism of his editorials or appeal to the Board of Directors. I said not a word to Mr. Jaffray or any other director of the paper. I believed that the real character of the understanding would be disclosed eventually, and recognized that for the time Mr. Farrer's authority over the editorial page could not be challenged. I never reserved any article of his for the Board's consideration, nor did I ever get behind his back when I was subjected to criticism for articles for which he alone was responsible. He had a two-years' agreement, and at its termination his resignation was accepted. No two men ever had more satisfactory personal relations nor did either of us ever mention to the other the curious contract under which we were expected to divide the responsibility for editorial policy subject to an outside court of appeal. When Mr. Farrer withdrew from the paper I gave the Board my very candid opinion of the abortive system of joint control, and confessed that I never had intended to submit any of his articles to the court of last resort which they had established. Indeed, during the twelve years that I was editor of *The Globe* I rarely if ever submitted an article for the Board's judgment, nor did I ever have the Board called to consider any question of editorial policy. There were moments of conflict, but they were not lasting and seldom, if ever, disturbed very happy personal relationships.

Although it was announced in June that Mr. Farrer had joined the staff he did not begin writing for the paper until August. In the interval prescient contemporaries discovered great merit in articles written by Mr. John Lewis and myself. I recall a cartoon which pictured "Signor Farrer bringing up *The Globe*". But Signor Farrer was taking a holiday and less able workmen were doing their best to achieve that result. I confess that I found this irritating, and once was so feebly and fatuously unwise as to write a private letter of protest to a publication which had expressed only contempt for *The Globe* until it was understood that Mr. Farrer was writing its editorials. But my balance was soon restored, and even yet I have an itching desire to recall that letter. More than once in the months that followed I had to read praise for Mr. Farrer for articles that I had written, as in subsequent years I acquired considerable reputation from the editorials of Mr. John Lewis and Mr. John A. Ewan.

Edward Farrer belonged to the era of Confederation and the time of Sir John Macdonald. He had personal and political relations with Macdonald, and Tilley, and Tupper, and Thomas White, with Carling, and Haggart, with McCarthy and Cartwright. Among his close personal friends were E. B. Wood and C. F. Fraser. He was the associate of T. C. Patteson and N. F. Davin and John Maclean and George R. Kingsmill. For Sir John Macdonald he had high regard. Sir Charles Tupper he did not like. He never believed that George Brown had statesmanlike quality. He fought Mackenzie and Blake. For Mackenzie as a leader he had no admiration. Mackenzie as a man he respected. Among the men who were conspicuous in politics when he was active in Canadian journalism he gave first places to Macdonald and Blake. He gave a zealous support to Sir William Meredith in Ontario, but rarely lost an opportunity to thrust at Sir Oliver Mowat. He was one of the effective writers in the Canadian Protectionist movement, although it was not easy for those who knew him well to determine what were his actual opinions on fiscal questions.

Mr. Farrer had intimate relations with Mr. Goldwin Smith. Both were active in support of Sir John Macdonald during the protectionist campaign of 1878, and both later advocated reciprocal free trade with the United States. Goldwin Smith had no genius for research. He never had the laborious, continuous patience of the historian. Mr. Farrer had these qualities, and Goldwin Smith often sought his advice and co-operation. It is doubtful if any clearer or stronger writer on economic subjects ever appeared in Canadian journalism. He was always lucid and decisive. There was no "oratory" in his writing, and yet at times it was singularly sympathetic and elegant. He knew many men and he was interested in many subjects. He could fight the Roman Catholic hierarchy and yet have close personal relations with Roman Catholic ecclesiastics. He could be an active advocate of the platform of one party and have cordial personal relations with leaders in the other party. Few men knew so much of the undercurrents in Canadian politics. Few men received so many confidences or more scrupulously kept the confidences with which they were entrusted. He came to *The Globe* from *The Mail;* from the Conservative party to the Liberal party. He brought with him no secrets that could help the one or discredit the other. If he had any such secrets they were not disclosed. It is perhaps doubtful if he had much sympathy with any political party. He was often contemptuous of the issues which divided politicians. For years he was the chief editorial writer of *The Mail*, and at no time was that newspaper more powerful. For two years he was chief editorial writer of *The Globe* and there, as on *The Mail,* he was influential. It was inevitable that he should determine the character and temper of any page to which he contributed. He could not occupy a subordinate relation. Whether it was admitted or not he was at the head of the table. This was not because he strove to be first, but because his knowledge was so wide and his experience so great that his authority was the natural result.

It was during his connection with *The Globe* that his celebrated pamphlet, practically advocating political union with the United States, was stolen from a printing office and extracts from the book read at a great meeting in the old Academy of Music, at which the chief speakers were Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper. Although we were together on *The Globe*, I had no knowledge of the pamphlet until the day on which the meeting was held. I then learned from a friendly Conservative journalist that such a pamphlet was in existence; that it would be produced at the meeting, and that an attack upon *The Globe* office was contemplated. I did not believe that any attack upon *The Globe* was intended and I opposed firmly but unavailingly a proposal to have the office guarded by police. It was so guarded, but there was no suggestion of attack. One thought at the back of my mind was that an attack upon the office would give a grievance as an offset to the sensation which publication of the pamphlet was bound to create. How much the pamphlet may have had to do with the defeat of the Liberal party in 1891 cannot be determined. It is hard to think that Sir John Macdonald could have been defeated in any event. But free use of the pamphlet was made by the Conservative press and Conservative speakers all over the country, and naturally it was thought that the thing did damage. Mr. Farrer rightly enough took the responsibility for the pamphlet upon his own shoulders. He never seemed much worried or distressed by its publication. I never heard him express any regret for writing it. The Liberal leaders knew nothing of the pamphlet until it was produced at the Toronto meeting. Even Sir Richard Cartwright was unaware of its existence. More than any other man Mr. Farrer produced the agitation in Ontario against the Jesuit Estates Act, as he was chiefly responsible for the agitation for commercial union. He was a cosmopolitan, and perhaps never felt the strong impulses of national feeling.

Mr. Farrer often talked of his experiences as an immigration agent in Ireland, and on no subject was he more entertaining. But he was entertaining on all subjects. He had an amazing collection of stories. He saw humour in any and every situation. He was brilliant in conversation and he loved to talk. He was fond of sport. Before the time of baseball he was often seen at cricket matches. In later years, while he lived in Toronto, he was a devotee of the diamond. He could write on pugilism with as much authority as he wrote on finance, and he could describe with singular accuracy all the great encounters between the heroes of the ring for generations. He would talk for hours of great historical trials for murder with a knowledge of the evidence and the pieces of testimony which brought conviction or acquittal that was amazing. I never saw him more utterly absorbed than in the trial of Birchall at Woodstock, and from the first he saw that the letter to Colonel Benwell was fatal. For some time he was in Winnipeg, where he was connected with *The Sun* and *The Times*, and to both of these papers he gave distinction. It is believed that Mr. Farrer was brought back from Winnipeg to *The Mail* chiefly upon the advice of Mr. D'Alton McCarthy. Mr. C. W. Bunting, according to Mr. McCarthy's story, had asked Farrer to return, but Farrer declared that he was not willing to be a professional "sandbagger". "That," said Mr. McCarthy, "is an additional reason why the offer should be renewed. A man who will not stoop to party savagery is the man who will best serve the paper and the party." Mr. Bunting gave Farrer satisfactory assurances that he would not be required to sandbag, tomahawk, or scalp, and he returned to Toronto. No journal to which Mr. Farrer contributed could be dull or commonplace. He was bold at times, and now and again greatly disturbed his political associates. One thinks of quotations from his pen which did service in various campaigns, and not always in behalf of the party with which he was allied. Such utterances, however, were generally in denunciation of abuses and were not dictated by any mere desire to create annoyance or friction. Behind the scenes he did much. He moved many men who perhaps hardly understood the influences to which they responded. He had perhaps more personal acquaintances than any other man in Canada, and more friends also. No one who ever worked at his side could forget his humour and his genius for comradeship, or ever cease to wonder at the ease with which he did his work, his familiarity with many books, his knowledge of the affairs of many countries, his prodigious memory and the numerous and varied channels through which he collected information on the subjects in which he was interested.

Of his early career I learned nothing. He told me once that even his wife knew nothing of his antecedents or of his history before he came to Canada. I was told by the physician who attended him during a serious illness at Winnipeg that when his life was in danger he tried, at Mrs. Farrer's request, to discover where her husband had spent his boyhood and what were his connections and pursuits before he came to Canada. The first question he put when the patient had a lucid moment was whether or not the family to which he belonged was distinguished for longevity. But with death at the door Farrer was himself. He assured the physician wearily but whimsically that generally his relations died shortly after the court rose, but occasionally one was fortunate enough to pull through until the next assizes. I can get no trace of Mr. Farrer before 1870. In the spring of that year he offered *The Lindsay Expositor* a series of sketches of leaders in the British House of Commons. The second or third article was criticized by a correspondent, and Farrer told Mr. Peter Murray, publisher of *The Expositor,* that he had no wish to engage in controversy and discontinued the contributions. It is understood that he had spent the previous winter as bookkeeper in a lumber shanty. When the season's work was over he had come to Lindsay. Later he joined the staff of *The Daily Telegraph,* and when *The Mail* was established became one of its writers. During his connection with *The Globe* he was continuously and bitterly attacked by the Conservative newspapers. But his serenity was seldom disturbed and he never wrote a word in his own defence. There was a certain lawyer in Toronto who was often unfit to appear for his clients, and Mr. Farrer protested that this man was his counsel and that he would deal with his accusers as soon as the lawyer got sober. Once Mr. Erastus Wiman came to *The Globe* office with the manuscript of a speech in favour of Reciprocity with the United States that he was anxious to deliver in Canada. He read the speech to Mr. Jaffray, Mr. Farrer and myself, but our unanimous judgment was that he had spoken too often on the subject and that speeches in Canada by residents of the United States in favour of commercial union between the two countries were politically mischievous and damaging to the Liberal party. Wiman was so angry that he left the room without a word of farewell. We sat for some moments in a sober silence, which was finally broken by Mr. Farrer, who declared that Wiman would read the speech to the coloured porter on the Pullman between Hamilton and Buffalo and have Mr. H. P. Dwight, superintendent of the Great North-Western Telegraph Company, send it out for publication. When Mr. Farrer was short of money, as he was sometimes, and wanted to borrow, he used to tell me that he had some beautifully lithographed stock in a mine called "The Gates Ajar", which he would put up as security. He often declared that he was the last of the Baldwin Reformers, but had been absorbed by the Patrons of Industry and was not exactly certain that the absorption had not impaired his political consistency. Once when he was telling me about an Englishman he had met at Montreal he paused to remark, "You ought to see his wife; she has enough powder on her face to free Ireland". He declared that when he was in Winnipeg Van Horne brought an expert from Chicago to report on the prospect of hog raising in Manitoba, who found that if each hog could be furnished with a parlour stove and a buffalo overcoat success would be assured. He called me aside at Goldwin Smith's funeral to ask if I had heard that the Liberal platform of 1893 was a Tory forgery. He said of a mutual friend who had grown wealthy and did not conceal his opulence, that he could not give a quarter to a porter without taking $400 in bills out of his pocket.

Whimsical, happy, alert, companionable, unpretentious, scholarly, simple, profound, mysterious, and elusive, I have known no more remarkable man than Edward Farrer nor any of greater gifts or greater knowledge. Once Mr. Goldwin Smith asked me if I thought Mr. Farrer ever had a sincere conviction. I suggested that at least he was sincere in his desire to annex Canada to the United States. He said, "Oh, no, if Mr. Farrer could get Canada into the United States to-morrow he would start next day to get her out". His own opinion was that Mr. Farrer was sincere only in his dislike and distrust of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. I could not agree for I think he had a liking for the cultivated priesthood of the Church, however hostile he may have been to the tenets of ultramontanism and the absolutism of Roman Catholic teaching. But although he was nominally a Catholic when he came to die, he did not seek the consolation of the Church. A strange and great man he was who took much zest in life, but I think was often lonely. There was no window through which we could look into his soul. There was reticence which we could not penetrate; there was mystery that we could not fathom. It is said that he was educated in a Jesuit college, but I do not know. That he was a scholar was manifest. He had French and the old languages. But he walked in strange ways and it is literally true that his left hand did not always know what his right hand was doing. He had the quality of a detective and that talent was exercised for various and curious causes. I had knowledge that I do not disclose and confidences which cannot be betrayed. In his outlook for Canada he was an incurable, mischievous, dangerous pessimist. For the British Empire he cared not at all. The story of his life would reveal remarkable connections and far-reaching influences. But no one can tell the story from the fragmentary material that remains.

When I became editor of *The Globe* it was the fashion to ignore or give little attention to Conservative meetings and to devote columns to Liberal meetings. The Liberal leaders always had crowded houses. Their speeches excited tremendous enthusiasm. At Conservative meetings there were empty benches and perfunctory attention. I have known *The Globe* to give eight or ten columns to a Liberal meeting at the old Pavilion and less than a column to a Conservative meeting at least as well attended and addressed by speakers of equal attraction and distinction. Moreover, there was often deliberate misrepresentation of Conservative speeches or calculated suppression of passages which were regarded as damaging to the Liberal position. I recall that two members of *The Globe* staff detailed to trail Sir John Macdonald from house to house and from place to place during one of his visits to Toronto refused to take the assignment. It is to the honour of Mr. Cameron that he respected their scruples. They were not required to resign nor affected in body or estate. From the first I resolved that reports should be accurate and that Conservative readers of *The Globe* should not require to go elsewere to peruse reports of the speeches of their leaders. I recognized that it would not be judicious to discover as much enthusiasm at Conservative as at Liberal meetings, but I determined that there should be no deliberate misquotation or misrepresentation. The staff, and no better staff than that which I had on *The Globe* ever served a Canadian newspaper, gave loyal and ever eager support to the policy to which I sought to give effect. But from certain of the directors there was often angry criticism and severe disapproval. Extreme Liberal partisans were bitter and contemptuous. I had to read many a savage letter and endure much misunderstanding with such equanimity as I could command. It was a long and hard battle, but I never wavered or retreated. In time the commercial and political wisdom of fair and full reports of public meetings was established and those who had blasphemed came to believe that they were responsible for the revolution. For in the columns of *The Globe* a revolution was effected and the example was influential with other public journals. After the general election of 1896 Sir Charles Tupper declared that *The Globe* had reported his speeches more fairly and more fully than any other newspaper, and other Conservative leaders supported his testimony. Not only has *The Globe* been faithful to the tradition which was established nearly thirty years ago, but few Canadian newspapers now tolerate the practices which were so common when Macdonald and Blake, Mowat and Meredith, contended for political supremacy. That, I believe, was my best contribution to Canadian journalism. I think my contemporaries will agree that I was influential in establishing the better fashion and yet not feeble or uncertain in the editorial columns in defence of the Liberal party or in attack upon the hostile forces. For I never tried to persuade myself that *The Globe* was not the organ of the Liberal party or that its independence was not affected by its political connections.

In the third issue of *The Globe* which appeared under my editorship there are four articles which betray uneasiness over the situation in Quebec. I wrote all four with the deliberate object of dissociating *The Globe* from the extreme nationalism, or rather the extreme provincialism of Mercier, and in apprehension of disclosures of methods and practices in the government of the Province which would incidentally but inevitably affect Laurier and the Federal Liberal party. When through the investigation in the Senate corruption was exposed in Quebec at least as bold and systematic as was revealed during the "scandal session" at Ottawa, I could not be persuaded that *The Globe* should turn from denunciation of rascality under a Conservative Government to defence of rascality under a Liberal Government. But powerful influences in the Liberal party were outraged by my candour and treason. Early one morning a colleague on *The Globe* came to my house with the report that I was to be "removed from office". On the same day Mr. John Cameron came down from London with the suggestion that I should resign, as dismissal was certain if I did not forestall the fiat by immediate resignation. Both acted in complete good faith. Neither was in sympathy with the demand for my decapitation. Mr. Cameron argued that dismissal would affect all my future and that recovery would be less difficult if I evaded the stroke by a strategic withdrawal. My colleague insisted that if I were dismissed he would resign, since he had written many of the articles for which I was to suffer. I did all that I could to dissuade him from any such rash action, but he was inflexible and certainly would have gone out if I had been disturbed. But I told Mr. Cameron, as I told my loyal colleague, that I did not believe I was in danger, that whether I was or was not, nothing was more certain than that I would not resign, and that if my resignation was required there would have to be a public disclosure of the motives and reasons behind the demand. I was confident, however, that there was no cause for alarm for *The Globe* was steadily improving its position and my relations with Mr. Jaffray and the directors were singularly happy and satisfactory. I said nothing to Mr. Jaffray or to any other of the directors, nor did I receive any information from any other quarter to support the conviction of Mr. Cameron and my associate in the office that resignation or dismissal had been decreed. Two years later Mr. Jaffray told me that a group of Liberal politicians, through Sir Richard Cartwright, had demanded my dismissal on account of my unsympathetic attitude towards the Mercier Government and inconsiderate denunciation of evil political conditions in Quebec. He added that the Board rejected the demand without a moment's consideration and that every precaution was taken to keep the incident from my knowledge. I did not discover, nor have I ever sought to discover, who beyond Sir Richard Cartwright were concerned in the movement.

Two or three years later there was a formidable intrigue within the Liberal party to exclude Sir Richard from Parliament. There was a common conviction that he had so alienated the industrial and business elements of the country that the party could not hope to succeed in the constituencies while he was active and influential in its councils. It was designed, therefore, to deprive Cartwright of the Liberal nomination for South Oxford and to prevent his nomination elsewhere. As editor of *The Globe* I was asked to join in this movement. When I declined peremptorily and emphatically to assist, or even to maintain silence if there was any serious prospect that Cartwright would not be renominated I was reminded of the fact, of which they thought I was ignorant, that he had sought to have me dismissed from my position and could, therefore, have no possible claim upon my consideration or gratitude. My answer was that Sir Richard's attitude towards the editor of *The Globe* did not enter into the question. I urged that for a generation he had fought the battle of the Liberal party, often unwisely as I believed, but with self-sacrifice and devotion, and that to take his service in the day of his strength and dishonour him in his old age would be for him a mortal humiliation and for the party a shame and a disgrace. A few days before the convention in South Oxford, which he carried by a narrow majority, I made an earnest appeal in *The Globe* for his renomination which may not have been wholly without effect. Those who sought to unhorse Sir Richard shared his opinions but were embarrassed by his inveterate prejudices and violence of language. They believed that the party was more than the individual and that he was an obstacle to party success. Nor is it true that the manufacturers were behind the movement against Sir Richard. It may be that certain Liberal politicians were cultivating the protectionists, but if there was any reciprocal action it never came to my knowledge. There never was a quarrel that was more strictly domestic and it is not ungenerous to suggest that Conservatives were not eager to have Sir Richard dethroned. I once sat behind a group of Conservative members of the Commons in a railway carriage when Parliament was convulsed by the scandals of 1891 and was startled by the fierce energy of their common declaration that no matter what might be revealed they would never cast a vote to put Sir Richard Cartwright in office. Yet as I have said he mellowed in office and was more favourable to the protectionists than Fielding. If I have told the story of my attitude toward Sir Richard in South Oxford it is because I would not like to have it thought that I cherish any grievance over his attempt to have me removed from the editorship of *The Globe*. I do not think he ever knew that I had knowledge of that incident, nor have I ever believed that Sir Wilfrid Laurier gave his consent to the demand for my dismissal. Sir Richard was grateful for *The Globe's* intervention in South Oxford and until his death he treated me with much consideration. As one goes on his journey—short at best—chances for revenge intrude, but to take revenge is to sour life to the core and make all the world unlovely.

As editor of *The Globe* I persisted for months and even for years in the agitation for a Federal Railway Commission. A Cabinet opposed finally yielded and the Commission was established. I was not the pioneer in the movement, and other forces were active and powerful. In the final decision no one was more influential than Dr. Rutherford, who has just been appointed to the Commission. I advocated reform of the Senate and reform of the civil service, but the last came slowly and the first not at all. When the Liberal party came into office in 1896 *The Globe* protested so strenuously against dismissal of Conservative office-holders save for active, offensive interference in elections that I was honoured by a vote of censure from the Young Men's Liberal Club of Toronto. When the Conservative party was restored to office in 1911 I protested as strongly against interference with Liberal officials. Returning from the Democratic Convention at Chicago in 1892 which nominated Cleveland, I began an agitation for a national convention of the Liberal party. There was protest and resistance from the official leaders of the party, but the agitation prevailed. If the platform which the Convention adopted was more honoured in the breach than in the observance nothing ever more greatly stimulated the national spirit of the Liberal party. Moreover, the party, greatly divided over the issue of Unrestricted Reciprocity with the United States, compromised its differences, and whether the country understood or not, declared against fiscal discrimination against Great Britain.

Convinced by my visit to the Western Provinces in 1895 that the agitation for the abolition of the Northwest Mounted Police was fatuous and the attitude of the Liberal party towards the Canadian Pacific Railway unwise and unnational, I modified *The Globe's* position and bore with such fortitude as I could the common insinuation that I was purchased by Van Horne and overcome by Police hospitality. *The Globe* had many articles in favour of law reform. In this agitation one of my confidential advisers was Chief Justice Armour. Before I met him letters were exchanged in a correspondence which he began. One day a huge man, in a rough gray suit, with a wide soft hat came into the office and without a word of greeting dropped heavily into a chair, brought a big stick down on the floor with unnecessary emphasis, turned keen, searching eyes upon me and rumbled, "Do you know who I am?" I guessed that he was Chief Justice Armour. "I am," he declared, "and I just wanted to look at the d—— fool who thinks he can get law reform from Mowat".

Mr. John Ewan came down from the head of the lakes with an absurd story about Mr. James Conmee. It was said that Conmee had a long and irreconcilable feud with a man at Port Arthur and that when he became a magistrate he had the man confined in an outhouse while he went through the Provincial Statutes to find if he had power to have him hanged. The story, of course, was a sheer fabrication, but Mr. Ewan told it in *The Globe* and Mr. Conmee came down from Port Arthur to protest. His protest never got beyond the first few sentences. As Harry Lauder says, "I couldna keep frae laughin' ", and Mr. Conmee soon joined in the laughter and we turned from law to politics.

I was connected with *The Globe* for nearly twenty years, and for twelve years I was its editor. During all that time I was in close association with Mr. C. W. Taylor, business manager, whose death fourteen years ago was like the loss of something out of myself. Both of us were touchy and impetuous and there were days when the bells jangled out of tune, but we were loyal to each other and quick to unite for offence or defence as circumstances required. It was hard to leave *The Globe,* and probably I shall not disclose all the motives by which I was actuated nor all the considerations which affected my judgment. At least I did not resign because I sought any recognition that was withheld or through any personal differences with the leaders of the Liberal party.

The next chapter of these Reminiscences is entitled "The West Durham Letter".

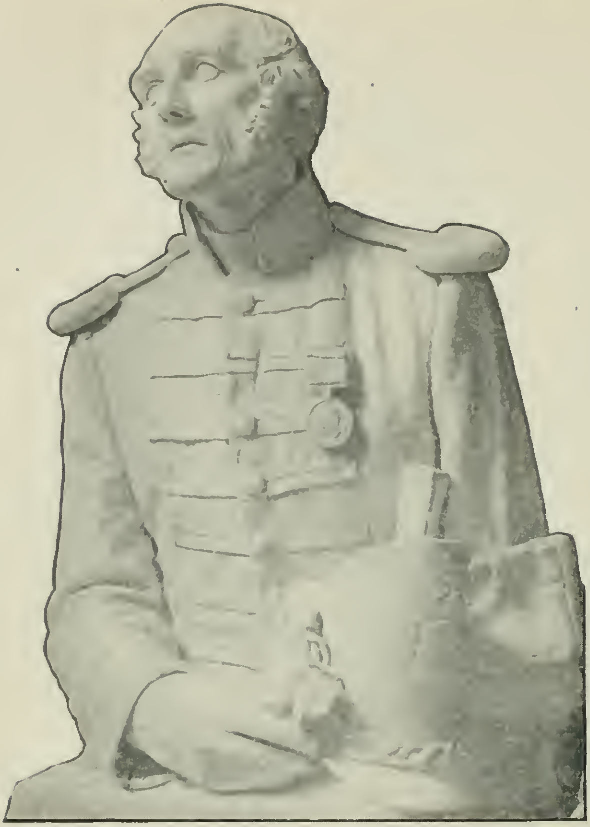
Walter S. Allward
From a Drawing by F. S. Challener

WALTER S. ALLWARD, SCULPTOR

BY KATHERINE HALE

PRAXITELES, or the strange rumour of Praxiteles, his fabled pathos and dreamy charm, has remained a standard in sculpture through the ages. He and his followers found their inspiration in the depiction of the gods. Hermes, with the young child Dionysus, is not a work of "religious" art. It is a symbol, representing the harmonious development of human faculties and life in accordance with nature.

Michelangelo, centuries later, rescued art from the churchmen by making religious symbols universal. His Pieta in St. Paul's, at Rome, remains the greatest madonna that the world has ever known, and his heroic



The Old Soldier,
Walter S. Allward, Sculptor

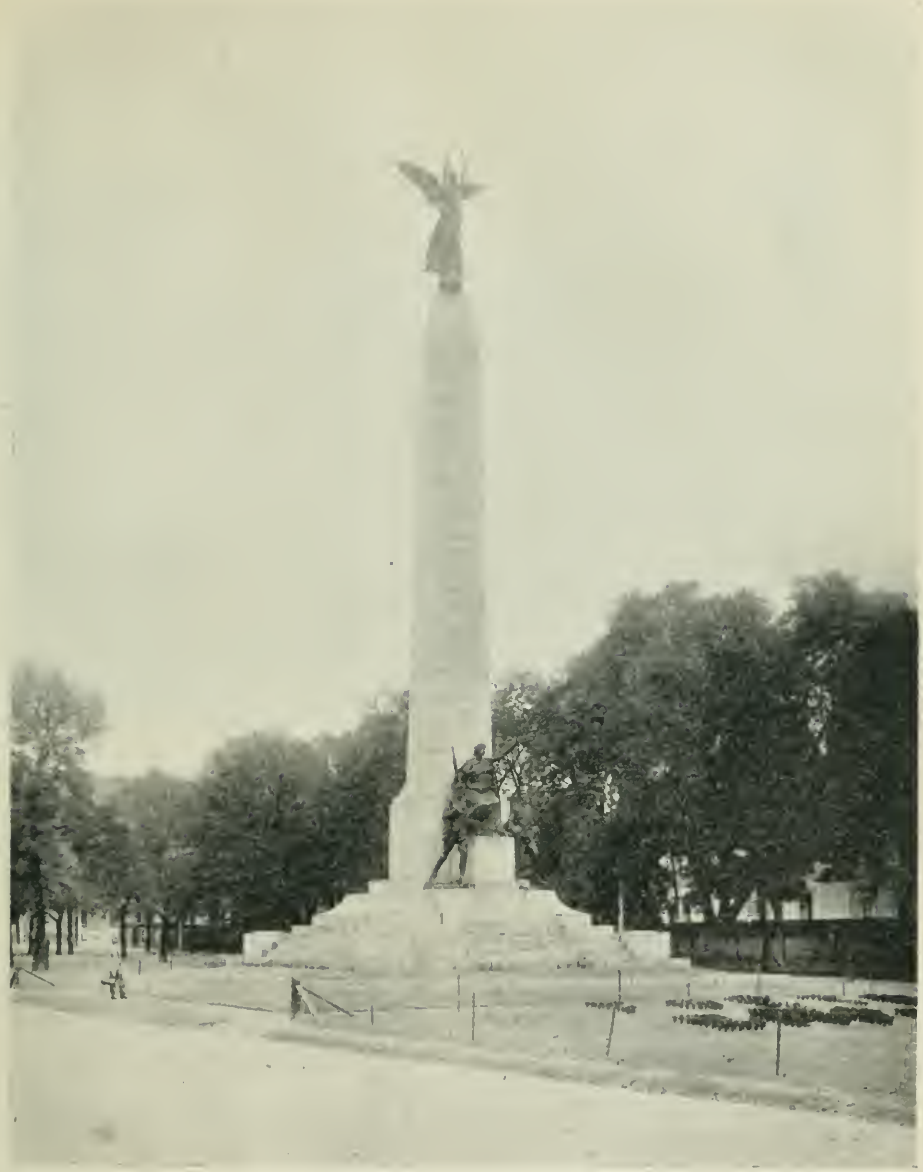
figures are regarded as the epitome of his day.

Now, the wheeling years have brought us again to the time when we can best depict our age by the Greek device of symbolizing all human faculties and life in accordance with nature. Only we have raised nature to the nth degree, we have looked into her eyes, learned of her and lived with her until our knowledge has become a science, and art is the interpreter of man's marriage with nature rather than of his alliance with religion.

Because sculpture is the slowest, most exacting and laborious of all the art, because it requires all the contradictory qualities — and also information in at least half a dozen other branches of knowledge, apart from the modelling out of the immediate inspiration, there are very few sculptors of the second class in the world, and almost none of the first.

When you get the rare combination of genius, industry and practical ability, you have a great artist in any line of work.

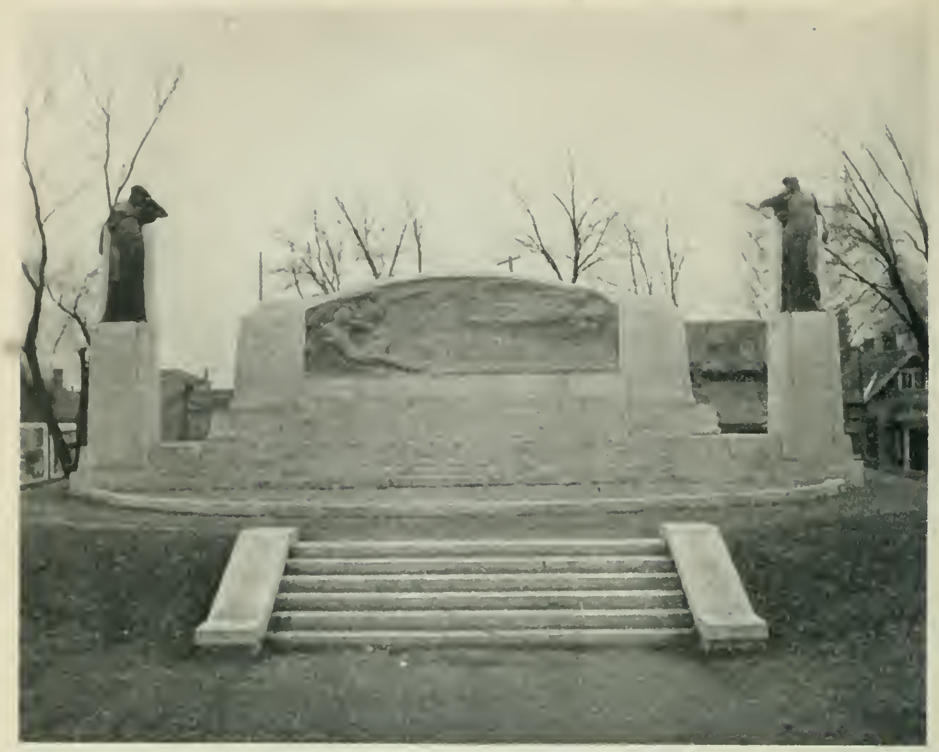
Walter Allward is a Canadian. He was born in Toronto, as a matter of fact, and seemed always to have accepted the belief that he was destined to be a sculptor, with a full realization of the life of undeviating labour which lay before him. That the world is dotted with scultpure of the third class he knew quite well, and boldly essayed the second class from the very first. And as he worked, diligently, his knowledge deepened, his technique de-



Monument to South African Veterans, University Avenue, Toronto
Walter S. Allward, Sculptor

veloped, his spirit grew, perhaps a door opened, and he entered the mysterious, sparsely-inhabited first class. I do not know. Time alone can solve the riddle of the permanent genius. But that genius does shine out of the work of this artist, grave, clear, and glowing, of that there can be no possible doubt.

Let us leave aside those first youthful, necessary busts with which every young sculptor begins his career. Mr. Allward, I believe, started with Tennyson and went on "biographing"



The Bell Memorial at Brantford, Ontario
Designed by Walter S. Allward

worthy gentlemen in frock-coats until he got his first commission for a symbolic statue, which happened to be a commemoration of the Northwest Rebellion. He then said farewell to busts.

There is the statue of Governor Simcoe in the Queen's Park, Toronto, and the splendid character study of John Sandfield Macdonald, there is the memorial to Nicholas Flood Davin in Beechwood Cemetery, Ottawa, and the Baldwin-Lafontaine group upon Parliament Hill, to mention only a few, and all these are telling pieces of work. But I should say that the career of the sculptor, so far—and it must be remembered that Mr. Allward, just entering the forties, is only at the beginning of his mature period of work—may be followed in the illustration of three such representative pieces as the Old Soldier, a half-length figure done for the Army and Navy Veteran's Association, and set up in Portland Square, Toronto, the South African Memorial, also in Toronto, completed in 1910, and the Bell Memorial, unveiled in Brantford, Ontario, in October last.

To see the Old Soldier one must make an excursion into a slum of Toronto, a shabby little park or base-ball ground called Portland Square, which was set apart in 1794 by Governor Simcoe as the first military burial ground in Toronto. More than a hundred years ago it lay a mile distant from the centre of the village of York. Later, it became a border of the, then, fashionable Wellington Street, and is now relegated to "somewhere down near the water front", by the Toronto citizen of whom a would-be pilgrim asks information.

Fringed then by Wellington and Portland Streets, its northern boundary running up against the rectory of St. John's Church, its western end decorated with a few pathetic old grave-stones that tell the tale of soldiers whose battles were fought long ago, here indeed is a little neglected shrine of art. For the half figure of a soldier, with his empty coat sleeve and his eager, wonderful old face is absolutely haunting. We have all made pilgrimages in foreign cities to see some famous monument less perfect in its art, less human in its appeal than this which stands undiscovered in a supposedly art-loving city.

In this bit of comparatively early work, Mr. Allward gets right away from so-called "portrait study", or a Victorian symbolism which would depict by the conventional figure of a veteran in uniform the idea of patriotism, to something vital and real.

Henceforth his ideas have become symbolic, in a simple and direct form which has discarded all the undergrowths of the middle-past and brought back the clear Greek ideal of man allied to nature, and so to the god in human nature.

The great South African Memorial, which stands on University Avenue, in Toronto, is very direct in its message. Here is the young mother, Canada, sending out her sons to battle for the Empire. And there is that in her attitude, in the heroic soul of her imprisoned in the inflexible bronze, that makes one glad of one's country. Who can express, or even try to express in words, the sword-like message of a great and sincere art? The greatest art contains not only beauty but revelation. That is why, looking into the eyes of the woman, Canada, who had sent out but few sons when this monument was raised to celebrate a welcome peace, the feeling comes instinctively that she is ready, if need be, to send out more. And when the doors of the Armouries opened on that blazing midsummer noon of August, 1914, and the first boys of the First Contingent stepped out and down the Avenue on their way to camp, the most vital figure on the crowded awe-struck thoroughfare was Allward's young Canada, looking out into the far distance, hearing the first footsteps go by to the awful war, knowing that there would be unceasing footsteps to follow theirs—looking out, and out. High above, crowning the granite shaft, with wings outstretched and arms uplifted, holding aloft the crown which stands for Canada's unity with and love of the Empire, is the angel of victory overtopping the mother and her sons. This statue is really standing with us and speaking for us now. It is a part and parcel of Canada and the War.

The Bell Memorial celebrates the discovery of what the inventor's father quaintly describes in his diary as "electric speech". To depict such a discovery in monumental form, realism in the strict sense, would have been, of course, impossible and symbolism might easily have been overdone. The foremost sculptors of the continent submitted models to the Committee who unanimously chose the design of Mr. Allward.

It is, as the illustration sets forth, a comparatively simple treatment of the theme, one whose success is achieved by the inspiration, the dignity and the perfection of its working out. The Memorial is crescent in general design, with shallow steps leading up to the great bronze panel, and the figures on their granite pylons flanking it on either side. These two bronze figures of Juno-like women, represent humanity stooping and listening. The panel, twenty-six by eight feet, between the Listeners, represents Man, guided by the floating figure of Inspiration, sending out his thoughts of Knowledge, Joy and Sorrow over the waves of air. Beneath the panel is the inscription in English, "To Commemorate the Invention of the Telephone by Alexander Graham Bell, in the City of Brantford, 1874", and on the discs, at either side, are the Latin inscriptions "Mundus telephonici usu recreatis est", and "Hoc opus machinae patri dedicatum est".

On the farthest side of the panel is a fountain with a pool for marine life, and it may be said in passing that the panel itself is the largest bronze of its kind ever made in America and probably ever made in the world.

It is the "story of the Telephone", as the newspapers say, but it is told as only genius could tell it—simply, greatly, in the universal language of an imperishable art. No one who pauses to decipher it can fail to recognize the work of a master, for the message is instantaneous. There is the splendid anatomy, the grace, the sweep, the noble gravity, the surging life, all bearing the convincing birthmarks of the heredity of genius.

What a splendid thing that in the future, when this continent is learning to know the meaning of art, students may come to this group, the Bell Memorial, and receive from it the lesson of a master.

Truly the city which sets in its midst such a piece of art has sung a deathless song. Think of its constructive quality; the influence of those silent figures on generation after generation of the people passing by, on the events of every-day life.

It would seem that man is perfecting his intended marriage with nature. Science, the child of that marriage, is the theme and will be more and more the theme of the poet, the dramatist, the sculptor, the creator in any line of art. Science, the white magician, will unlock the doors of mysteries, the which, if prophesied, would accuse the prophet of sorcery, or second sight. The coming age will be given over to a passion of reconstruction. It is to the voices of those who can interpret this passion that the future will listen, and among the few who are the prophets of such art on this continent is the Canadian—Walter Allward.

HONOURABLE SENATOR CURRY

A STUDY IN DECISION

BY GEORGE BARTON CUTTEN

SO many factors enter into the prerequisites for success that it is difficult to choose the ingredients which should go into the prescription. Ounces and drachms of unattainable materials are frequently prescribed. Usually at the head of the list are a certain quality of parents and grandparents, and an otherwise selected ancestry; too late—we cannot provide those. Then come in order a certain form of education, a certain brand of health, a certain set of companions, a certain national environment, and a galaxy of difficulties to be overcome. These matters, however, are usually settled before the prescription is written, and the only one which we can always guarantee to provide is the last named. If there are some things we cannot have, there is one thing we should insist upon, and that is that decisive hours of life should be definitely and plainly labelled. If the labels were bright, clear, and unmistakable, and one realized that "this is the decisive hour", not many could fail to rise to the occasion.

When the book "The Fifteen Decisive Hours of John Smith's Life", is written, the crucial hours may seem plain when the author points them out, but how did they look to John Smith when they occurred? Could he distinguish them from thousands of other hours? We may well say that each hour of our lives before we attain the age of thirty is a critical hour—an hour which will determine destiny. It is on this account that small men fail and truly large men succeed, for the latter do not neglect any hour, and consequently capture and win the decisive one. There is probably a decisive hour, but it may be difficult to determine; it is undoubtedly some time when a battle is being fought unknown to others, and a victory is being won of which the world is unaware.

In a general way there are certain hours in everyone's life which are truly decisive, and this we may take for granted. The hour of birth is decisive, in that individual life is supposed to start; on this we could agree. The hour of death is decisive, in that life is supposed to end; this is a debatable point. The marriage hour is decisive, and this is undoubtedly true in most cases. A man's success or failure can often be traced to this hour. Holmes in his "Autocrat" (or is it in the "Professor"?) speaks of the great ship moving up the harbour with sails flapping, and you wonder concerning the propelling power. When the vessel passes, you see on the other side, hidden heretofore, a little tug which is pushing the ship along. Many a wife, unseen, furnishes the power which drives a man along to success. Yes, his marriage hour is a decisive one surely. The hour when a man definitely links up his life to religious ideals, when he enters and leaves school, when his children are born—

Honourable Senator Nathanial Curry

these and others are decisive hours common to all men, but although common, not less important. They are not, however, of a character which causes special attention and which leads us to emphasize them.

Recently when speaking of experiences in the life of one of our most prominent Canadian business men, I said, "That was *the* decisive hour of his life—the line between failure and success was closely drawn that day—but he won''. Perhaps the statement was not correct, but there are good grounds for this opinion.

I remember one summer evening, just before sunset, looking out of the window of my home in Amherst, Nova Scotia, and down through the great willow trees where a blaze was reddening the evening sky. It was Rhodes & Curry's factory burning for the third time. The next day came the test. The firm—never strong financially—was insolvent. The two who had established the business had staked all in this enterprise.

These young men had learned their trade as carpenters in Nova Scotia, had worked together on the church in Port Williams, Mr. Curry's home, and had travelled together to Boston with thoughts and plans of great things to be accomplished, for was not Boston then the Land of Promise to Nova Scotians? They had been in partnership in Boston for a short time and had accepted some small contracts for building, and after a few years further experience had returned to Nova Scotia and with noteworthy enterprise had established this factory in Amherst in May, 1877. In the following October fire destroyed the plant, but not to be discouraged they again built and in four months the wheels were whirling in a new building, and the hearts of the young men were filled with brilliant prospects. Again a heap of blackened embers and twisted machinery took the place of the busy factory, and again they built. This third building called forth all their courage and all their resources; but these young men had faith in their country, in their business, and in themselves. In a few minutes on this summer evening of 1881 all was swept away. No one could have blamed them if they had stopped now after these three attempts, and they could have been remembered as young men of great enterprise, but to whom the fates were unpropitious. It is true they had not a dollar with which to build again, but had they no security to offer for a loan? No security, did I say? The best of security—the security of two men who were not afraid to try again, who could not be discouraged—the security of industry and of business integrity. The people of Amherst rushed to their assistance and again the business was started, this time to continued success.

This was *the* decisive hour because, looking in both directions, the critical time had arrived. The struggle had been a long one and test after test had been successfully met, no further proof was necessary. This was shown by the increased confidence inspired in their fellow citizens who believed in them, and were willing to become responsible for a large amount of money with no security but their faith in the two men who comprised the firm.

It was also decisive in looking toward the future; no doubt the faith which others had in the firm was a great asset—with the knowledge of this faith to inspire, failure could not be entertained. It further proved to be decisive in that the firm started then on the solid road to success, and never afterwards was there a hesitation. The courage displayed in this most discouraging hour not only showed that these men would succeed, but that they had succeeded. For Mr. Curry this was the crest of the ridge.

Men do not drop down upon the crest of the ridge, they climb up to it, and it would not be difficult to trace the decisive hours in the upward strugle of Nathaniel Curry. As a boy in the country attending school and working about the small farm he had gathered physical and moral muscle for coming battles. Even then he was not satisfied to be second best—his berry dish must be filled first, his row of potatoes must be completed before the others. When apprenticed to learn the carpenter trade hours did not count, the quickest and most thorough methods were sought and most diligently applied. At the age of twenty, three experiences of great importance came into his life. It was then he united with the Baptist Church at his home in Port Williams, he finished his apprenticeship with Isaac Masters, and he left home to make his own way and chose the city of Boston for his field of operations. ' Character was being formed, and elements of manhood were being woven together which should prove strong enough to stand the strain when tests should come.

One incident will show the courage and self-reliance which had been developed. About the time the new firm began operation in Nova Scotia, the Acadia College building was burned and had to be replaced. In addition to this large structure a Ladies Seminary was also to be built. The new company bid for and obtained the contract in the face of strong competition. These are buildings in use to-day, testifying to the efficiency and ability of the young firm. So well and thoroughly was the work accomplished that other contracts were soon obtained, and the firm was speedily accounted among the most reliable builders in the Maritime Provinces.

The look forward from the time of the last fire also shows that the decisive hour had been reached. With energy engendered by new resolution and new efforts, they started on a career of unparalleled success. Rhodes, Curry & Company became the chief contractors and builders in the Maritime Provinces, doing work of all kinds and in all places, and establishing a reputation for ability, efficiency and trustworthiness. But greater things were in store. The Harris Car Works of St. John contemplated a change, and immediately negotiations were in progress to move them to Amherst to become a part of Rhodes, Curry & Company. There was something in addition to mere business enterprise to account for this move. Following his first year in Boston, Mr. Curry had spent four years in the west where he had entered the car shops at Carson City, Nevada. At the end of two years—a young man of twenty-four—he had had charge of the shops and knew the business from wheel to roof. The vision of cars never left his mind, and now that an opportunity for again entering the business was presented, it was not to be lost. The Harris Car Works moved to Amherst in 1893 to become a part of the reorganized Rhodes, Curry Company. Many questioned this step as a business venture, but Mr. Curry's was the deciding voice. The move was a large factor in his success, showing beyond doubt the keenness of his business vision. This was at the beginning of the great railroad development in Canada and the new company shared in the general prosperity. The success of the Car Works and the general feeling of the value of co-operation and union of industries easily suggested to the comprehensive mind of Mr. Curry the idea of the amalgamation of the car works of Canada. His was the guiding mind in this great enterprise, and his genius was responsible for its completion in 1909. The recital of the events connected with this operation will be a task for some future historian, but we already know of the important part which Mr. Curry took in its consummation.

In recognition of his character and ability and conspicuous service, three honours came to him. He was made President of the Canada Car & Foundry Company upon its foundation, and in 1911 was elected President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. In 1912 he received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Acadia University. Interested, but not always active, in politics, he took a prominent part in the election of 1911, working against reciprocity, and in 1912 he was offered and he accepted a seat in the Senate of Canada. Business, academic, and political honours combined to show appreciation of the man, and subsequent years have shown that they were well merited.

The war brought opportunities and responsibilities to many people in Canada, but to none more than to Senator Curry. The first of these touched his family. In 1881 he had married Miss Mary E. Hall of Round Hill, Annapolis County, and in her he has found a most helpful companion, contributing—he alone can tell how much—to his success. Of the five sons born to the home, Ivan, the fourth one, was cut off early in life while studying in New York. The second son, Eric, became associated with his father in the lumber business in Nova Scotia, and his fifth son, Rennie, became associated with him in business in Montreal. The first and third sons, Captain Victor and Captain Leon Curry, both enlisted at the beginning of the war and went overseas with Montreal Battalions. Captain Victor Curry was invalided home after seeing service at the Front and is now associated in business with his father. Captain Leon Curry was killed within an hour after entering the trenches for the first time. Senator Curry's contribution through his sons was not his whole gift, for he immediately dedicated his business ability to war work. Early in the war he accepted a large contract from the Russian Government for shells, and started to organize industries in the United States and Canada to produce these shells, in what was at that time unprecedented quantities, the contract price being eighty-three million dollars. The task was a stupendous one, but was accomplished in such a way that the contract was completed and—what was a greater feat—the Russian Government was made to settle. It was a gigantic undertaking, but one well worth doing. In addition to the Russian business, contracts were also accepted for large quantities of shells for the British Government.

The supreme test of success is in character, and we recognize to-day that character is shown not only by ability to procure, but even more by a disposition to serve. The largeness of the man is revealed in the fact that after his success in business he began to invest in certain enterprises which gave dividends in human life and character. He has given $88,000 to Acadia University, $25,000 to McGill University, and other sums for innumerable purposes. In fact, his hand is continually extended to aid good objects. There are special reasons why he is interested in and generous to Acadia University. In the first place, the tower of the Main Building of Acadia was visible from his home in Port Williams, and as a boy it was ever before him, and the Acadia traditions were well known to him. As already mentioned the first large contract of the new firm of Rhodes & Curry, the success of which meant so much in establishing its reputation at that time, was given by the Governors of Acadia University, and with one exception all of the Acadia buildings have been constructed by this firm. In the third place his two sons, Leon and Rennie have attended Acadia, the former being a graduate in the class of 1905. Mr. Curry has been interested in technical education and his gifts to Acadia have been for the advancement of that branch of education. I have heard him make two remarks which show that the true spirit of philanthropy has entered his soul. "I never gave a cent that I wanted back again," he told Lord Atholstan while talking on the subject, and again he said, "There is no money I spend that I get so much pleasure out of as what I give".

If success is a matter of character, then the decisive hour of life cannot be considered in relation to any event, however vital it may seem to be, unless that event reveals the fact that character has reached its majority. With Mr. Curry that point was reached at the time of the third fire, and since then there has been the steady application of those principles which characterized the success of that test.

THE DIRECTOR OF REPATRIATION

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE general public has been saying all along that when the war ends our real national work will begin. That work, whatever it may be, or whatever we who form the general public do not know about it, has been under consideration for some time, but it began with driving force and enthusiasm on December 1st, when Herbert J. Daly was appointed Director of the Repatriation and Employment Committee of the Cabinet at Ottawa.

Who is Herbert J. Daly? Who is this man who has been selected in the very teeth of hundreds of office-seekers at the Capital and placed in a position of the greatest importance, not only to the Government, not only to the country at large, but as well to every soldier who has returned from overseas, to every soldier who is about to return, who eventually will return, and to every wife, mother, daughter, son, and dependent of every soldier who has gone overseas to uphold the dignity of Canada and to establish Canada's claim to a respectable place among respectable nations. It is a question that anyone might well ask, for the appointment of Director of Repatriation affects as vitally the interests of the whole people as any other appointment the Government has made since the war began. But the appointment, important as it is, and little known as Mr. Daly generally has been, is in keeping with what we have learned to expect nowadays. For have we not seen at the head of all the Canadian forces at the Front a man who was scarcely known four years ago, much less as a director of fighting men? Have we not seen men, and young men at that, who had been just ordinary citizens before the war, startle the world with the magnificence of their exploits, the wealth of their heroism, the very genius of their military qualifications? And now we must be prepared to see men loom up suddenly from nowhere, so it might seem, and by the sheer force of ability take charge of work about which everybody has been speculating and asking questions.

One of these men is Herbert J. Daly. But who is he?

A little less than twenty-five years ago a high-school teacher in the town of Orillia took so keen an interest in the talents of one of his pupils that he volunteered to give him lessons at night in mathematics because he had perceived that the boy had a very alert mind and was worthy of help and encouragement.

That boy was Herbert J. Daly.

A few years later a wholesale grocery firm of Montreal determined to experiment with a fledgling on the road. They sent a young man scarcely out of his teens down through the Eastern Townships to sell some specialties in the grocery line. But the young man, in every instance, confronted one insurmountable difficulty—he could not get anyone to listen to

Herbert J. Daly,
The Director of Repatriation and Employment

him. He had a small body and a big head, features that did not seem to impress the grocers of the Eastern Townships. He knew that even if he took thought unto himself he could not increase his stature by one cubit, but he knew also that if he could not attract custom by his mere presence, he could play on the common weaknesses of mankind. And accordingly he returned to Montreal, defeated, but not in despair. He equipped himself with a new set of ammunition, to wit, a small hand coffee mill and a square of beautiful plush cloth to lay it on. Then he fared forth. The first grocery he entered he did not ask for the buyer or the proprietor. He did not ask for anybody. He merely spread the plush out on a counter, placed the mill upon it, took a handful of coffee from his satchel and began to grind. Curiosity soon brought a small group of spectators, and before the coffee was all ground the proprietor himself was an interested onlooker. The salesman then asked them to enjoy the rich aroma of the coffee. He convinced them that it was real coffee, better coffee and cheaper coffee. He booked many orders from that time on, and the trip resulted in the most business that the firm had ever done in that district. It was that young man's real start as a grocery salesman.

And that young man was Herbert J. Daly.

The firm had a customer in Toronto who got into financial difficulties. Young Daly was sent to straighten things out and set the business on its feet again. He did so, and there began his career as a consulting business man, or, in other words, as a business man who is called in or sent in by outside interests to ascertain what has been the cause of failure. He did not go back to Montreal to remain there. Toronto held him and has held him ever since. He entered the general offices of a wholesale grocery firm in that city, and began to attend a night school, where he learned typewriting and stenography. But he soon determined that the cash register business, which was just then beginning in Canada, offered the opening he desired. He applied for a position and was told that there was no vacancy, that the heads of departments were being brought over from the United States. But young Daly persisted. He renewed his application once a week, until at length he went one Saturday about noon and was told by the manager that everything was upset and in a muddle, and that he really had not time to talk. Then it was that the young man saw his chance. He suggested that he remain that afternoon and help to straighten things out. Such a suggestion from most men would not have been entertained at all, but this young man had a way with him, a way that has helped him in big things and little things, always, and in this particular instance it gained for him a footing in the cash register business. He soon became Office Manager—in 1904, to be precise, at the age of twenty-two. Four years later he became Factory Superintendent. Five years still later he was appointed Sales Manager, and at the age of thirty-two he received the important appointment of Managing Director. That position he held until just a year ago, when he resigned to devote his time to private interests and such public offices as he had been able to accept. On the recommendation of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, he was appointed to serve on the Labour Sub-Committee of the Reconstruction Committee of the Cabinet. He was appointed by the Minister of Labour to act as chairman of the Labour Appeal Board to settle the strike of street railway employees in Ottawa. The result was a settlement by a unanimous decision.

The Repatriation and Employment Committee consists of Honourable T. A. Calder, Department of Immigration and Colonization; Honourable N. W. Rowell, Department of Public Information; Honourable T. A. Crerar, Department of Agriculture; Honourable G. D. Robertson, Department of Labour; Honourable Arthur Meighen, Department of the Interior; and Honourable Sir James Lougheed, Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment. These Ministers of the Crown meet in Mr. Daly's office three times a week, and the work agreed on is carried out by the Director. It involves conferences and much correspondence with fraternal, charitable and benevolent associations of all kinds, boards of trade, municipalities, large employers of labour, and indeed with all organizations that will have to consider the returned soldier. One important work of the Director is to prevent duplication and to advise other bodies how to proceed in whatever branch of the work they might wish to undertake.

Mr. Daly is only thirty-seven years of age, having been born in Peterboro' in 1882. His success is due in large measure to his genial personality, self-confidence, unswerving determination, clear-sightedness, the ability to delve down to the root of things, admirable diplomacy, and consideration for others. He is charitable in many unexpected ways, and it is a noteworthy fact that in all his enterprises, which have been too numerous to detail here, he has never attained success at the cost of someone else. Rather has he carried his co-workers along with him. He never has taken an active part in politics, but has confined his energies to his business affiliations. These include a directorship in the Home Bank, in the Murray-Kay Company, of Toronto, the presidency of the H. J. Daly departmental store, of Ottawa, and an interest in several industrial concerns.

A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

CAPTAIN J. E. TAIT, V.C., M.C.

IN the late autumn of 1914, a Government surveying party was at work in the Hudson Bay country, up the Kettle River. For months its members had been cut off from all communication with the outside world, when suddenly there came tidings of war—between "Kultur" and civilization. At least one of the party immediately grasped the meaning of the terrible fact, and, dropping his work in the great solitudes, James Edward Tait returned to Winnipeg to make arrangements, with the least possible delay, for doing what one man might to save the world from the theatening horror.

By race and birth a Scotsman, the young surveyor was the second son of the late James B. Tait, of Maxwellton. Three of his brothers have also had experience of active service, two in France, the other in Mesopotamia.

James was a pupil successively at Laurieknowe School and Dumfries Academy. His father was a builder, and the young man served his apprenticeship in Dumfries for the profession of an architect, but coming to Canada in 1912, took up instead the more physically exacting task of the surveyor.

Young, strong, athletic, used to exposure and to "roughing it", capable of intense earnestness and enthusiasm, Tait was a recruit of the most desired stamp. He had served for five years in the Imperial Yeomanry, and obtained a commission in the 100th Battalion Winnipeg Grenadiers. Not content with joining himself, he exerted himself to induce others to do likewise, and spoke, at many a public meeting, with forceful simplicity in the interests of recruiting.

A many-sided man, he had something in common with various types of humanity. In his native Scotland, he had won many championships as a boxer, an art which he had spent much time in teaching to the members of a boys' club in Dumfries. On the other hand, those who best knew him speak of his love of poetry and of music; and he had a decided literary bent. He contributed articles to various Canadian magazines, which were the fruit of his experiences in "The Frozen North," and on the battle front at Vimy Ridge. Children and dogs showed ready confidence in him. Boys admired and made friends with him, and, in the army, he was popular alike with officers and men.

But, when it came to speaking of him in connection with the war, the outstanding fact that impressed all who knew him was his stern enthusiasm, and his desire to be ever at and

Captain J. E. Tait, V.C., M.C.

in the fighting. Soon after reaching England, he was transferred to the 78th Canadian Battalion, and left for the Front in February, 1916.

Neither the large dangers nor the continuous discomforts of the campaign dampened his ardour. He was wounded four times in thirteen months—in the face, the knee and the head—but, on recovery, he "practically rushed straight from hospital, so as to get back to the battalion without loitering around the reserve battalion", and he brushed aside suggestions of less dangerous tasks, as if he counted all days lost when he was not actually in the fighting for which he had gone overseas.

He won the Military Cross for gallant work at Vimy Ridge and was promoted on the field at Passchendaele to the rank of captain. In one of his letters, Tait gives an interesting glimpse of the night before the Canadians went "over the top' 'to wrench from the Huns a part of the famous Passchendaele Ridge. The men of the 78th "were digging assembly trenches to jump off from next morning. It was a beautiful, moonlight night, and cold, and from a blasted tree in the German lines a sniper potted away all night, and got quite a few of our boys." Yet, despite the cold and that persistent sniper, "there was no place in God's fair world" in which Tait would have preferred to be than right there on Passchendaele Ridge, where within the next "crowded week", the Canadians were again to cover themselves with glory.

Less than a year after Passchendaele, Captain Tait was gazetted "V.C." for "conspicuous bravery and initiative" in his last fight. His commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Kirkcaldy, had given him a company to command in the engagement at

Hallu. on August 10th, 1918. "He was a splendid officer, and inspired confidence wherever he was," said the colonel. "He came out of the first day's engagement unhurt and made a splendid reputation for his company."

When an advance was checked by violent machine gun fire from the enemy, he "rallied his company and led it forward with consummate skill and dash under a hail of bullets". But a concealed enemy machine gun continued to cause many casualties. To stop this, Captain Tait, with a rifle and bayonet. dashed forward alone and killed the German gunner. Inspired by his daring, his men rushed the position, captured twelve machine guns and twenty prisoners, and cleared the way for the advance of the whole battalion.

After the objective was gained, however, the 78th had a hard time, for a small salient had been formed, and on the 11th the Germans counterattacked under an intense artillery bombardment, during which Captain Tait was killed by a direct hit from a shell.

As one of his fellow-soldiers put it, he had given "his life for his country and the wining of the war. He was a man greatly admired for his fearless courage and he was in the war heart and soul to win the war. . . . The manner in which he died was certainly worthy of the brave man that he was. He had reached farthest on with his company and was saying to one of his gunners, 'That's the stuff to give 'em, boys,' when the shell fell near and got him."

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THE PREMIER OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY the retirement of Sir Edward Morris as Premier of Newfoundland, just a year ago. the Premiership passed to the Minister of Justice in his Government, Honourable W. F. Lloyd, K.C., D.C.L. Dr. Lloyd had been, until July, 1917, Leader of the Opposition, but then a coalition was made. both parties coming together to ensure more effective participation by the Colony in the war. The Morris Ministry had consisted of nine members, but two taking permanent positions and a third dropping out, the number was reduced to six, and then six other places were given the Opposition, making a Cabinet of twelve, with Mr. Morris as Premier and Mr. Lloyd as Minister of Justice and "Deputy".

When Sir Edward Morris went to London in October, Mr. Lloyd became acting Premier, and when the retirement of the head of the Ministry followed, Mr. Lloyd naturally succeeded him.

Mr. Lloyd is an Englishman, a native of Manchester, and fifty-four years of age. The son of a mechanic, without the proverbial golden spoon, he had to educate himself, and a large proportion of his knowledge was acquired through the medium of a night school, as at thirteen years of age he was a paid monitor in the school where he taught, and had to give his leisure hours in self-tuition. He was fortunate in studying under some masters in Manchester who subsequently became famous, and, his abilities as a teacher being considerable, he was selected twenty-seven years ago to come to Newfoundland to assume the vice-premiership of the Anglican College in St. John's, which position he filled for some years. Incidentally he undertook the study of law by night and won the degree of Bachelor of Laws of London University, and in 1901 satisfied requirements of Victoria University, Toronto, for the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. Then he resigned his college position, and articled himself to the then Attorney-General and present Chief Justice of Newfoundland, Sir William Horwood, for the legal course necessary to his admission to the local bar, and after Mr. Horwood went to the Bench, he completed his course with the late Sir William Whiteway, formerly Premier and Attorney-General. In due course of time. he was called to the Bar, and, in addition to prosecuting his private

Honourable W. F. Lloyd, K.C., D.C.L.

practice, he assumed the editorship of *The Evening Telegram*, of St. John's.

In 1904 he was elected to the Legislature for the district of Trinity Bay as a follower of Sir Robert Bond, but in the elections of 1908 and 1909 he was unsuccessful in other districts. In 1913 he associated himself with the Fishermen's Protective Union movement, then taking shape in Newfoundland, and somewhat similar to labour organizations in other countries, and in that year was again elected for Trinity as a Bond supporter, partly by the votes of the "F.P.U." or Coakerite followers—as the Bondites and Coakerites had combined in the effort to overthrow Sir Edward Morris, who was then leading the Government, an effort in which they were unsuccessful.

After the election which saw Sir Edward Morris with twenty-one supporters and Sir Robert Bond with fifteen, equally divided between his own and the Coakerite wings of the Opposition, Sir Robert Bond retired from the Legislature, and was succeeded by Mr. J. M. (now Justice) Kent, who led the Parliamentary Opposition for two years and then accepted a vacancy on the Supreme Bench, whereupon Mr. Lloyd was chosen to succeed him as the parliamentary chief. In July last, when the coalition was effected, he took the Attorney-Generalship, and the Deputy Premiership, and on the resignation of Sir Edward Morris, was invited by the Government to fill his place.

Dr. Lloyd is an avowed exponent of the advanced Liberal school of English politics, is a noted student of constitutional problems, and a man of strong will and determination. He has a reputation for rugged honesty and direct bluntness of speech, and his career will be watched with keen interest by students of local political developments. He is a widower, an Anglican, and somewhat of a student of world politics.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

SPUN-YARN AND SPINDRIFT

By Norah M. Holland. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

A NOTE of sadness and regret, almost one continued lament, goes through this book, whose distinction lies in the beauty of its minor sounds. That note of sadness, however, becomes the qualifying substance, for by it we discover a singer estranged, an exile, one whose thoughts and images rest and are composed in a land that lives ever fresh in the memory. Ireland, whatever else may be said of her, continues her insistent call to the emigrant. D'Arcy McGee felt it years ago, Father Dollard displays it in his recent poetry, and now Miss Holland, a resident of Toronto, gives us this glimpse of a yearning heart in her beautiful poem, "To W. B. Yeats:

Or the brown bees hum through the livelong day
  In glades of Inisfree, where sunlight gleams,
The bean flower scents again the dear old way,
  Once more the turf-fire burns;
The missionary of the long dead past returns,
  Borne on that wind of dreams.

But we have more than glimpses of this yearning, and it all makes us wonder whether Canada is lacking in springs bubbling with inspiration for the poet. Nevertheless, we have hopes that she is not, for while things Irish affect most of this book, we find that perhaps the most exquisite poem in it must have come from a Canadian inspiration. We quote "October":

Now, when the summer flowers are past and dead,
  And from the earth's wild bosom, brown and bare,
    No trillium lifts its head;
When, in the hollows where the violets were
  Purple and white and fair,
Only a few brown leaves are falling now,
  The wind shakes from the bough:

Now, when the tiger-lily's flame no more
  Burns in the long, lush grasses on the hill
    And by the river shore,
The smoky trail of asters, lingering still,
  Thins, and the air grows chill
With the feathery snowflakes, that anon
  Fall softly and are gone:

O let us leave this dull and dusty street,
  The noise and heat and turmoil of the town,
    For country waysides sweet,
Lanes where the nuts are clustering, plump and brown,
  Hedges blackberries crown;
Come, ere the shivering blasts of winter blow,
  Let us make haste and go.

ILLUSIONS AND REALITIES

By Francis Grierson. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THE author of this book, writing in another book, "The Invincible Alliance," which was published in 1913, made a plea for Anglo-American unity, and set down this prophecy: "Authority will dominate both the masses and the classes, and under the new régime a duke will have no more influence than a smart soldier of the ranks. The question will be not 'Who are you?' but 'What do you know?' A few iron-willed men will assume control, and their judgment will become law. . . The new dispensation will be a forcing time, not only for grains and fruits, but for individnals." Mr. Grierson has passed many months in the United States studying conditions there, and as a result he observes in this his latest book that "a good deal of misunderstanding was apparent, and I became convinced that prejudice was the basis of it in most instances. This prejudice is not only the most dangerous, but the most difficult thing to overcome. There is still in many places a feeling of animosity, often openly expressed. Opposition in America to a fundamental understanding between the two peoples is positive and active. In England it is an unborn feeling, difficult to overcome, and for this reason the effort to overcome it will have to be concentrated on immediate and essential benefits, financial and commercial at first, political and social later on." He adds that America in England will have to attain to a new order or become "wanderers in a racial wilderness during a period of five times forty years." For, as he says later on, "America rises or falls with England. Destroy the British navy, and the United States navy would be crushed like an eggshell. Starve the English, and impoverish Americans; reduce the prestige of England, and minimize the liberties of the American people."

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OLD DAYS ON THE FARM

By A. C. Wood. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

THOUSANDS of dwellers in cities look backward with fond memories of the old days on the farm, days that never can be lived again, because into all rural places the motor car, the telephone and many "modern" conveniences have found the way. So that there no longer are the yoke of oxen, the family phaeton, the log cabin, the tallow candle—for even the kerosene lamp is becoming a thing of the past. But Mr. Wood recalls many quaint and homely conditions, practices and customs of pioneer days in Ontario, and therefore his book will be read with real zest by many professional and business men who have fond memories of their boyhood days back on the farm. Real old-timers, however, will regret that the author has overlooked four of the most picturesque features—cutting down the forest, the logging bee, the "raising", and making maple sugar.

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NELSON'S HISTORY OF THE WAR

By John Buchan. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

VOLUME XX. of this great historical undertaking is now available, bringing the chronicle down to the end of the summer campaigns of 1917. It is astonishing that the author should have kept each successive volume so closely within sight of the marching events. This is an unusually interesting installment because, apart from the great interest attached to the summer campaigns of 1917, there are several appendices, which include the Vatican note and President Wilson's reply, details of the Third Battle of Ypres, and a table of events from July 1st, 1916, to June 30th, 1917. Perhaps the most interesting chapterr treats of the Russian downfall, which has been undoubtedly one of the very important incidents of the war so far.

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SAVE IT FOR WINTER

By Frederick Frye Rockwell. Toronto: Frederick D. Goodchild.

THIS book is worth the dollar that will buy it. To be sure, most housewives will have done their "saving for winter" this year. But the book will be good preparedness for next. Its chapters are practical and fresh and its directions and suggestions clearly presented. The chapters on Drying and Dehydrating and on Storing are specially worthy. If thrift and conservation are to be established among us scientifically, books of this order will be our aids in the matter.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"There is no limit to the greatness of the future before America. But we can realize it only if we are Americans, if we are nationalists, with all the fervour of our hearts and all the wisdom of our brains. . . We must work along our own national lines in every field of achievement. We must feel in the very marrow of our being that our loyalty is due only to America, and that it is not diluted by loyalty for any other nation or all other nations on the face of the earth."

"I shall be delighted to support the movement for a League of Nations if it is developed as a supplement to, and not a substitute for, the preparation of our own strength."

"We must see to it that we are so strong in the future that no nation will dare to look cross-eyed at us again."

"The League of Nations idea is 'vicious and demoralizing'."

IT is difficult to estimate the precise significance of men of Roosevelt's type in the world to-day. Whether they are in reality the men who voice and direct public opinion is a question. Men of more moderate temper are also expressing themselves. The way in which the spirit of the times finally crystallizes itself in irrevocable action, the passage of the months and years will alone decide. The League of Nations may come to pass as an achievement in the realm of practical and democratic polities or the world may resolve itself into entrenched nationalisms, more bitterly and jealously zealous than before. When the years reveal the event, the historian will be able to praise the personalities who have talked and argued. In the meantime, some would like to think of President Wilson as the expression of a universal political desire about to realize its consummation with a sure inevitableness. Others feel that the true necessities of the age are those urged by the Theodore Roosevelts and the Premiers Hughes, and that the necessities these talk about will find their establishment in erected national and Imperial policies of solid splendour. The world seems certainly on the verge of a new cosmopolitanism or an accentuated nationalism. The vast schemes of America for supreme commercial and naval power, the momentous Imperial dreams of British statesmen, may collapse suddenly into the quiet progression of ordinary decent expansion and lose their sound and swagger, and the peoples of the world may all at once get down to the same enterprise of doing business together. Or—one shudders at the alternative if Roosevelt is really an authentic expression of the spirit of the time. Roosevelt in all these recent books and public utterances speaks roughly and bluntly and crudely.

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SKIPPER JOHN OF THE NIMBUS

By Raymond McFarlane. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

EVERY boy and all who like a good, stirring tale of adventure at sea, will want to read this fine story of a lad who is abused by his guardians and as a result runs away in the company of some Gloucester fishermen. The life of the New England fishermen is well described, and indeed the whole story is skilfully told.

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THE RULE OF MIGHT

By J. A. Cramb. Toronto: Frederick Goodchild.

ONE hesitates with a certain amount of puzzlement to make a commentary on this book. Whether to call it a novel or merely a series of descriptive sketches is a question. If a plot is necessary to a novel, then it is not a novel. Yet there is a certain amount of organization about the material of the book as it is presented, and its net effect upon the reader is that of a piece of work presented with artistic skill. Cramb dramatizes Napoleon rather vividly. He presents Viennese society with graphic vigour. One gets the atmosphere of the time out of the book.

LIGHTED WINDOWS

By Frank Crane. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

HERE is everyday philosophy for the everyday man or woman. It is supplied in brief essay form, and touches many subjects of great interest at the present moment. We quote one example:

FACTS AND ALCOHOL.

We have done more loose talking and indulged in more childish reasoning about this drinking matter than about any other thing that is an issue of life and death.

It is not a debatable question, what alcohol does to you. The facts and the laws that govern them are as absolute as the facts and laws in a laboratory.

Of course, Old Man Perkins, who just died at the age of ninety-nine over on Bitter Creek, used to drink a pint of whiskey every day. And Bill Simmons, the hardware man, says that his uncle, Judge Simmons of Kentucky, takes his nip regularly and is sound as a dollar at seventy-seven. And the barkeeper urges you to "come on, have another; a little won't hurt you." And the Germans consume floods of beer—and now look at them, fighting the world. And all the boys drink and have a good time. And then there are the French and Italians taking wine at their meals, and the husky Britishers consuming Scotch and Polly.

If you prefer to risk your life on this kind of rumor and slop talk, you may do so.

But you don't have to. It is not necessary to take a gambler's chance.

The people best qualified perhaps to tell you about how long you may be expected to live are the life insurance people. The Association of Life Insurance Presidents held their eighth annual meeting the other day. Mr. Arthur Hunter, of the medical department, made an address.

He indulged in no arguments nor hearsay, but gave some facts, facts on which the companies do millions of dollars worth of business. He gave infallible figures, based on the cases of 2,000,000 men and women insured in the past twenty-five years with forty-three leading American life insurance companies.

These statistics show that consistent users of alcoholic drinks die six years younger than they should.

One-time consistent drinkers, who reformed before they took out life insurance policies, die four years younger than they should.

These life insurance men are not prohibitionists, cranks nor white-ribboners. They are hardheaded business men.

Isn't it queer that in making money men go after the facts and are not led away by sentiment, while in saving one's health and life we listen to any old granny tale we may be told.

Hence, son, you let alcohol alone! It never did anybody any good as a steady beverage.

You can find physicians who do not condemn it, but you cannot find a scientist who will not tell you it is plain poison.

If you drink at all, go to the facts and draw your own conclusions from them—and not from what you hear about Sam Jenkin's wife's second cousin.

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WITHOUT A TITLE

By E. K. Means. Toronto: Frederick D. Goodchild.

THE reviewer's irritation at the way the publishers present this book crystallizes when he comes to write the review. The book has no title that the reviewer may set down. One is tempted to say in exasperation: "Oh, it's a bunch of nigger stories, and the author and publisher have given the collection no title, but with combined affrontery have simply set the author's name in assaulting letters on the cover in a crude attempt to draw attention."

Which it assuredly does. If a certain habitual persistence in looking beyond unpleasant first impressions happens in this case to get past the cover and carry one really into the pages of the book itself, delighted captivation awaits. The eight stories of the book are in their way works of art. Such praise is not too high. E. K. Means can present the children of Music and Laughter in terms of their essential humanity. It is doubtful if a reader coming to this book with all the prejudice and distaste involved in the phrase "nigger stories", having read the book, could go away without having achieved under E. K. Means's hand, the joy of insight and sympathy; which is, by the way, a very great kind of joy. The book belongs to that kind of literature which consolidates humanity. By virtue of the quality of its power to reveal the genius of a race, it becomes sheer art; it achieves the dignity of great writing.

VENICE

From the Painting by
Clarence A. Gagnon,
Exhibited by
the Royal Canadian'Academy

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EDUCATIONAL PREPAREDNESS

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THINKING over this subject of Educational Preparedness or, more specifically, Imperial and National Educational Preparedness, one usually begins with the law of the conservation of energy. There can be little doubt, indeed it seems quite self-evident, that that universal law is just as true of the mechanics of organized human conduct as it is of the mechanics of material bodies or particles moving by universal law in space. Is it not John Stuart Mill who points out in his master classic on political economy that all that men really do in the world of economics is to move material bodies or particles from one point of space to another? All that the most skilled accountant does, for example, is to move material particles of ink from an ink-well to certain pre-arranged points of space on the surface of a sheet of white paper. The reason why these otherwise trifling activities have the far-reaching significance that they have is due altogether to the fact that they are always preceded by a long history of careful study and teaching, that is of educational preparedness. We often wonder how many martyrs were left to starve, beaten with stripes, hanged on a gibbet, or burned at the stake because of their supposedly maniacal and evil-minded pursuit of a practical theory of numbers.

If, then, this law be true of human conduct, as it clearly is, it follows just as clearly and just as certainly that the available amount of human effort or enterprise in any one community or country at any one time is a fixed and certain quantity. The amount of available labour of brain and body, to state the matter concretely, in, say, the city of Saskatoon, from which I am now writing, is at the present moment a fixed and measurable quantity. This quantity cannot be either increased or diminished. The human reservoir of labour is of fixed dimensions. It is at present probably distinctly overwrought. Sooner or later it must lie down to rest. Measured in terms of human attainment, human achievement, human self-realization, the results are only a small fragment of what they might be made. By far the larger part is wholly wasted. The problem of national educational preparedness, then, is how we can reduce this waste. How can we, to use the trite illustration I have already used, employ at least some measure of this energy, otherwise wasted, for the purpose of producing results comparable with the results of the aforesaid skilled accountant. The answer is only by careful study and teaching, only, perhaps, by sacrificing and torturing more devoted human lives, in war, for example. The direction and correlation of the energies of human labour and the greater energies of the natural world, which science teaches human labour how to control, for purposes of human attainment, is always and everywhere the essential task of the trained thinking human mind and skilled acting human hand. That is my major premise.

My minor premise is, I think, quite as obvious as my major. That minor premise is that the natural mental endowment of every man is beyond his own control, whether he receive that endowment by inspiration from God, by inheritance from his ancestors or by the unsolicited play of the forces of nature upon his bodily sensorium. That is the principle of the parable of the talents, and a more practical principle never was uttered. Our natural endowments are the fixed initial capital provided for us with which we start the responsible enterprise of life itself. How, then, shall we expand and improve these endowments? The answer is again only by study and teaching. That is my minor premise.

If, then, my premises be true, my conclusion ought to be true. True or false, then, the conclusion I draw is that education is the only means of attainment, of achievement, of realization, available in the ultimate nature of things for either the individual or the State. Education is the supreme power behind all human creative evolution. Education is the urge of all human uplift. Uncivilized man, for example, only differs from civilized man in degree of education. Let a single nation halt its processes of education, in the widest sense of that term, for a single generation, and it will automatically lapse back into savagery. Educate a nation in industry and commerce, and it will become an industrial and commercial nation. Educate it in science and it will become a scientific nation. Educate it in art, and it will become an an æsthetic nation. Educate it in the principles of peace, freedom and justice, and it will become a peaceful nation of just and free people. Educate it in the art of war, and it will become a military nation, a misinstructed, miserable, wretched, seduced nation of cannon fodder. Or quite generally a true State will be built up upon a true scale of ultimate human values. The State is the individual human unit "writ large". Open your Plato.

Just what this scale or hierarchy of values, upon which the true State must be constituted, really is, has been, no doubt, a matter of long and bitter controversy. It is with much trepidation and searching of heart that I venture to construct my own scale. I am encouraged, however, to do so by the fact that I cannot very well be moved by any sense of prejudice or self-interest since, unfortunately for me, I happen personally to rank very low indeed in the order of merit. The scale, in descending order, is as follows: Religion, morals, literature, fine art, science, industry, commerce, finance, idleness, evil. In this article, in order to avoid all occasion for controversy, I shall omit all reference to the first two, and in order to avoid a really appalling amount of personal confession, I shall strive to omit all reference to the last two of these values. I shall confine myself, in other words, to the problem of purely secular educational preparedness.

Secular education, I may, perhaps, define in a preliminary way, as the link, or chain of links, or quite literally, the system of artificial methods or devices by which the available sources of all the energies of human labour of mind and body are bound, directed, conveyed and made to converge upon the realization of all worthy human plans, purposes, ends, aims and ideals. Or in other and fewer words, education is the method by which culture is accomplished, and I use the word culture in the sense, for example, in which Matthew Arnold used it, and not in the sense in which Nietsche is supposed to have used it. I should not mention Nietsche, however, in contrast to Matthew Arnold for, as a matter of fact, for those who really know Neitsche, he used this term in the same, although in a more serious, intense and forceful—and therefore less dilettante sense than Arnold. Nietsche's idealism of the will to power was a real idealism; his will to power a will to power to do right and not to do wrong, a will to power to create and not to destroy, a will to power to produce the good and the beautiful, not the ugly and the evil. Nietsche was perhaps the most intensely æsthetic mind in modern literature. He was not a Prussian. He hated Prussia. He was not a militarist. He was a most pronounced anti-militarist. The only reason—and that is no true reason—for calling Nietsche a militarist is to be found in two or three lines in one of his psalms in his book of psalms, *Also Spak Zarathustra,* in which he apostrophizes the virtues of patience, courage, discipline and obedience in the person of the soldier. Of Nietsche it may be truly said, as of Arnold, that he held that education was essentially a study in perfection, or a study in the methods by which human power may be employed most effectively for purposes of attaining human perfection, or coming as near attaining it as we can. But I did not start to write an apology for Nietsche. Let us return, then, to our main theme.

We have too long forgotten that all progress in national power and greatness is the result of national education. We have too long appealed to the principle of "muddling along"—a principle which needs only to be mentioned to be condemned by all serious, responsible, thinking men. Our enemies were not muddling along. They may have been madmen, but they were certainly not muddlers. Someone during the war described Germany aptly as an organized technical base. Mr. H. G. Wells, in a remarkably prophetic passage in "The New Machiavelli" more vividly describes the German organization as "a monster, all brains and teeth". But it is time, now that the war is over, to look at the matter dispassionately. The fact is that where we were strong our enemies were weak, and that where they were strong we were weak. We were strong in natural resources, and in the rectitude of our ideals, but they were strong in devices and methods of secular education. Our clear duty, therefore, now as always, is to strengthen our point of weakness. If we do that, ultimate success is assured; if we fail to do it, ultimate defeat, military victory to the contrary notwithstanding, is equally certain. The greatest mistake which the British Empire has ever made was the mistake of having allowed Germany to become the university schoolmaster of the world. And if we continue from now on to make the drivelling mistake, which we frequently made during the war, of tabooing education for national and imperial ends, aims and ideals, because we stupidly suppose it to be of German origin and invention, then victory has been won in vain. It is not of German origin and invention. It belonged to every nation which has ever made any contribution, however small, to the history of human civilization and culture. It belonged most of all to the little nation of ancient Greece.

The educational policy of this continent is a hybrid. Its aims and ideals are British, its methods and mechanisms are Prussian. The prevailing, indeed almost universal type is a free compulsory state-controlled system of public instruction. This system is thoroughly paternal in principle and militarist in formation. We teach our children in squads and companies, as if their minds could be made to move like their arms and legs. The reason why we adopt this plan is purely because the military formation is the simplest, cheapest and most primitive type of formation in which large numbers of minds may be easily handled and made to present a superficial appearance of efficiency and thoroughness. The system is supposed to be democratic in character, but a system which aims at moulding and making the lives of human units of uniform size, shape and colour, like so many bricks or stones to be fitted into a building, can scarcely truthfully call itself democratic. It is supposed, too, to be designed to meet the claims of the individual, but a system which refuses to recognize individual differences in endowment, effort and actual attainment can scarcely claim to be designed in the interest of the individual. At the present time we make almost no provision, indeed we stubbornly refuse to make any provision, for the exceptional boy or girl. How often have we been pained to see how our best boys and girls are reined and hobbled back to meet the arbitrary requirements of a grading system which is forced to attempt more than it can effectively accomplish! The result is, that all too many of our brightest and most promising scholars soon grow tired of the monotonous routine of the public school, and so leave the school as soon as they can, or are permitted by law to do so. In this way we are clearly depriving ourselves of our providential supply of human leadership in the community and nation, and then we stop and wonder why it is that Canada produces so few scholars and statesmen of outstanding rank. And yet we maintain that our educational ideals are essentially British. The real truth, however, is that by adapting a German system to a British ideal we are clearly losing the results of both. We neither achieve the German results in terms of co-operative public service nor the British results in terms of individual equipment, adornment and attainment. And in the meantime our curricula tend to become ever more and more crowded by these two rival claims, and the school, divorced from the interests of the home on the one hand, and from the interests of the community on the other, inevitably loses much of that larger and more sympathetic perspective and outlook upon life itself essential to every soundly and humanely conceived system of education. Clearly a dynastic and military system is ill adapted to the needs of a community claiming the right to call itself democratic. As we have said, the military system is the simplest and most primitive of all forms of social formation. The organization of a modern industrial and commercial community is many times more complex and difficult than the organization of an army, and the organization of a free and cultured nation, in which each and every legitimate individual human interest shall enjoy the fullest right to live and grow, is infinitely more complex and difficult than either. In every nation and empire which can possibly hope or expect to rise to the highest levels of civilization and culture, some system must be found by which the claims of variety may be made compatible with the claims of uniformity, the claims of the few with the claims of the many, some plan must be devised which will recognize the claims of marked leadership, special services and exceptional attainment. What this plan or system should be, is, I admit, very difficult to determine at present. That is just the problem we have to meet in the future.

A few minor suggestions, however, looking towards a solution of the problem, may not be out of place.

I have not yet lost faith in the private school, or, as it is known in England, the public school, or in New England, the Grammar school. A number of first-class grammar schools, specially devoted to the study of classics and literature, and of preparatory science schools devoted to the intensive study of science, would clearly add much to the excellence of the system. Unless, indeed, we have some such institution, the claims of university scholarship are, at least in some parts of the country, in great danger of becoming entirely swamped in the claims of the miscellaneous general-purpose public school system. When such subjects as farming, gardening, manual training, domestic science, nature study, civics and others are being constantly and insistently crowded into the course of compulsory studies, it is surely high time to begin to return again to the essentials of a really sound and thorough fundamental education. The idea of municipal schools, now being worked out in a preliminary and experimental way in some parts of the United States, is also clearly worthy of the most careful consideration. Would some of our cities and towns undertake to establish specially equipped and well-taught schools in classics, science, art or music, the experiment would undoubtedly result in adding much desirable variety and local colour to their educational undertakings. Much, too, may be accomplished in many ways even under the present system. Much may be done, indeed, just by getting back to fundamentals. The fundamental subjects may always be taught to large classes. A truth in mathematics, a beautiful poem or work of art, is a model for all, and need only be exhibited in the right light that all may have a free and equal opportunity to understand and appreciate its truth and beauty. Much may be done, finally, by adopting a less rigid and mechanical system of grading, by a more careful grouping of subjects and a more careful correlation of these groups to the interests and ideals of different groups of scholars; by reducing the number of pupils in the classroom, and—most of all—by the more careful and thorough training, and consequently more adequate remuneration of the teaching profession itself. The logical, and therefore, curiously enough, logically unattainable end of the process is a thoroughly trained tutor for each individual boy or girl. How far we should go in this direction is always a question of degree; how far we shall go, a question of the effort we are prepared to make and the amount we are prepared to pay. That we should be prepared to go some distance and, perhaps, a long distance, I have long been convinced.

Why should I not be permitted to exercise at least some measure of freedom in choosing an education for my son? Why, for that matter, should he not be allowed to exercise some measure of his own freedom? Why should I be called upon to throw him out at an early age into the treacherous currents of human life, there to sink or swim as he can? Why should I be virtually compelled to hand him over to the State to be educated as the State chooses, and not as I choose? Is he not my son? Am I not his parent? Am I not, indeed, the one person in the community most likely to take an interest in his future? Freedom is a precious thing in principle. Let us not forget that it is also a precious thing in practice.

Perhaps, indeed, the root and spring of the difficulty lies in the fact that we have, alike in principle and in practice, been grossly failing to fully understand and appreciate the real nature of our free institutions. Democracy is a plan or ideal of government by which the sovereign power in the State is taken out of the hands of a prerogative, privileged, leisured class and vested in every freeman who is able and willing, either by natural endowment or education, to co-operate with his neighbour for purposes of mutual pleasure, profit and attainment, and the pleasure, profit and attainment of the community and country at large in which they live. Sovereignty is essentially the correlate of service. But service, to be effective, must be the service of experts, not of amateurs. In a democratic community each man becomes sovereign in the thing he knows best and knows best how to do. If, living in a democratic State, I want a pair of shoes, then my shoemaker is sovereign and I am subject. If I need a suit of clothing, then my tailor is sovereign and I am subject. If I wish to consult a lawyer, then my lawyer is sovereign and I am subject even at the risk of my property. If I am ill, then my physician is sovereign and I am subject even at the risk of my life. Open your Plato! Efficiency—that modern idol of the market-place—does not depend so much upon organization—that other idol—as upon the skill and training of the human unit. It is in vain that we plan an elaborate building if the materials be unsound. In that case, the very elaborate character of the plan itself becomes the chief cause of collapse. In the efficient State, the unit is the efficient individual, and the efficient unit is one who, by natural endowment, is willing to work, who by special education knows how to do his particular work well, and who by general education knows the relation of his work to the work of the man to the right of him and of the man to the left of him and to the great co-operative work of the State in which he claims the right of free, sovereign citizenship. The problem of the individual and the State, indeed—that puzzling antinomy over which we have been fighting so fiercely—is nothing else than the problem of the relation between special and general education. The true State, therefore, must recognize the claims of both these forms of education. A general, rigid, uniform education may be enough for the soldier, but it is not enough for the civilian: it may be enough for a militarist State, but it is not enough for a free, peaceful and progressive State. Democracy spells essentially government by experts. The day of unskilled workmen, casually employed teachers and amateur politicians is ended. Let us glance now at some of the more comprehensive applications of the problem.

The education of the workman is the foundation of the State. On Sunday, November 10th last, seven hundred thousand Canadians were intensely employed; on Monday, the 11th, they were out of employment. The corresponding number for the Empire is, say, ten millions, and for all the belligerent countries sixty millions. Meanwhile, one hundred million people are at the point of starvation in Europe, and cold and bitter winter is at their doors. The prospect should give us pause.

We have heard, too, and read a great deal recently about the strike, but the principle of the strike can scarcely be successfully challenged. If the trader has the right to refuse to sell his commodities until the purchaser promise to pay the price the trader demands, the labourer has clearly the right to refuse to sell his labour until his employer promise to pay the wages the labourer demands. If the trader has the right to organize, so also the labourer. If the majority have the right to rule in the Bankers' Association, so also in the labour union. The real trouble seems to be that most, if not, indeed, all strikes appear at present to be directed towards a merely relative result. In other words, they are based on a merely trading principle. We hear every day of strikes for less hours of work or for increased pay, but who has ever heard of a strike for the opportunity to do better work? I have no doubt, indeed, that some, perhaps many, even among the workmen themselves, still entertain the ancient superstition that the manual workman has no real opportunity for self-betterment, self-culture and self-attainment. But this is quite a mistake. The man who works with his hands has really the best of all opportunities for self-improvement. No educational process is complete until it find an outlet in some form of interesting and effective motor reaction. It is by the work of men's hands that ideals are made real. It is the workman, artisan or artist who takes the fleeting fancies of philosophers, poets and musicians and makes them abide on canvas or in wood, stone, bronze and marble. In nothing that men do are the eternal values so obvious as in a fine bit of workmanship. And the opportunities in this direction are infinite. There is no logical stopping-place between the mason and Michael Angelo. There is no logical stopping-place between the man with the hammer and the saw and a Sir Christopher Wren or a Sir Charles Barry, or between Tom Sawyer and his brush of pig's bristle and his pot of lime and an Andrea, a Turner or Whistler. If our Canadian national labour organization will declare a general strike for the purpose of obtaining more and better educational opportunity for our workmen, I shall join the strike to-morrow.

Of the claims of scientific education, I need say little. The advocates of science are legion, and science has the additional advantage of being supposed to be more clearly related to industry and efficiency than either literature or art, although the next preceding paragraph may, perhaps, serve to suggest that to say the least, this is not strictly true. The blessings and benefits of science are inestimable. Why, then, someone may ask, have I placed science lower than art and literature in the scale of values I have given? Perhaps I am wrong. Perhaps I should have placed all three side by side. Perhaps science and art are complementary, science in the abstract, art in the concrete. But even if this be so, as it undoubtedly is, the concrete, nevertheless, seems to me to have a more powerful influence over life than the abstract. But that is not my reason for the order named. If I must, then, confess it, I admit that my reason is that the war seems clearly to have disclosed the fact that science does not contain within itself any inherently sufficient principle of self-direction. I do not mean to say that science does not contain any inherently absolute and final value. I merely say that this value does not appear to be self-sufficing. Science is apt to be regarded, and even to regard itself, as largely instrumental. No doubt the pursuit of truth is a noble pursuit. But truth in itself is neither good nor bad; it just is. Science, in other words, is largely existential and not ideal, or let us say that it is apt to lend itself too easily to an idealism of wealth and power. I do not mean, again, that the scientist does not contain ideals. I only mean that science itself does not contain them. I admit, indeed I think it is clear, that the scientist, as a general rule, entertains nobler and more beneficent ideals and entertains them more consciously than the artist and the littérateur, but science itself, the labour of the mind, like industry, the labour of the body, may be either good or bad, constructive or destructive. But, as I have already admitted, perhaps I am wrong. In any case I can find no sufficient reason for putting science above art and literature in the scale of human values.

Perhaps, then, the real reason why I feel inclined to put art and literature above science is the practical reason that art and literature seem to be more in need of support at the present time than science, especially in Canada. The nation that overlooks the claims of high scholarship and pure learning cannot, human values being what they are, expect to play anything but a poor and despised rôle in the drama of nations. The pity is that we in Canada are probably farther behind in this field than in any other. Letters are the finest and fullest utterance of freedom; art, the finest and fullest utterance of perfection. Open your Browning. Canada is now a nation of nine million people, almost twice the population of the Motherland in the days of Shakespeare, Milton, Spencer and rare Ben Johnson, and yet we have not produced any really great artists, writers or even scholars. Certainly not one in the class I have named, not even a Wordsworth, Browning or Tennyson, or even, indeed, a Hallam, a Gibbon, or a Grote.

Perhaps you think that education for high scholarship and pure learning has nothing to do with national efficiency. Have you, then, forgotten your blessed economic law of supply and demand? If that law be true, it is the purchasing mind that controls the market. The producer cannot be expected to produce a fine thing or the trader to handle it unless the purchaser shows sufficient discrimination to buy it. It is wholly in vain that we train and urge our workmen to produce works of great finish, beauty and perfection unless we first create a critical, appreciative, discriminating and discerning public to purchase them. Open your history. Read again the long story of human toil and trade and you will find, I am sure, that in all successful nations from the time the Phœnician scholars invented the alphabet down to the present time, education and culture always come distinctly earlier and not later than any form of abiding economic prosperity. Certainly no nation or empire has ever made the slightest contribution to human progress by merely producing and consuming commodities. It is ideals and ideals only that control the course of human civilization. Open your Plato. Ideals may be unattainable. Yet it is the paradox of life that we are each and all commanded to attain the unattainable. Science demands absolute and final truth. Art demands perfect beauty. Conscience demands perfect rectitude. What is it all but the promise of eternity? We shall fail, but never wholly fail.

I have all along been speaking only of the education of the individual in industry, science and art. As yet I have said nothing of the State itself. I have been speaking only of the creation and the assembling of the materials out of which a national or imperial civilization may be built. As yet I have said nothing about the plan, the design, the architecture, the organization of industry, science and art necessary for its national framework, fitness and finish. I have, in other words, said nothing of the social arts and sciences, of economics, government, journalism and law, and yet these are the very warp of which industry, science and art are only the woof. It is only through the conduits disclosed by study and research in these subjects that the education and culture of the individual may find outlet, freedom, utterance, exercise, life and growth. It is only along the lines and pathways conceived and designed by these studies that individual efforts may be made to cooperate and converge upon truly national aims and ideals and so to reach a level of human attainment infinitely beyond the range of any assignable number of individuals working silently and alone. It is time to banish the last vestiges of mediæval monasticism and retirement from our educational system. In these social arts and sciences, fundamental as they are, we are far behind in Canada. In economics, especially in economics peculiar to natural conditions in Canada, we have only done a little, in the science of government almost nothing, in law almost nothing, in journalism nothing at all. What should we do? That is the practical question.

I should like to see a national institution of education in law, government, economics, applied science and business administration built at the capital city of Ottawa. Our political institutions, be it remembered, are the creation of our educational institutions. All our statesmen and public servants come through our public schools, colleges and universities. Education in its widest, truest sense is, as it is the sole object of this essay to show, the very stuff, the very matter, yes, the very form also, and the fashion out of which the fabric of civilization is conceived, designed and woven together. Our institutions of government and our institutions of learning, our scholars and our statesmen, must be prepared to work more closely and carefully together in the future than they have done in the past. The day of amateur politicians and patronage appointments to the public service is ended. This patronage evil is the sin against the Holy Ghost in Canadian politics. It has infected with a deadly virus our whole political system in Parliament, on the Bench and in the civil service. It is in vain that we abolish party patronage, only to fall back on the patronage of sect, faction and personal influence. A competent, conscientious, civil service commission, if given a free hand, may do much, no doubt, to eliminate the unnecessary multiplication of appointments to office, but it can do nothing to create credentialed candidates for appointment to the remaining necessary and essential offices. A system of civil service examinations may do much to eliminate undesirable candidates. But if there is one thing of which a written or oral examination is not a test, it is not a test of actual efficiency. If we would seriously set about the task, then, of creating an efficient civil service, we must first set about the task of creating the facilities by which efficient candidates may themselves be created. Efficiency only arises in two ways, by natural endowment and by education. Natural endowment, genius, is beyond human control. Education is the only available weapon. I should like, indeed, to see this institution expand into a real national specialist and post-graduate university, teaching and engaging in research in all subjects, the finest and most efficient on the continent, and capable of thoroughly preparing men for our Parliaments, universities, civil service and all other branches of higher national thought and action.

It is to be sincerely hoped, I suggest, that our existing Canadian universities will not undertake this post-graduate work at present, and that they will not undertake it prematurely at any time. The tendency on the part of so many of our small colleges to assume the rank of universities produces results which can only be described as deplorable. The only result is a number of small, makeshift departments and professional schools, quite inadequate to do the work they profess to do. For example, there are a number of university schools of law, engineering and medicine in Canada with teaching staffs of one man, or, perhaps, one man and a corps of lecturers chosen from the active practitioners in the locality, who, while excellent men in the practice of their respective professions, know almost nothing about, and have very little available time to give to the work of teaching and research, even in their favourite branches. The result is serious overlapping, the unnecessary waste of much-needed money, and an outright fraud upon the students who are induced to attend these institutions in the hope and belief that they are getting an adequate education. All these arguments apply to post-graduate work as well as to undergraduate work. Moreover, experience, I also suggest, has shown beyond all questions that the attempt to inject post-graduate work into undergraduate systems often proves fatal to the life of the undergraduate departments themselves. All the more ambitious and progressive men on the staff naturally want to give post-graduate courses. Post-graduates are required to take undergraduate courses and undergraduates allowed to take post-graduate courses. The result is that the work of each university department is divided up into a number—sometimes as many as fifty—arbitrary courses taught by different professors, and the student is allowed or required to take a course here and there, and thus ultimately precluded from gaining a careful, comprehensive and properly co-related course of study in any single department. In other words, the claims of special education are insidiously allowed to undermine the claims of a sound preliminary general education. What we really do need, on the other hand, is an ever more and more careful co-relation and grouping of subjects around the interests and ambitions of the individual student.

Finally, if high school and university work be properly carried on by separate institutions, why should not university undergraduate and post-graduate work be also carried on under a similar plan? The transition from undergraduate to graduate work is even more marked than the transition from the high school to the university. Undergraduate work is general, post-graduate special. Undergraduate work is adolescent, post-graduate adult. The undergraduate learns what others have learned before him, the post-graduate seeks to extend the frontiers of learning by independent research of his own. The undergraduate is being taught, the post-graduate is being taught to teach others. To the undergraduate the institution is everything, to the post-graduate the institution is of merely secondary, and the department, indeed usually a single man in a department, of prime importance. The undergraduate seeks out the institution that will give him the best general education, the post-graduate seeks out the one man in all the world with whom he wishes to work in his chosen subject. Indeed it is usually unwise for the post-graduate to carry on his work in the same institution in which he received his college training. It is much more desirable that he should go to one or more different institutions, or even to a foreign country. But I need not elaborate farther. All these arguments tend at least to show that, if we are going to attempt graduate work in Canada in a serious way, it should be undertaken in a separate institution such as I have indicated. After all, our national political constitution is federal in form. Why not, therefore, our complementary national educational constitution? Why should Canada not have a single, national educational head and system of creative co-ordinating brain centres? I know of no finer memorial to the memeory of our fallen dead than the foundation of an institution such as I have described.

Let me now attempt to tell the history of this idea in my own mind. In 1912 I attended the Congress of the Universities of the Empire in London. The first day of the Congress was set aside for the discussion of post-graduate university education. The evening before the Congress a few of us colonials met together informally and decided to present our claims. Our cause was clear enough. We wanted more and better qualified men from the Motherland for appointments in colonial universities, and we wanted more and better opportunities in the universities of the Motherland for training our own colonial scholars for Empire university service. We estimated that about five hundred new men were needed for university appointments in the Empire every year, without mentioning the very much larger number who desired special post-graduate courses for private professional reasons. We knew that Lord Rosebery would be in the chair in the morning, and what with my notorious admiration for that noble lord and his many previous warnings to the British people touching this very question of national educational efficiency, I naturally expected a field day in Imperial education. What, then, was our astonishment in the morning, when Lord Rosebery, with that marvellous sensitivity with which he is so abundantly endowed, which can sense a situation almost before it has arisen, launched forth into an impassioned address, refusing in any way to disturb the characteristic quality and culture of the British collegiate system for the purpose of co-operating in any system of special post-graduate university teaching and research such as is known in Germany and the United States. Needless to say, our claims were not urged at that conference. Everybody felt the situation, and after the session rose I stood on the steps of the Imperial Institute and watched the representatives of the colonial universities go one way and the representatives of the home universities go another way, and a great sadness entered into my heart, for I felt that another link in the chain of Empire had that day been burned in the fire. And yet Lord Rosebery was quite correct. It would be a pity, a great pity, indeed, to disturb the characteristic excellence of the education given by the Oxford College, by attempting to inject post-graduate work into the system. If post-graduate work is to be done at Oxford it should be done in a separate institution. The facilities, however, are much greater in London.

My own idea now is that we should build from the ground up a new Imperial University in London, devoted exclusively to post-graduate research and teaching; the most efficient and finest in the world, and that funds should be forthwith raised for that purpose from all public and private sources available in the Empire. Just think of that great city of London, with its museums, its art galleries, its hospitals, its libraries, its Inns of Court, its institutions of government, at once the heart of the Empire and the centre of the world's commerce and life. No people ever had anything like such splendid facilities offered them for organized, efficient, advanced education on a large national and imperial scale.

And now, I know, you will suspect that I am quite mad. But I have already amused myself by picking out two or three alternative sites for this Imperial University. I like best the site in Kensington Gardens, between Knightsbridge and Bayswater, with Kensington Palace in the rear, the Albert Hall, the Imperial Institute, the Natural History Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum to the right, that wonderful place, the British Museum, five minutes distant by the tube on the left, and in front all the magnificent open space composed of Hyde Park, Green Park and St. James's Park clear to Buckingham Palace, Trafalgar Square, Whitehall and Parliament Square—the human centre of the world! Only a dream! My readers, it is a dream that will come true, or this Empire will crumble at the base and fall away.

But someone may ask, why more than one such institution? The truth is that we shall need, not two only, but a score of such institutions in the Empire. In Germany, before the war, there were about twenty universities doing the very highest grade of post-graduate work, and in the United States both before the war and now an equal number of institutions doing an equally high grade of work. Before the war, Germany was the university school-master of the world. Is the United States going to be the university school-master of the world after the war? The question for us is, is the British Empire going to do its share of this work, or is it not?

And now, finally, I must answer a criticism which is often foolishly made against this whole subject of national and imperial educational preparedness. We are sometimes accused, those of us who have been insistent upon this subject, of at least following the dangerous instincts of Prussianism, of at least trying to dragoon education into the service of the State, and ultimately into the cause of British Imperial supremacy and domination. Nothing can be farther from the truth. We are not trying to dragoon education into the service of the State, but to dragoon the State into the service of education. The motto of our imperialism is not world-supremacy but world service. It is not the might but the tremendous responsibility of the British Empire which moves us. We have undertaken to administer the greatest trust, the greatest guardianship, without doubt, that ever has been undertaken in the history of the world. Our far-flung Empire covers one-fifth of the surface of the globe, including most of its important naval and strategic centres. Our population includes all races and nations and creeds of men. To mould these people and these vast resources into any characteristically British contribution to the history of civilization is a task which may well daunt the heart of the boldest Briton. Indeed, we are not yet an Empire at all. We are only a project, a sentiment, a hope, a vision of Empire. We have suffered and bled and died for freedom, but freedom itself is nothing except the opportunity for the performance of duty and for the faithful discharge of all public trusts. We have pledged ourselves to the cause of peace, but peace, too, is nothing except the opportunity for service. Peace is like the April morning's Easter sun, but if the heart of man be idle, selfish, subterranean and corrupt, no life will come. Unless we are ready, indeed, to make good use of the peace which is now happily ours, our awful sacrifices will have been in vain. Our next move must clearly be made in the direction of Imperial educational reconstruction, looking towards future Imperial solidarity.

AN ANSWER

By J. E. HOGG

REST now in peace, ye Flanders dead,
With each a cross to mark his bed
Where poppies grow.
The boastful Hun
Who thought by might of sword and gun
To win the world, his quest has fled.
Ye noble dead,
The fight ye led is won,
And peace is round us shed.
We live and love because ye bled
"In Flanders fields".

Your cause has triumphed 'gainst the foe,
To us in vain ye did not throw
The torch;
With pride we hold it high,
And freedom's light shall never die.
Sleep then in peace,
Where poppies blow,
"In Flanders fields".

CANADA'S NATURAL RESOURCES

BY HONOURABLE ARTHUR MEIGHEN

MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR

CANADA'S more accessible and productive regions have offered such obvious and distinct adadvantage to the settler that these portions have almost wholly absorbed the attention of our population, so much so that definite information as to our great hinterland is meagre in the extreme. The unexplored area in 1916 is estimated by Mr. Camsell at 900,000 square miles, or twenty-five per cent. of our entire domain. It stretches with casual interruptions from Hudson Bay westward to the Yukon and eastward to the Labrador coast. The best I can do is to present with what clearness I may a brief topography of the Dominion and a partial sketch of her possessions. There may be much in what I say characterized by indefiniteness and of the nature rather of indications than of positive ascertainment, but such is necessarily unavoidable in the present state of Canadian prospecting and exploration.

Canada may be likened to a monstrous torso resting on the American Continent, both arms being severed by political divisions. Alaska on the west has gone to the United States, and Newfoundland, the oldest British possession, remains aloof on the east. Nevertheless, the area remaining is somewhat larger than the United States, Alaska included.

Speaking broadly, the general slope of the country is northward, some two million square miles—or over half—draining into the Arctic Ocean and Hudson Bay. About one and a half million square miles falls towards the east, draining into the North Atlantic,

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EDITOR'S NOTE.—This address was delivered recently by the Canadian Minister of the Interior to the Royal Geographical Society in London. Introducing Mr. Meighen, the President of the Society said: "We are here to-night to learn about the resources of that great and growing country Canada. The distinguished Canadian gentleman who will address us has already been introduced through the daily press to the British public, and he has been described as a bright and particular star that has lately risen on the political horizon of Canada, and as a man who may yet some day be called upon to guide her destinies. Therefore I need hardly say that you will have an account of Canada from a past-master of his subject." Mr. Walter Long, following the President, said: "Our President, when he was introducing Mr. Meighen to this distinguished audience, said it was possible that at some future time it might fall to his lot to guide the destinies of the great Dominion of which he is to-day a distinguished representative. I think the reflections to which we have listened, the description of the country which he has given us, and the declaration that he has so emphatically made as to what is to be the future of that Dominion, of her policy and of her people, must give us great confidence. But should that fate—may I so describe it?—overtake Mr. Meighen, the destinies, the future, and, above all, the honour, of that great Dominion will be in the keeping of safe and strong hands."

and about half a million square miles on the western coast beyond the Rocky Mountains range drains into the Pacific. Only a comparatively negligible basin, less than 13,000 square miles at the southwest end of the western prairies, drains into the Gulf of Mexico.

To obtain a systematized view of Canada's general physical features, and consequently of her mineral contents, it is convenient to make a few bold divisions. In geological formation the Maritime Provinces of Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and the southeast portion of the Province of Quebec constitute the northern end of the Appalachian Mountain system. The chief basic constituent is pre-Cambrian rock (covered, of course, in the main with later and more fertile deposits), and within this geological province are found the minerals that inhabit the Appalachian system along the Atlantic States and that have added so much to their wealth. Coal, iron, and gold predominate, the first-named being up to the present of the greatest importance commercially. The significance in the national balance-sheet I will call to attention later. The next geological province is the lowlands of the St. Lawrence basin, draining from both south, north and west into this mighty river. This formation is Palæozoic. The minerals found and the nature and productiveness of the surface generally are true to the record everywhere of that formation. Over this territory is now spread the larger portion of the population of Canada.

What I might describe as the main framework geographically and geologically of the Dominion is the Laurentian Plateau. This is a tremendous V-shaped territory stretching from Newfoundland and Labrador on the Atlantic coast across the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario around the southern basin of Hudson Bay, and thence northerly, and to some extent westerly, toward the vast northland. As everyone knows, the rock formation of this plateau is of granite character and of pre-Cambrian age. It is widely believed that at one time the great mass, if not all, of North America was constituted by this formation, the overlying strata and deposit now existing being the product of succeeding ages of erosion, volcanic action and vegetation. This pre-Cambrian granite abounds throughout Canada in the minerals characteristic of that formation everywhere, *viz.*, in copper-nickel, cobalt, silver, zinc, lead and iron. A tongue of these rocks projects southerly into the State of New York, and supports there some of the large and varied mineral industries of that State. Another tongue crosses southerly from Canada into the States of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, and contributes to these States the Michigan copper mines and the great Lake Superior iron ranges. It may be of interest to know that the products of these mines, though they are out of Canada, contribute more as yet to the traffic of the Great Lakes than even the tremendous wheatfields of the West. Within the body of this plateau in Canada are found the great nickel mines of Sudbury in Central Ontario, from which mines the British Empire and the Allies in this war have drawn almost all their nickel supply, so vital now to military and naval equipment. Close by are the great Cobalt silver deposits, and farther to the east are the corundum deposits of Ontario and the molybdenite and asbestos deposits of Quebec. The latter, and as well the nickel deposit, are the largest respectively in the world. On the extreme east, though in Newfoundland and not in Canada, are the world's greatest iron mines—mines which, in furnishing the material for our steel production, have contributed vastly to the war effort of Canada. All the great minerals known to occur in the developed southern edge of this plateau have been noted by explorers in the northern reaches of the same formation. Copper in particular seems to be abundantly prevalent in the northern and western expanses, so much so that discoveries are heard of from almost every quarter, wherever the prospector travels. The Eskimo, who are located at various points northwesterly from Hudson Bay to the Arctic, have their spears, snow-knives, ice-chisels, fish-hooks and arrow-heads beaten out of pure native copper, and even use copper tops for their smoking-pipes. Their stories agree with the explorers' as to the vast quantities of native copper along the Arctic coast and on islands near the coast. Within the present populated area, however, there have recently been discovered deposits of this metal of present commercial importance. One mine lately opened at Scist Lake, northwest of The Pas, is so rich in copper that the ore has been shipped in very substantial quantities, forty miles drawn by wagons to the Saskatchewan River, 190 miles taken by barges down the river to The Pas, and thence 1,500 miles by rail to the smelter in British Columbia; and after carrying this burden of transportation so rich is the ore that it yields a handsome profit.

The Atikonan iron range just west of Lake Superior, and the Michipicoten mining district to the north of the same lake, are the conclusive evidence of the presence of commercial iron in the northern as well as the various minerals that will in good time be uncovered, as well as the southern reaches of this plateau. The immensity of the deposits of these various minerals that will in good time be uncovered, as well as the meagre character of our information as to the earth contents of our country, may be judged from the fact that the nickel mines just referred to were unknown until about twenty years ago, when they were accidentally discovered in the construction of a railway. The premier silver camp of Canada at Cobalt, although only a few miles from one of the earliest routes of travel and from the silver-lead deposits known for 150 years, remained undiscovered until fifteen years ago.

To the west and south of the Laurentian Plateau is the great interior plain constituting the larger portion of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. This territory is principally agricultural and is underlain by a rock formation of later Cretaceous age. This formation contains coal in great abundance, as well as mineral clays and cement material.

On the farthest west comes the fifth and largest geological province: the Cordillera. This is the northern projection of the great Cordillera range that extends over the whole western coast of North America and covers a territory in Canada 1,300 miles north and south by about 400 miles in width. Included in it is the mountainous region of British Columbia and the Yukon. The entire range stands unparalleled in the world for the continuity and extent of its mineral resources, and in Canada as well as in Alaska are to be found within its folds the same deposits of gold, coal, copper, lead and zinc that characterize the entire system throughout its continental length. The value of the production is constantly growing, but possibly in no portion of Canada is the extent of the unprospected so vast as in this territory. This range has given to the Dominion its majestic system of mountains which constitutes one of the great tourist attractions of the world. The Rockies range in height from 10,000 to 13,700 feet, but the highest known point in Canada is Mount Logan of the St. Elias Range of the Yukon—19,539 feet.

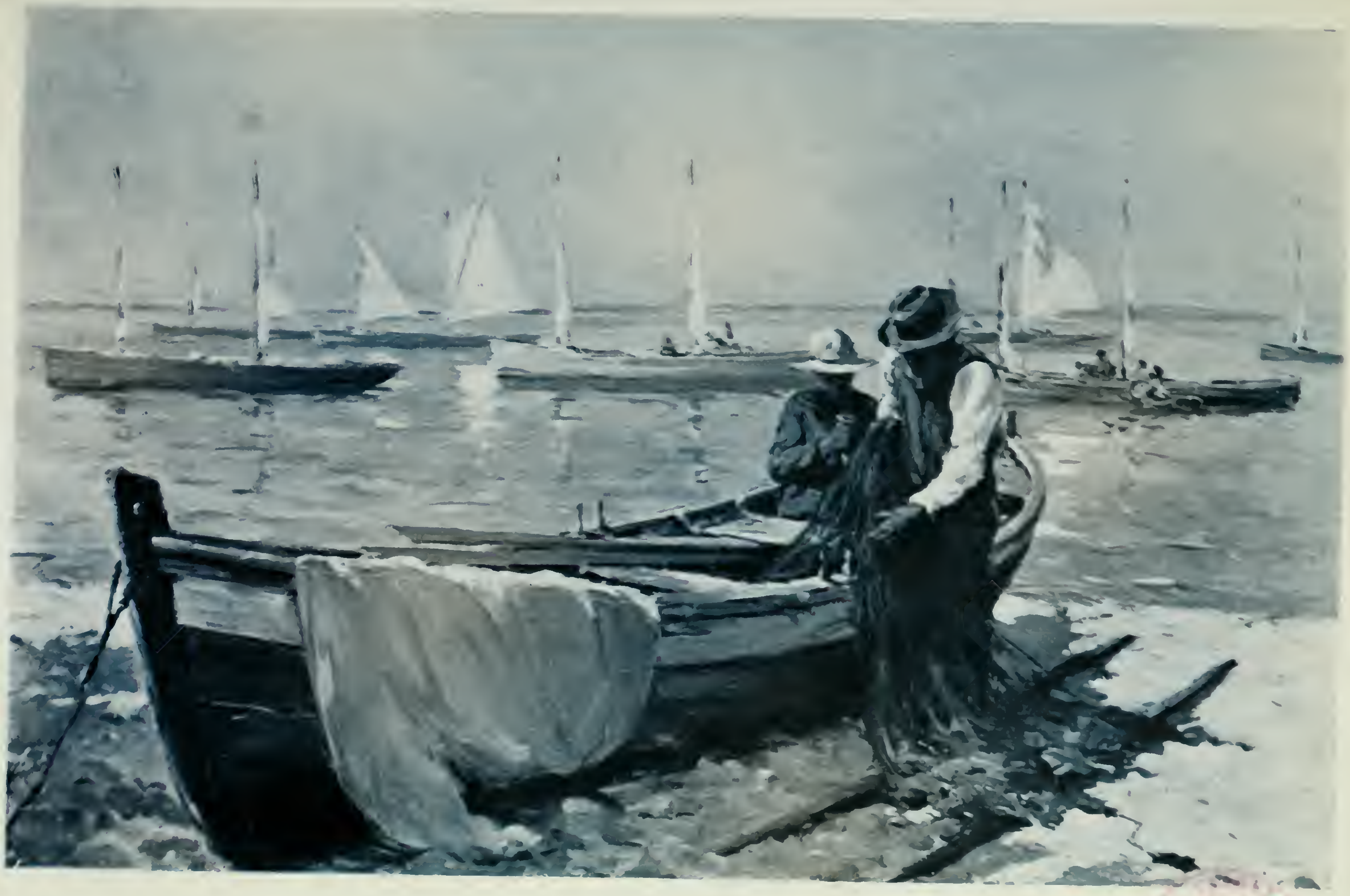
It may interest some to recall to mind that 100 miles west of the Cordillera, and only twenty-five to thirty north of the Peace River, is a plateau 10,000 square miles in area and about 2,500 feet higher than the surrounding land. Though close to a much-navigated river, only one white man has ever crossed this plateau. There is a lake on it sixty miles long, never yet even mapped. The heights swarm with caribou, and it is called the Caribou Plateau. There is another north of Lake Athabasca. It is 47,000 square miles in extent. One point in it at the north is a paradise for the Indian hunters, who gather there every fall. And this plateau also only one white man has ever crossed; he was Samuel Stearne, who traversed it twice 145 years ago.

It is the tendency of people far removed in point of distance to form exaggerated notions of the outstanding physical features of a country, and as a consequence I find that Canada suffers somewhat in the eyes of the outside world from erroneous ideas as to its rigorous climate. The Dominion is indeed a northern land, and there are undoubtedly large portions of its Arctic and sub-Arctic territory within which the ordinary pursuits of life cannot be followed, by reason of the shortness of the seasons and the extremity of the climate; but the proportion of this territory and its effect in the estimation of the capital assets of the country are not nearly so great as is the prevailing impression. While the atmosphere as a rule grows colder as one proceeds northward, it must be remembered that the elevation of the country as well as its latitude must be taken into account in arriving at natural conditions governing climate. The elevation of the great body of our western country, for example, is thousands of feet lower than it is south of the United States boundary, and as a consequence the climate moderates as the lower levels are reached. It is stated on competent authority, after careful study, that spring in the Peace River district (a territory of vast extent and fertility), in Central and Northern British Columbia and in Alberta, begins earlier than it does farther south, and indeed advances southeast at the rate of 250 miles a day. Summers in the Northwest are warm, and, as civilization advances, are not unduly short. Not only is the elevation lower—accounting in part for this phenomenon—but the mountains on the north as a rule are also much lower, and through their passes blow the Chinook breezes from the Pacific. The presence of almost innumerable lakes, many of them of great extent, throughout the Northwest exercises as well a moderating influence on the climate.

The value of Canadian agricultural production, as well as its promise, is too well known to justify elaboration by me in this address. It is my purpose, though, to say a word as to certain of our resources with regard to which less definite impressions exist.

The coal deposits of Canada, while very far indeed from being fully explored, may now be estimated on a reasonably safe basis. So far as discovery has yet proceeded, we do not appear to possess anthracite coal in quantities comparable with those enjoyed, for example, by the United Kingdom or by the United States of America. We have, however, even of this variety, very substantial quantities. Located in Western Alberta, in the basin of the Cascase River, are deposits of anthracite estimated at 400 million tons. The total tonnage of anthracite in Canada appears to be approximately two thousand one hundred million. This is less than twenty per cent. of the anthracite tonnage estimated to be in reserve in the British Isles.

Coming to bituminous coal, the reserves of Canada are undoubtedly immense. The Province of Alberta alone, which is indeed a territory veritably charged with this mineral, is underlain to the extent of about 30,000 square miles with bituminous and semi-bituminous coal. Nova Scotia is, of course (as yet at all events), our greatest coal-producing Province; and indeed Canada, measured by the standard of production rather than of reserve, cannot be said to stand as yet in the front rank of coal countries. War conditions, or war necessities, are proving the mother of invention, and there can be little doubt but that the not distant future will see a very marked advance in coal-mining. For the present it may be worth while, although by no means in the nature of new information to the members of this society, for me to emphasize the



MENDING THE NET

From the Painting by F. McGillivray Knowles, Exhibited by the Royal Canadian Academy

stupendous reserves that lie in the bosom of our Dominion. Including only anthracite and bituminous coals, the best estimate available places the reserves of Canada at 285,000 million tons. Including lignite also, which is already in use, and for the greater use of which the Provincial and Dominion Governments are organizing, the total deposit may be placed at 1,234,000 million tons. This constitutes about seventy per cent. of the entire coal reserves of the British Empire, and of this more than four-fifths is in the single Province of Alberta. The British Empire is said to contain one-quarter of the coal reserves of the world. Much of this great natural wealth in Canada is inland, and may not experience rapid development, but, on the other hand, there are vast supplies close to water transportation on both the east and west shores that will share more and more in the world's trade. Another feature of importance is that not a single Province is without its supply, and only a limited though thickly populated territory in Central Canada is far removed from this great source of fuel and power.

Closely allied in modern commercial calculations with the question of coal is the subject of water-power. Here the Dominion stands in a position of great natural advantage, and what is of perhaps more immediate consequence, in a position of relatively rapid present development. It is a matter of much interest as well as of stupendous importance that the great hydro-dynamic powers of Canada are located profusely throughout the very territory which does not enjoy the advantage of coal deposits. Throughout the Provinces of Southern Ontario and Quebec, and of Manitoba as well, are to be found as superbly placed and as mighty water-powers as exist in the world. It is not worth while in our time to discuss all the water-power resources of the Dominion, for many of them are situate in districts that for the present are without substantial population: but confining ourselves to the peopled parts of Canada, a fairly thorough survey has been made by competent engineers under the Water-power Branch of the Federal Department of the Interior, and this survey places our potential commercial water-powers at a capacity of 18,805,000 horse-power. Of this total capacity there has already been developed 1,735,600 horse-power, or a little less than ten per cent. Such a development is, in my humble judgment, creditable to Canadian resource and Governmental activity, especially when regard is had to the paucity of population and to the short period over which operations have proceeded. The water-power development of the Province of Ontario and its control are achievements from which every Canadian can take confidence and hope. Of this eighteen million odd potential horse-power in the settled portions of Canada, a little less than six million is in the Province of Ontario, and six million is in the Province of Quebec. The falls are all within easy transmission distance of the great industrial centres of these Provinces, and, properly directed and coordinated with our other fuel resources, constitute the magnificent basis upon which the future industrial progress of these great Provinces rests. A single horse-power is estimated for power purposes as of the fuel value of ten tons of coal. There is being used in Canada in the form of water-power the equivalent of an annual consumption of 14,600,000 tons of coal, or not far below our present coal importation. Coal is destructible and exhaustible; water-power is indestructible. Among the exports of Canada to-day is an item of 275,000 horse-power, or the equivalent of practically three million tons of coal, which amount almost represents the total anthracite importations into the Dominion. Our exported power is being utilized by the United States industries for war purposes. Perhaps I might be permitted to place on your records a table showing the available and developed power in the settled portions of each of our respective Provinces, *viz.:*

Province.	Power available.	Power developed.
Ontario	5,800,000	789,466
Quebec	6,000,000	520,000
Nova Scotia	100,000	21,412
New Brunswick	300,000	13,390
Prince Edward Island	3,000	500
Manitoba		76,250
Saskatchewan	3,500,000	100
Alberta		32,860
British Columbia	3,000,000	269,620
Yukon	100,000	12,000
Total	18,803,000	1,735,598

An interesting feature of this development is the fact that seventy-eight per cent. of the total water-power now in use is publicly controlled. Of the balance, fourteen per cent, is consumed by pulp and paper manufacturers situated mainly at more remote points away from industrial centres, and the remaining eight per cent. is used in electro-chemical and similar processes. The electro-chemical industry appears to be due for rapid advancement in Canada. Its products at the present time are, I believe, almost wholly used for war purposes. Indeed, through Provincial and Dominion control, priority is given to war productions in the allotment of all our developed water-power. The Dominion stands second in the world, and not far below the United States, in the wealth of its hydro-dynamic natural resources. There are no three countries in Europe whose water-power potentialities added together would equal those of Canada. When it is considered that one-fifth of the railway tonnage of the Dominion consists now of the haulage of coal, some idea may be obtained of the importance of our water resources in the commercial expansion of our country.

I would not venture to discuss before scientific men any explanation of the extraordinary abundance of our waterfalls, but, briefly put, my rough understanding is this: the phenomena of the glacial age in their retreat from the surface of the globe lingered last in its northern zones, and these waterfalls are the immediate progeny of those phenomena—the liaison between us and those far distant times.

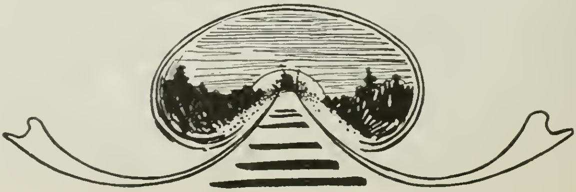
If there is one possession of the Dominion more than another the value of which we have failed to realize ourselves, it is our forest wealth. There are no good guesses as to the extent of this resource, for the reason that forest exploration even to this day is singularly incomplete. The best qualified experts we have, while reluctant to hazard an estimate, place the extent of tree-covered territory at between five hundred million and six hundred million acres, of which perhaps three hundred million acres are covered with merchantable timber. The ravages of fire accompanying the progress of settlement have devastated vast areas and destroyed a deplorably large proportion of this element of our national capital. It is true the burnt-over mileage is in process of reforestation, but the rate of progress is slow. However, through the activities of Provincial and Federal authorities, organization for the control, conservation and proper utilization of our forests is becoming more and more efficient. The forest area is spread over the length and breadth of the Dominion, except perhaps in the very farthest north, and is everywhere except there in quantities and locations commercially valuable. It is noteworthy that even in the older Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick the greater portion of the land is still tree-covered, the area in Nova Scotia being two-thirds of the whole, and in New Brunswick about four-fifths. The Province of Quebec is the most richly endowed; and so great is the entire supply that the utilization of our forests for lumber, fuel, pulp and paper, though substantial and great enough to constitute one of the foremost of our exports and sources of wealth, is even under present conditions of administration very substantially less than the annual increase from natural causes alone. The pulp industry of Quebec in particular is extending with great rapidity, but as yet it is estimated—though with a degree of uncertainty due to the inadequacy of our investigations—that the depletion by use is not more than one-sixth of the natural growth. In the farther western Provinces the proportion will be less. The trees in that Province reach majestic proportions and attain a venerable age. Douglas fir, which is the principal variety, grows at times to a height of 300 feet and to a diameter of fifteen feet. It is true that these dimensions are exceptional, but elevations of 250 feet and diameters of from six to ten feet are common. The Sitka spruce—a variety which flourishes along the coast—has proved of superior value for aeroplane production, and is now being utilized in substantial quantities for that purpose. The large islands on the Pacific coast are especially fortunate in their forest possessions, and the annual growth in that region, due to climatic and soil conditions, is much more rapid than in the other portions of the Dominion. For the purpose of forest preservation, silviculture and reforestation, forestry branches have been established by the Dominion Government and by most of the Provincial Administrations. A total of 159,000,000 acres have been allocated to forest reserves, and over these areas the organizations of the various Governmental branches exercise supervision. Their activities are directed first to the protection of their respective reserves from forest fires, and in this respect have, particularly in recent years, achieved a considerable degree of success. The total number of fires during 1916 was 891, as compared with 1,455 in 1915, and 1,986 in 1914. The total area burnt over in the last fully recorded year was 116,310 acres, of which area only 2,000 acres could be classed as merchantable timber. The Dominion organization also oversees lumber operations and wood cutting within other areas, and in the reserves has commenced a system of reforestation, though as yet on a modest scale. Nurseries have been instituted, and last year some seven million trees were distributed for planting free of cost to the farmers on the Western plains.

If one of my listeners takes up a railway map of Canada he is impressed with the comparative narrowness of the belt of settlement that stretches across the 3,500 miles from ocean to ocean. There appears to be an almost illimitable area of barren land—and indeed barren land it is geologically called—stretching away toward the vastness of the Arctic. There is one feature, however, of this territory to which it is fitting now to call attention. The land is by no means barren. It supports a wealth of plant and animal life, and no barren land can do that. The few explorers who have visited these regions, commencing with Stearne in the latter half of the eighteenth century, report very enthusiastically not only on the splendour of its summer climate, but on the richness in many parts of its plant and animal production. Its fur resources are enormous, and it is not improbable that the animal product of this territory will yet become commercially valuable. All explorers unite in affirming that the country is literally covered with enormous flocks of caribou. Mr. Thompson Seton declares that at a most conservative estimate there must be thirty millions of these animals inhabiting the Western northlands. They are said to be easily domesticated. They weigh from 100 to 400 pounds, and when slaughtered the meat equals the best of beef. It is not impossible that after-war conditions as to meat supply and as to transportation will direct attention to this resource. Musk oxen also are present in large numbers. The black fox is, of course, already a subject of domestic production, and fur-farming promises to constitute a stable industry of the Dominion.

A word now as to Governmental control. Canadian industrial expansion has proceeded chiefly along lines of private initiative and enterprise. The stimulus of individual profit remains in almost every field the most potent force in our development.

Every motive of honour and of interest enjoins that that stimulus be not blighted or destroyed. There is no spirit of confiscation abroad among Canadian people or Canadian public men. Such of our resources as from time to time pass from public ownership into private hands are thereafter subjected to control only that waste and the locking-up for selfish and speculative ends may be avoided, and by no means that their legitimate earning power may be checked. The dictates of wise policy have suggested that our invaluable water-powers—an asset of a clearly distinctive character—should be to the utmost possible extent not only state-owned and controlled, but state-developed and operated. All the arguments that go to support Government monopoly apply with peculiar force to water-powers. The long years that are required in the production of a forest crop render forest management also a proper sphere of Government activity. But private enterprise has and will have in Canada abundant opportunity. No just right of invested capital is now being disturbed or will be disturbed. While our people realize that in the evolution of industry the tendency is, in many spheres at least, for the units to collect and grow larger and larger, ultimately maturing by slow degrees into state proprietorship and operation, still, while that is realized, there is no spirit of rampant or headlong Socialism in possession of the Canadian mind. There will always be British fair play. Capital is as safe in Canada as it is in any other country on earth.

I have recounted some of the material resources to which the Dominion is heir, but I would fail indeed to represent that country if I did not tell you of another inheritance that she prizes more than all the rest: the full free stature of nationhood, with equality of citizenship and equality of opportunity into which she has grown under the ægis of the British Crown. That heritage is the Ark of the Covenant to Canada as to every British community, and every piece and pillar, every line and letter of it she will guard with her life. And let me say this more, and I am a proud man to say it now at the very hour of destiny when the truth that I express means the most: Canada is a faithful child of these islands. Crossed with the blood of your great ally France, and influenced industrially by the almost overwhelming current of the vast Republic that surges to the south, Canada none the less is British, sternly, dependably British. In feeling, and in thought, in sentiment, in aspiration in the sense of her mission in this world, Canada is British—never more British than now. She believes and always wants to believe that Britain stands for real democracy. That country is unitedly, determinately democratic. She hopes and expects that out of the welter of this war of democracy, a war in which she strains, as in honour she must, every fibre and muscle of her half-grown frame—she hopes that out of it all there will come not so much avenues to greater masses of wealth, but a wider area of opportunity, an improvement of living conditions, a higher general conception of public duty, a releasing of human energy for the pursuits of science and art—an advance for democracy all round over the whole universal line, and an advance commensurate with the cost.



E. W. BEATTY

THE YOUTHFUL PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

BY JAMES GRANT

WHEN the late Jim Hill formed his little syndicate to build the Canadian Pacific Railway he first counted on the fingers of his two hands the men he wanted as his partners.

They must have money and nerve. They must have enough imagination to see a future for the Canadian Pacific Railway and enough commonsense to keep the imagination in check.

One of the men he ticked off on his fingers was Henry Beatty, of Thorold, Ontario. He wrote Beatty urging him to "come in". Beatty screwed up his eyebrows, pondered and replied:

"No."

"Turning down the chance of a lifetime!" said someone. "Man! Think of it! The chance of a lifetime!"

"Hm!" said Henry Beatty, clearing his throat. "Maybe so. Maybe so."

He mailed the letter to Jim Hill turning down the proposition—and to-day his son, Edward Wentworth Beatty—K.C., by the way—is President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company! Which shows there are more ways of catching an elephant than one.

II.

It is not often in looking into the history of men in great positions in Canada that one has to look at the preceding generation. Uncommon men in Canada seem to leap up from nowhere, burn brilliantly for a time, illuminating the sphere of their activity, and then drop — like spent flares, leaving no afterglow. Not so the new and youthful President of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Distinction in this instance seems to run from generation to generation, a family matter. The story of Edward Wentworth Beatty begins with Henry Beatty, of Thorold, Ontario—the canal village, as it was in those days, where the son was born.

The stock for this Canadian family came from Ireland, from Coote Hill, near the border of the county of Monahan. It came with no blare of trumpets, but quietly, not to say obscurely, as befits those who propose to surprise fortune in her sleep.

This first Canadian Beatty was Henry. No comedy-making countryman, so far as I can make out, no temperamental trifler with life, but a well-knit, healthy, young man who had dreamed that care, hard work and enterprise could conquer almost anything. In the mountains of British Columbia he made his first tests of the theory. Threading mountain gorges or high defiles, in snow and in ice-water rivers, scrambling up the walls of the precipice and over the still thighs and hunched shoulders of the inscrutable mountains, he hunted fortune—and found it! And when he had made sure of it, came away satisfied. He had now his capital.

So he settled in Thorold, with the canal for neighbour, and awaited opportunity. His wife was a Canadian girl, Harriet Powell. The son Edward Wentworth was born in 1877. In those days he suggested no thought of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Beatty, senior, was himself a young man, still with a determination to find something useful in the world to do.

The Beatty family, father and son, illustrate better perhaps than anything else one of the best traits in Canadian character. Theirs was not that feverish ambition that created a great proportion of the successful men of the United States. The almost hysterical craving for "giving the other fellow the dust", for "climbing", for showy success and for sensational grandstand plays which marks the pioneers in a new country, was unknown in the Beatty household. They were believers, it seems, first in the importance of a sound body, and all that that implies; cleanliness, sobriety, games, but never mere excitement for excitement's sake. When other people were panicky the Beatty stock was cool, almost cold. According to those who knew that Thorold family, Henry Beatty and E. W. Beatty his son, were known for their reliability, steadiness and clear-headedness. Geniuses? Apparently not. The mark of the house was the possession of that jewel of jewels, judgment.

Henry Beatty had cousins in the shipping business at Sarnia. This for a time was Henry's best opportunity. He became one of the Beatty Sarnia Line, and when the supplies for the Canadian Pacific Railway were being shipped to Thunder Bay, the vessels of the Beatty Line carried them, or a large part of them. The line prospered and under Henry Beatty's direction extended its operations by the purchase of excellent new steamers for the Great Lakes trade.

Henry Beatty's personal connection with the powerful figures behind the Canadian Pacific Railway did not end with his rejection of Jim Hill's invitation to join the syndicate. He was marked, among those giants as a fellow giant to be coaxed into the work one day. And through his steamship association they finally did secure his aid. He moved his headquarters to Toronto, and it is not many years ago that the reporters, going their rounds through the musty offices in the old Union Station, used to drop in for news at the desk of the General Superintendent of Steamship Service. Let it be added that they learned little. Speech, with the Beattys, father and son, is more precious than money and to be used with wit and economy.

III.

Henry Beatty's connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway began and ended with the building up of the fleet. His son's connection opened with a totally different department.

Apparently "Eddie" Beatty at school was no miracle. It is true he won the Governor-General's medal at the Model School twice, but for all that he impressed his elders more by his all-round qualities and his steadiness than by anything else. At Harbord Collegiate, Upper Canada College, the University of Toronto and Osgoode Hall he pursued learning with quiet certainty that she dare not escape him. In none of these places was he specially brilliant. Showy records were not his. Feverish feats of memory or research were not on his schedule. He developed year by year all the symptoms of an intelligent, reliable, unemotional and honest judgment. He played football and played well. The 'Varsity team relied more than once on "Eddie" Beatty to hold up a big end of the game; and never once, they say, did he let 'Varsity down. His football, like his word, or his work in the lecture-room, was reliable. He did nothing for effect. He was blunt, sincere and a bit witty. "He courted nobody," said a friend of his to the writer, "but friends clustered about him by degrees, and they were usually men of some account!"

He first practised law in the office of McCarthy, Osler, Hoskin & Creelman. Like any other law student he filed writs and licked law stamps and swapped stories in the cool rotunda of old Osgoode Hall, or in the dressing-room. Like any other young law-

Mr. Edward Wentworth Beatty, K.C., who at the age of forty-one became President of the Canadian Pacific Railway

yer, he made his first efforts before the Master-in-Chambers, or in Single Court, and received his first snubbings and rebukes from tart old judges jealous, perhaps, of his youth.

When A. R. Creelman was made chief solicitor of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Beatty went to Montreal with him as assistant. This was in 1901, when Beatty was twenty-three. In 1914 he succeeded Mr. Creelman as general counsel; in 1914 he was appointed Vice-President, and in 1916 a Director.

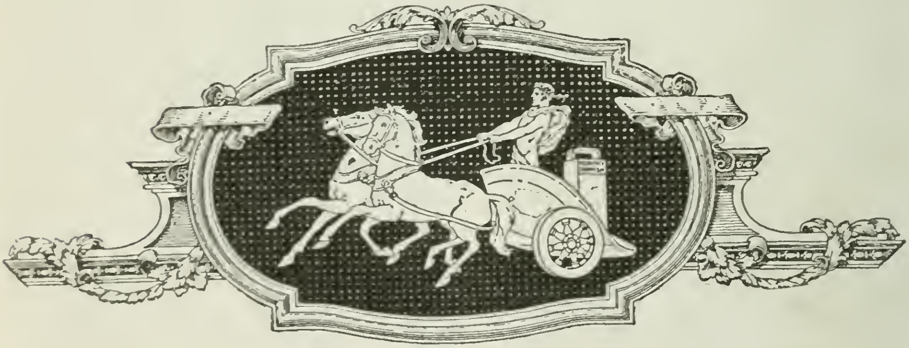
Three things, they say, E. W. Beatty hates: golf, bridge and camouflage. He is too busy and, I imagine, too sincere for what perhaps seem to him to be trifles. For physical recreation he plays handball, and no better testimony to the value of the game could be asked than his healthy figure. For mental recreation he reads history, that of the Middle Ages by preference.

The marvellous thing is how a lawyer of forty-one should have been able to master railroading. Herein is revealed what is said to be an uncanny capacity in the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway for seeing quickly and grasping completely the essentials of whatever subject engages his attention. I have said he was not brilliant because usage has attached to that word a sense of lightness, suddenness, irresponsibility which could not be tolerated in a Canadian Pacific Railway President. And Beatty's mind is too steady and well-balanced an organization ever to be flashy. But it is illumined nevertheless by remarkably quick faculties of perception and good judgment.

He was able, through handling the legal work of the Canadian Pacific Railway, to learn the essentials of railroading. An accident case, in his junior days, led him to study the organization of the divisions: This other case involving, say, a question of patents, compelled him to study the mechanical principle of engines. Operating department, traffic department, finance, steamships, hotels, each has work for the law department sooner or later, and in obtaining the law department's advice, it paid—at least in Beatty's case—by teaching Beatty its secrets. What is more complex to the outsider than the schedule of freight rates sanctioned by the Government? Yet the general counsel of the Canadian Pacific Railway must be as able to thread its intricacies as to understand the work of the yard-master's clerk.

Thus the essentials of railroading came into Beatty's mind and remained to make him, to-day, one of the great men in the industrial or commercial world. His greatness is not confined to Canada, for his outlook and influence are world-wide.

Far-reaching and intricate problems face him. Questions of the world's money markets, probable economic developments, depressions or periods of activity in the commercial world. To all of these he brings his unusual mental equipment. That this is so concerns Canada quite as much as it concerns the Canadian Pacific Railway. The period of reconstruction has now commenced. Complex questions face the Dominion, and in their solution the Canadian Pacific Railway has almost as great a part to play as a government. The shoulders of the emperors and statesmen bear great burdens in time of war, but in time of peace the greater strain, at least in democratic countries, falls on the captains of industry and the marshals of finance. Beatty, one may say, is a marshal of finance, a captain of industry, a brigadier of trade—all in one!



SIR EDMUND WALKER'S COLLECTION OF ART

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

FOR many years Sir Edmund Walker has taken an active, even authoritative, interest in all things pertaining to art in Canada. Much of his authority he derives from the chairmanship of the Fine Arts Council and the National Gallery of Canada, while his interest comes from an innate love of art in general and early and late study of artistic achievement the world over.

Until about twelve years ago but very little money went from the Dominion treasury for any purpose of art, and the National Gallery, composed of a meagre collection of pictures, was exhibited under wretched surroundings in the old Fisheries Building. Honourable Sydney Fisher, while temporarily in control, created a body known as the Advisory Arts Council, with Sir George Drummond as chairman, Senator Boyer as secretary, and Sir Edmund Walker as the remaining member. They were to advise the Dominion Government in matters of art, and were to dispense the small sum of $10,000 annually in purchasing works of art for the National Gallery. The Victoria Memorial Museum was being built, and a portion of that building was to be set apart for the National Gallery. Sir George Drummond, with his splendid collection of pictures, did not think that anything worth while could be done with so paltry a sum and frankly left the matter in the hands of the other members of the Commission. Sir Edmund Walker contended that they could at least do something with Canadian art, that there were some fine modern paintings, other than Canadian, quite within reach, and that the way to get a larger grant was by showing what could be done with a small one. Sir George Drummond died before they had made much progress. He was succeeded by Dr. F. J. Shepherd, now chairman of the Montreal Art Association. Sir Edmund Walker became chairman of the Advisory Arts Council. Almost immediately the grant was increased to $25,000 annually, then to $50,000, and then to $100,000. As soon as the pictures were moved into the Victoria Museum building the Council pressed for the creation of a special Commission for the National Gallery, and they thus became at one time trustees of the National Gallery of Canada and members of the Advisory Arts Council, of both of which bodies Sir Edmund is still chairman. When the war came the grant, at the Council's own suggestion, was cut down to $25,000, as it was clear that the country could not afford to spend large sums which would be sent out of the country, but with utter ruthlessness the entire grant, except the cost of maintenance, was cancelled in 1918. Fortunately in that year, however, Sir Edmund was able to control part of a large amount of money raised in England for war memorials in painting and statuary, and thus to give some of the

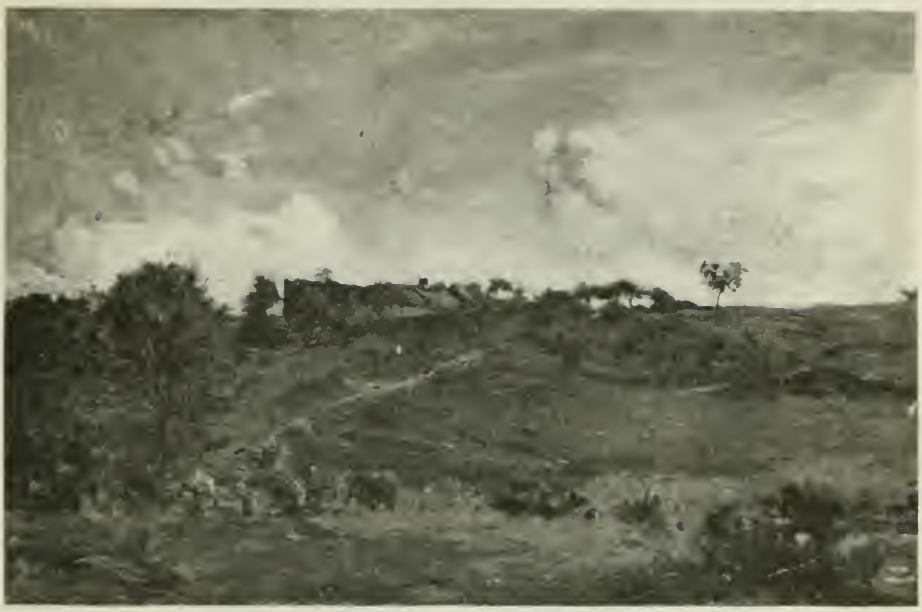
In Tuscany

An example of British painting, by Turner, in Sir Edmund Walker's collection

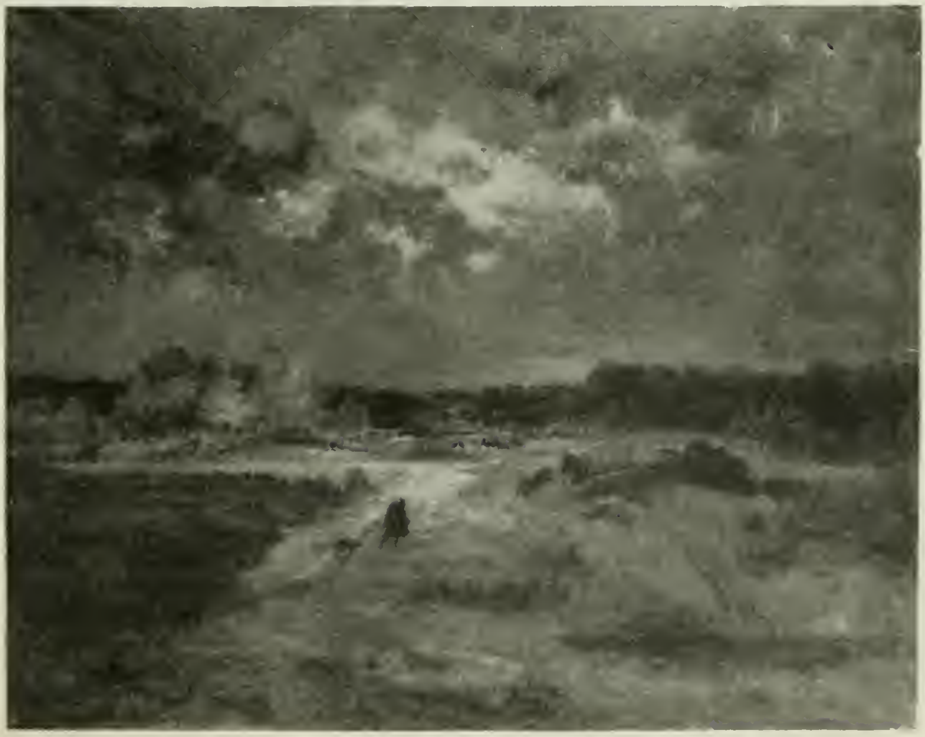
Canadian artists a chance to do work both in France and at home. This work will tend to preserve the history of what Canada has accomplished in the many activities of war from the farm to the field of battle.

If Sir Edmund Walker has taken so keen an interest in art as it affects the public, it is only natural to wonder what interest he has taken in art as it affects himself and his home life. Most persons capable of pronouncing judgment would say that he has not made for himself a great collection of art. One reason why his collection is not great is the fact that as wealth goes nowadays he is not wealthy. Another reason is his belief that art in private houses should be used to serve an artistic purpose; that a private house should not be a repository for art, except in the case of prints or lithographs, which for the sake of preservation are kept best in cabinets, in short, that objects of artistic merit should be used in private houses only as decorations. Notwithstanding this belief and practice, Sir Edmund is by instinct a collector, and as a result of his desires in this respect, he largely is responsible for the splendid Art Museum of Toronto, which now is being completed, and the Royal Ontario Museum, in the same city, which is regarded as one of the very best museums on this continent.

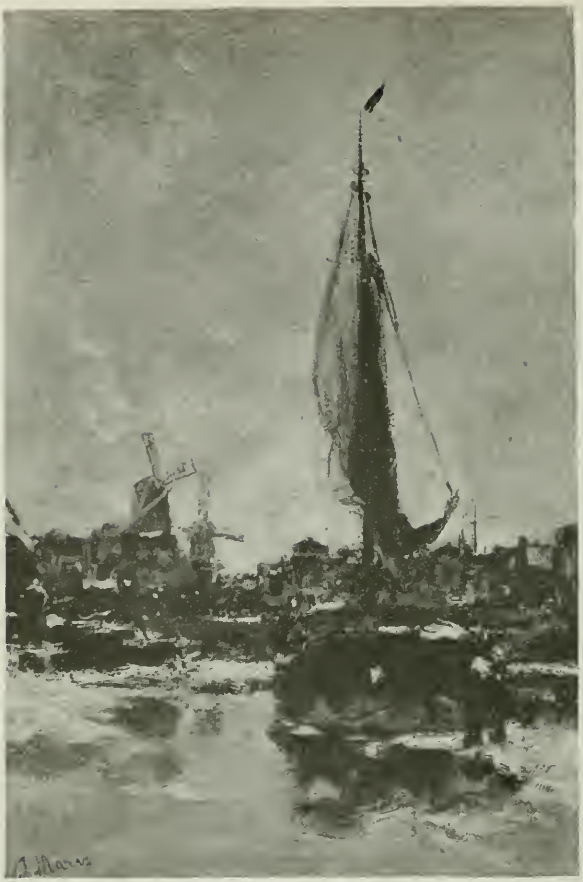
Sir Edmund's home is on St. George Street, Toronto. That city contains many much more pretentious residences, but there are not many that are as interesting or as homelike. Objects of artistic merit lie about or hang on the walls, in number just sufficient to give an impression of purpose without any feeling of cluttering. Faience, mostly Dutch, decorates the plate-rail in the dining-room, for instance, and on the walls of the long hallway at the entrance hang prints and etchings. Old pieces of



Evening
An example of French painting, by Daubigny, in Sir Edmund Walker's collection



L'orage
An example of French painting, by Diaz, in Sir Edmund Walker's collection



Evening, Dordrecht
An example of Dutch painting, by Jacob Maris, in Sir Edmund Walker's collection

bronze that reposed at one time as objects of veneration in Chinese temples decorate the mantelpiece in the drawing-room. Chinese and other rugs from the Orient cover the floor. Specimens of early Chinese pottery add interest and spots of colour to the space above the cornice from which depend a number of paintings of considerable intrinsic value and artistic importance. Indeed, for paintings room has been made in all parts of the house. It is to these paintings that we shall for the moment direct our attention.

Sir Edmund has some excellent small examples of early masters, including two by Francesco Guardi, two by Adrian van Ostade, two by Daniel de Koninck, and one by Angelica Kauffmann. He has fine examples also of Crome, Aert van der Neer, R. P. Bonington, Richard Brakenbrugh and John Sell Cotman.

But just here we shall not discuss any painting that antedates the time of Diaz, who was born a little more than one hundred years ago, and is represented in every comprehensive collection of good art. The painting now owned by Sir Edmund Walker is an exceptionally fine example of his work. Like much of this modern master's painting, it is low in key, and depicts a storm breaking over a stretch of moorland. It is remarkable for the colour it reveals under a strong light and for the drenched appearance of the landscape.

Next to the Diaz in importance comes an almost contemporary picture by Daubigny, a landscape in the dusk of evening and in the style that has made the work of this distinguished Frenchman famous for more than half a century.

In the drawing-room there are other examples of Barbizon and later French painters: two by Daubigny, one by Diaz, and single examples of Julien Duprez, Harpignies, Boudin, Monticelli, Fantin-Latour, Théodule Ribot and L'hermitte.

The work of Johannes Weissenbruch, a distinguished Dutch painter, who was born in 1824, has appealed without much evidence of discrimination, and in general, to Canadians who buy pictures. But Weissenbruch is only one of perhaps a dozen modern Dutch painters who have had in Canada a considerable market for their work. Jurres, the Marises, Bosboom, and Izraels have many friends in this country, and in Sir Edmund's collection one finds small, yet splendid, examples by all except Izraels, as well as by Bauer, Tholen, Blommers, Mauve and De Zwart. Whatever criticism might be made of Weissenbruch's usual achievement, no one could deny the sheer beauty of tone in the watercolour called "The Washerwoman", owned by Sir Edmund. It outlines the fringe of a village and suggests an old women laying out a washing. But it is the cool, quiet loveliness of the grays with faint tincturing greens that gives it an unusual quality and marks it as a work of real artistic merit. The Jacob Maris also has been well chosen. It is a marine, not large, but soundly painted in rich, vibrating colours.

The Mediterranean, from Tangier

An example of British painting, by Lavery, in Sir Edmund Walker's collection

The Washerwoman
An example of Dutch painting, by Weissenbruch, in Sir Edmund Walker's collection

Bosboom's specialty is church interiors, with results that are interesting architecturally and peculiarly attractive owing to their almost monochromatic tonality. Many of them are small, and of these Sir Edmund possesses several, very fine examples of unusually subtle and refined art. So much for the Dutchmen.

Of the British artists, the most attractive paintings are "The Mediterranean from Tangier", by Sir John Lavery; "The Spanish Gypsy", by Gerald Festus Kelly, and two miniature landscapes in water-colours by Turner. The Turners were bought a few years ago from the widow of Reverend C. E. Thomson, of West Toronto, to whose sister they were presented about the middle of last century by Colonel Johnson, well-known as a friend of Turner. Sir Edmund removed them from an old album that had been used for preserving bits of amateur verse, sketches and pictures characteristic of early Victorian times. By being thus secluded from sunlight the colours retain their original vividness. Although they are only a few inches square they reveal all Turner's distinguishing qualities, his peculiar choice of colours and idealization of landscape.

The Lavery is a marine, delicately opalescent, a study in tone, with the slightly contrasting shades melting almost imperceptibly into one another, an effect frequently essayed by this artist. It is an interesting example of Lavery's meandering from portrait and figure painting, although it may not display his most virile style. It is but one of several by Lavery owned by Sir Edmund.

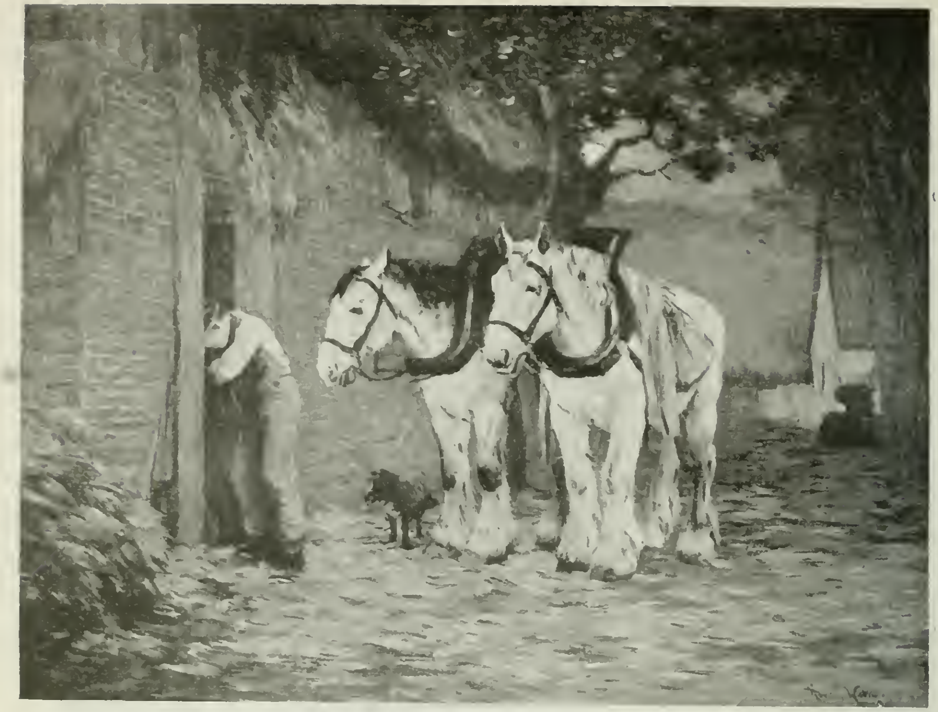
A large and most ambitious composition in the collection is "The Troubadour", by Professor Hermann Philips, who ranks among the best of living painters who are seriously endeavouring to carry on the traditions of the Italian romantic school of painting. In this picture his colour is rich and luscious, the paint very thickly applied, yet carefully modelled; and the result, although it might be displeasing to the ultra-modern, is satisfactory to all who can find some beauty in art that is in accordance with old and acknowledged standards.

Apparently no attempt has been made to find room for any general display of paintings by Canadians, but there are several excellent examples. Of these the most notable is a large canvas by Horatio Walker, R.C.A., "Evening, Ile D'Orleans". Although this painter is a native of the Province of Ontario, with a permanent residence on the Island of Orleans, his work is much more generously appreciated in New York than in either Toronto or Montreal. This is due perhaps to the fact that for many years he entirely neglected the home market.

At the first exhibition, about ten years ago, of the Canadian Art Club, of which he has been a member ever since, he exhibited a number of paintings and since that time work of his has been seen at most of the important exhibitions in Canada. One of his largest canvases is in the National Gallery at Ottawa, but it is the exception to find any of his work in private collections, even of the

The Troubadour

An example of Italian painting, by Herman Philips, in Sir Edmund Walker's collection



Isle d'Orleans
An example of Canadian painting, by Horatio Walker, in Sir Edmund Walker's collection

wealthy. An oil painting of his of medium size costs about five thousand dollars, a sum that collectors in Canada spend readily enough for the work of a foreigner, but cling to with great tenacity when the work of a Canadian is being considered, even though the Canadian be a much better artist.

While Sir Edmund in private life is a discriminating collector of paintings, he might be classed as an extensive collector of prints and engravings, for specimens in these branches of art can be put away in portfolios or in cabinets, with folding doors, and taken out or opened whenever the owner or any one interested wishes to see them. The latter is Sir Edmund's method, but he uses as decorations a few pieces on his walls, a Japanese print or two, for example, or perhaps an etching by Zorn, Whistler, or even Rembrandt. The cabinet contains more than fifty etchings by Rembrandt, and many others by van Ostades, Whistler, Seymour Hadens and Millet. But the mass of his now extensive collection of prints is not seen at all unless specially exposed.

A CHURCH INTERIOR

From the Painting by Bosboom,
in Sir Edmund Walker's
private collection

HELIOTROPE

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER"

CHAPTER III.

IT was not until the next morning that we found the opportunity to carry out Gregory's idea of showing the baby slip to Miss Emsley. We told her nothing of its history and merely asked her to use her eyes.

The girl was obviously interested. She took up the little dress tenderly, in the way nice women always touch baby things, and examined it in silence. When she spoke I was modestly pleased that her conclusions came so near my own.

"Do you want me to tell you just what I think?" she asked. "Or must I tell you why I think it?"

"Both, if possible. But what you think, anyway, if only *because.*"

She smiled. "It is not new. It has been laid away in a box or drawer for years. It has been washed and ironed but not often. The baby it was made for could not have worn it long. It is made of cheap flannelette, but it is stitched as beautifully as if it were of the finest cambric. Look at these tiny stitches; every one is put in by hand by someone who loved to do it and who knew how also. I should say it was made by the mother. No one would pay to have such fine work put on cheap material and no one but a mother would think the doing of it worth while. It has been a work of love. The only reason it is not made of the finest fabric must have been poverty. A poor mother, then, made and kept it after—after it wasn't needed any more. I think, too, it must have been made for a first baby—the mother didn't know how babies grow—see it is so tiny!"

I declare there were tears in the girl's eyes!

"You reason very well," said Gregory thoughtfully. "Is that all?"

"Yes—except that the dress is faintly scented."

"Scented! with what?"

"Miss Emsley snuffed delicately. "Heliotrope, I think."

"Oh, dash this cold!" I groaned. "However did I come to miss that?"

Gregory paid no attention to my lamentations. His keen eye had brightened. He called the girl back as she was leaving the room and handed her the letter and envelope brought us the afternoon before by Macrae.

"Take this away, quite away, from the dress," he ordered, "and see if there is any trace of the same odour upon it?"

The girl did as directed, and her verdict was "no".

Gregory then gave her the empty envelope dropped by Miss Hampden with the same result. Then he handed the box containing the paper-wraped coins, and to our surprise she replied instantly:

"Yes, it is here. It is the same perfume. I smell it, quite plainly."

Gregory jumped up. "By Jove!" he exclaimed. "Oh, dash all people without noses! We might have missed this if it had not been for a woman. Now, Miss Emsley, I want you to do something for me. Take this card, which will admit you, and take a taxi down to No. 3 Richly Road, and go through the house, especially the drawers and cupboards, and see if you can tell us whether Mrs. Simmons used heliotrope perfume—and hurry up."

The girl, delighted to be of use, did hurry up, but when she returned she looked a trifle crestfallen. There was no trace of perfume, heliotrope or otherwise, at No. 3 Richly Road.

Gregory was plainly delighted. "Glorious!" he declared. As for me I felt so chagrined at having missed so obvious a clue that I said nothing at all.

"Now," began Gregory, "we have something which to the meanest intelligence—"

But he got no further, for the office-boy, entering, announced Mr. Carlton Smith to see Mr. Hubbard. Miss Emsley returned to her typing, and Mr. Carlton Smith came in. He was a man whom I knew very slightly, a rather heavy type, somewhat pompous and old-fashioned. When I introduced Gregory, he looked embarrassed and intimated somewhat clumsily that he wished to see me privately.

"But if it is a matter in which you wish the firm to help you," I told him, "Gregory is quite as necessary as I am, more so, in fact. But if it is anything else—"

"No, no, that is—an—it is in a sense a professional matter. But confidential, very."

I intimated that our clients' affairs were always held in strict confidence.

"If the police get hold of it, you know," explained Carlton Smith, "it would be deuced awkward. But my wife is worried and she wants me to get your opinion. It's about a girl—a maid my wife employed in whom she took a great interest—a rather superior type. Two years ago this girl left us to be married. She did well, married the foreman of one of the big fruit farms near here. Well, this girl came to my wife last Saturday morning in great trouble. Her story is this: When she was a very young girl—several years before she came to us—she had been unfortunate. There was, in fact, a child. The child was placed with a woman to look after, and Jennie (that's the girl's name) went to work to support it. She really is a rather fine girl. Not at all the type you would expect. Well, the child died. Jennie buried all that part of her life and began over. She was clever and intelligent and has been very happy and respected in her married life. But—she didn't tell her husband! She said she just made up her mind that she had paid for her folly and had a right to a chance of happiness. Now, in some way this woman learned of Jennie's prosperity and attempted blackmail. The girl had sense enough to see that if she once paid money there was an end to her peace. She came and told my wife the whole story, but not before she had written a letter to the woman—a letter written in the white heat of fear and anger, threatening to kill herself and the blackmailer, too, if her husband were told—"

"I think we have the letter here," said Gregory casually.

"Great Scott! Do the police know?"

"They have seen the letter."

"Well, I'm sorry for the girl. Of course, she didn't kill the woman. When she heard of the death, she remembered the threat in her letter and came to my wife again this morning in a great way, frightened to death, naturally. For, as ill luck will have it, she was in town all the afternoon of the murder."

"She does not live in town, then?"

"No. But the fruit farm of which her husband is foreman is near Glenvale, just an hour's run out from here. She comes in often to shop."

"That would account for the postmark of Central station. But surely the girl is safe enough? The time of the murder is pretty well substantiated. Where was she between four and six on Monday afternoon?"

"Search me!" said Carlton Smith helplessly. "She says she doesn't know. Saturday when she came in to see my wife she was far too upset to do her usual shopping, so she came in again on Monday to do it. Had lunch with a friend, but left her about two o'clock and spent the rest of the afternoon getting through her shopping list. How women spend so much time in these stores beats me. She was in the big departmental stores mostly, no one would be likely to remember her. She went home on the 6.30 local."

"I wish I could see your wife for a moment," said Gregory, after a thoughtful pause.

"Why, you can, if you like. She's down there now in the car waiting for me. I'll go and tell her you want her."

Mrs. Carlton Smith was exactly what a good wife should be—the opposite of her husband. Where he was big and heavy and stiff she was little and light and genial. She was pretty too, and had the eyes which always go with a kind heart.

"We won't keep you long, Mrs. Smith," said Gregory, "but there is just a question or two—is your former maid fond of using perfume?"

She looked surprised. "Perfume? No, I wouldn't have a maid who used perfume. But she may have taken to it since she left me."

"Do you remember her ever showing any fondness for any particular flower?"

"I remember that she was fond of all flowers, especially roses. But—"

"We are just working in the dark, Mrs. Smith. So do not wonder if our questions seem senseless. What I particularly want to know is why you are so certain that this girl is as innocent as she protests? We know that she made a threat and we know that she had the opportunity for carrying out that threat—"

"Yes, but you don't know Jennie. I do, and I know that the thing is absolutely impossible."

"Why?"

"Why?—because it is."

"An excellent reason," said Gregory, smiling, "but hardly such as would appeal to the police."

"The police—heavens! Arthur said you weren't the *police*. Arthur dear, run down and get my bag. I left it in the car seat. There's a photo of Jennie in it. When Mr. Gregory sees her chin, he won't go suspecting her of murder and sudden death. As a matter of fact," she went on as her husband departed, "I am not sure that the bag is on the seat at all, but I wanted to tell you something that Arthur doesn't know. I went to see this horrible old woman myself. Arthur would have a fit if he guessed it. But Jennie was really in great trouble and I thought I might be able to help, so I just went—"

"When did you go?"

"Let me see—it was on Saturday, two days before the murder, the day Jennie came into town and told me."

"The day she posted the letter?"

"Yes, she posted it before she came to me. She was terribly worked up."

"Well, now, Mrs. Smith, tell us exactly everything you can remember about your visit—all your impressions—everything."

"There is very little to tell. I saw the woman. She was sitting in that very chair with a big gray cat on her knee, a regular grimalkin. She was quite the horridest person I ever met. She was as sleek and cruel and gray as the cat. And she had cat's eyes. But I was pretty angry and I let her have it straight. I told her that Jennie was not without friends, and that if any more was heard of her blackmailing threat she would find herself in the hands of the police. I said rather than have Jennie pay a cent I would tell her husband myself—and—oh, anything I could think of, to show her that she'd made a mistake in going after Jennie. I think I convinced her, too. She looked so hateful."

"Is that all?"

"Yes—at least, it's all about her. She hardly said a word. I did all the talking. But there was someone else there. The oddest creature! I wasn't going to speak before her but the woman told me not to mind her, that she was almost stone deaf."

"Yes, yes, tell us all about her."

"There isn't anything to tell. She just sat there. She didn't say a word, or make a movement. She got on my nerves. I was glad to get outside again."

"But my dear Mrs. Smith, this may be of the highest importance. Try to remember something about her. What she looked like, how she was dressed."

"Oh, I can't—here comes Arthur, don't give me away to him! She was just an ordinary deaf looking person in a purple bonnet—oh, Arthur, I'm so sorry to have troubled you. The bag was here all the time. Now Mr. Gregory look at that chin."

We looked but we did not see much chin. It was as she had warned us somewhat of a missing quantity. The face was that of an ordinarily pretty girl with intelligent eyes and weak mouth.

"Not exactly the accepted idea of a murderess," agreed Gregory.

"She's just a nice, silly, excitable thing. And if you don't hurry and get this affair cleaned up, she is going to have nervous prostration."

"We'll hurry," I promised, smiling. And it really did look as if things were moving a little; for no sooner were the Carlton Smiths gone than Miss Hampden rang up again. She was plainly excited.

"The strangest thing has happened," she said, "and if there aren't any policemen or anything hanging around, I'd like to come down and tell you about it."

We assured her that we were absolutely *sans* policemen, and as quickly as her small electric brougham would bring her she arrived.

She was looking very pretty, and distinctly happier than when we had last seen her.

"It's a letter," she said without preliminaries—"or rather it isn't a letter, but it came in an envelope. Look for yourselves and see what you make of it."

At first sight we did not know what to make of it. It consisted of four sheets, torn apparently from a note book or a diary. The paper was old and soiled and the date of the first entry was the 22nd of July, twenty years ago. The contents of the first page were as follows:

July 22nd. Received G.B. one week old. No. 17.

Description—Six pounds, dark, long hands, blue eyes (liable to change), no birthmark.

Mother—Alice Brook.

Father—Not stated.

Pay certain and prompt.

Memo—Find out father.

Note: Similarity in size and coloring to G.B., No. 16.

"Mother's name was Alice Brook," said Miss Hampden, who was watching us read with scarcely suppressed eagerness, "and I must have been G. B.—("girl baby" I suppose)—No. 17. Now read the next entry."

The next entry was dated three months later and was very brief:

October 6th.—G.B. No. 16 died last night. Mother not likely to make trouble.

Miss Hampden would not let us linger over this but hurried us on to the next one which was an entry dated the next day:

October 7th.—Mother removed G.B. No. 17. Paid to date. No complications.

Father—John P. Hampden.

Nothing usable at present.

Memo—Showed mother G.B. No. 16 and remarked on similarity to her own child, in view of future possibilities.

Then followed several dates scattered through the intervening years and opposite to them were various addresses.

"These addresses," explained Miss Hampden, "are all addresses of where my father and mother lived at the dates given. She followed them, year by year. And look at the fourth page."

The fourth page was much cleaner and of a different paper. Its date was only two weeks old and opposite were the cryptic words, "quite feasible. One thousand dollars."

The sordid story seemed plain enough. Gregory and I both shook Miss Hampden's hand in sincere congratulation.

"I don't think you need worry any more about the possibility of your having died in infancy," said Gregory, smiling. "I fancy that babies whose parents paid well stood a fair chance of living under Mrs .Simmons's care, whatever might be said of the others—poor mites! Still our baby-farmer had a long head and the casual resemblance of a perfectly good baby to a dead one was too promising a coincidence to be overlooked. Nothing was wasted in her blackmailing business. Only, she couldn't trust her memory, hence these notes."

"It was a horrible, horrible scheme," said the girl. "And she was a bad woman. I am glad that she is dead. But—if these are pages from her diary—where did they come from?"

"Ah," said Gregory dryly, "where indeed? There are no post-offices in the other world."

"But it didn't come by post," she told us, smiling. "It must have been dropped in the letter box at the house last night. It is not stamped. Yet I found it with the rest of our letters this morning."

Gregory flipped the envelope to me discontentedly. "See what you can make of the writing," he said. "Of course it is apparent at first glance that it has nothing in common with the writing of Mrs. Smith's protégé, and therefore goes far toward letting that young person out. For whoever sent diary-leaves has the rest of the diary and probably all the private memos and papers which the police failed to get. And the person who has those papers is—the person we want to find."

"But why send the leaves to Miss Hampden?"

"There seems only one answer to that. Surely it is the most suggestive thing yet. If only the girl Jennie has received some mysterious mail also—we can put that problem aside as solved."

"I don't see—" I began.

"Oh, I do," exclaimed Miss Hampden. "You think that the person who has the papers is trying to—to put things right."

"Why?" I asked again.

"Ah," said Gregory, "that is a different question."

"A murderer would hardly be sufficiently altruistic to fling evidence around for the sake of relieving the minds of other people?"

"Oh, I don't know. Some murderers are very altruistic. What about those anarchists who give their lives freely, proud to have killed some oppressor of their countrymen? Some murderers murder and think they do God service. Also the late Mrs. Simmons was undoubtedly due for removal. Still the sending of these pages suggests a lot more than this one shadowy possibility. It suggests that the person with the papers understood the purport of them; knew the uses to which the notes upon them had been put and—by Jove, yes—was not the threatening letter from the murdered woman also delivered by hand—and at night, Miss Hampden?"

"Yes," eagerly. "I see—you think there is a connection there. But why would a person threaten one day and reassure the next?"

"We don't know. There might have been some sort of compulsion—a compulsion removed by the death of the principal. Wait a moment, and I'll call up Mrs. Carlton Smith, for if there is anything in our theory, Jennie may have something fresh to tell us."

He hurried away to the 'phone in his private office, leaving me to inform Miss Hampden of the identity of Jennie and her part in our queer tangle.

We were still talking about it when I saw, through the glass partition, Miss Price come into the outer office. Miss Price, you will remember, was one of the young ladies of whose services Gregory sometimes availed himself and who was at present personating the girl in blue. She did not wait for the boy to announce her but came straight through, pausing at the door only when she saw that I had a visitor.

"Come in, Miss Price," I said. "Mr. Gregory will be back in a moment. This is Miss Hampden." I introduced the two girls with a word of explanation. Miss Price's worried look brightened.

"This is lucky," she said. "For it is Miss Hampden's business that I am here to tell you about. The police have found out about the encounter of Mr. Maddison and a lady in blue."

Miss Hampden turned a shade paler, and then the colour rushed back into her face in a way that perilously resembled a blush.

"But — Mr. Maddison — he — he didn't—" she stammered.

"Oh, no, he didn't, of course," Miss Price caught her up quickly. "He did his best to twist them up, but in the end did as he was told, and gave them my address. I was getting along beautifully when suddenly one of them, a big-nosed Scotchman named Macrae asked to see the dress I was wearing that afternoon. And I haven't a blue dress to my name. Fancy! I never wear blue. It's my fault. I should have provided one. Mr. Gregory will be angry. I had only a moment to think and I told them it had gone to the cleaner's. They asked which cleaner's, and my only safety was to pretend to be annoyed at their inquisitiveness and refuse to answer. But I offered to show them the dress when it came home. I am out now to get the dress and I thought I had better let you know."

"Why not have the real dress?" suggested Miss Hampden. "We are much of a size and if the fit is not perfect a mere man won't know it. I'll send it around to your address with the hat and bag to match."

"Good idea. Then if they go farther, Mr. Maddison can swear to the costume without hurting his conscience. He can say it was too dark to swear to the face. But—has it ever been to the cleaner's?"

"No. It is almost new."

Both girls thought quickly and Miss Hampden found the solution first.

"I'll spill something on the front of it," she said, "and have it taken out with gasoline. That will give the proper 'cleaned' effect and even brand new clothes have things spilled on them."

"That ought to be all right," said Miss Price thoughtfully. "And I'll do my very best. I don't quite see how they can go behind both Mr. Maddison and me. But I ought to tell you that the big-nosed Scotchman is suspicious. He doesn't know what it is, but he has a feeling that there is a nigger in the fence somewhere. I think he even started out to follow me but, well, there's where I shine. I never saw a man yet who could follow me when I don't want to be followed. I—"

"My dear girl," interrupted Gregory from the door, "if I were not so busy I would make that a bet. Some day when we want livening up, you shall be the hare and I shall be the hounds with five pounds of the best chocolates on the result. In the meantime," turning to me, "I have got in touch with Mrs. Smith who was just setting out to come down here with the news that Jennie has received an envelope containing the one piece of incriminating evidence which would have substantiated Mrs. Simmons's word had she carried out her threat of informing the girl's husband. No doubt, if we only knew of them, there are many other women, and men too, who have received mysterious mail of a nature calculated to relieve their minds. Whoever has the dead woman's papers is making good use of them."

"Then," said Miss Hampden fervently, "I just hope that he or she or whoever it is doesn't get caught."

"My dear young lady, your hope does you honour." Gregory's tone was grim, "but remember someone will have to answer for the death of Mrs. Simmons, bad as she was. And if we don't get the guilty party, the police will get an innocent one—the girl Jennie, perhaps, or perhaps—you!"

Miss Hampden choked back an "oh" which sounded very like a frightened sob. The other girl put a capable hand on her arm and her eyes shot lightning at Gregory.

"What d'you want to frighten her for?" she asked belligerently.

"I don't want to frighten her. But I want you too to realize that there is real danger in this affair. Now hurry away and repair your blunder about the blue dress—if Macrae is suspicious, better make love to him. He isn't half so bad as he looks."

As the door closed after them Gregory sat down in his chair with a gesture of resolution.

"We've got to get somebody soon," he said, "or Macrae will certainly get that girl. He is more than suspicious. I was talking to him on the 'phone just now. I don't think they could possibly convict her but they could ruin her life quite easily. To be mixed up in a scandalous murder case would be almost as bad as conviction. Her mother too—and her father—it would ruin them all. Get out your notes and let's shake them through a sieve and see what remains."

"Let's begin by eliminating," I suggested. "If we count Miss Hampden out that does away with all the evidence of the little girl about the blue lady. If we count out the girl Jennie that disposes of the threatening letter in the coal scuttle. It seems to me that, excepting the fact that we know who and what the dead woman was, we are not very much 'forwarder.' The clues are still the first clues—the infant's slip and the box of wrapped-up coins."

"And the scent of flowers—don't forget that—that heliotrope scent is our winner, or I've missed my vocation."

"Lots of people use perfume."

"But few people commit murder. So if we come across someone who had the opportunity for committing murder and who uses the particular perfume, we have a striking combination not likely to be due to chance. Now let us both go over these notes with these three clues in mind and see if there is the slightest item bearing upon any one of them. This is where you shine."

But I was not to be allowed to shine, just yet. No sooner had we got nicely settled down to a studious perusal of my record of the case than the office boy informed us Macrae was in the outer office.

"We can't see him," said Gregory crossly.

"Hoots, mon!" came Macrae's voice in its broadest Scots, "ye canna help seein' me, if ye've e'en in yer heid."

The big Scot had taken no chances and had followed the office boy without ceremony.

"You're a confounded nuisance," declared the irate Gregory, "and a word in your ear, Mac, if you've got anything to say, say it in English, for I haven't got time for foreign languages to-day."

"Sure, Mike," said Macrae cheerfully. "I'll be as English as never was. And it's good news I'm givin' you. I've got the blue girl!"

"What!" exclaimed Gregory, and "Where?" stupidly, from me.

"When I say I've got her, I'm not meaning that I've just exactly laid hands on the lassie, but I ken where she is and I'm on my way now to the chief for a warrant."

"Tell us about it," said Gregory quietly.

"Well, you'll hae to excuse a bit Scotch, for I'm fair excitit. It all began frae that notice in the paper I telt ye aboot over the 'phone. I'm thinkin' it's no news to ye—though why you kept it so canny, I can't see. I went to look over the young man and found him verra obligin'. Yes, the leddy had answered the adveertisement. Yes, the leddy had recovered her property. No, he didn't know the leddy. But, after a bit pressin', he could give me her name and address.

Did she wear blue? He thought mebby it was blue. And all the time he was being so nice to the police he was lookin' as if he would like to hang for the murder of us. It made me just fair anxious to see that lassie."

"So I went and I saw her. And she wasn't much to see, forby. But she was nice to the police too, and she answered all I speered at her quite polite. And then it came to me that mebby yon blue dress wouldn't say so much but might tell the more. So I asked to see the dress and my leddy just forgot all her pretty nice story and stared at me as if I'd asked to see a sea serpent. And it came over me that she wasn't the colour of a lassie to wear blue at all! As you've seen her you'll remember that she's a lassie for brown and pinks like. And the blue dress was at the cleaner's! Well, I just thocht I'd find out a bit more, quiet like, but she shook me—just as easy. She's a clever lass. It was straight chance and a longin' to see you that brought me in a taxi to the door downstairs just as the lost one hersel' and another lassie were comin' oot. I kenned the driver of my taxi and I wasn't long in takin' his place at the wheel. The other lassie had an electric brougham waiting and as she stepped in I heard her say:

" 'I'll send it right down as soon as I get it ready.'

"And then they said 'Good-bye,' both looking rather worried. I knew where the Price lassie lived, so I followed the other and I just camped around waiting to see what she was going to 'send down.' It wasn't so long before a maid came oot with one of those big dress boxes in one hand and a hat box in the other. She was in a hurry and my taxi was right on hand. Seeing she was so burdened, I helped her in, but, losh! I was that clumsy! I almost fell over the dress box and knocked off the cover to that extent I couldn't help seein' what was intilt—and what was intilt was a fine blue dress and a fine blue hat in the hat-bot, forby, and who d'y think was the leddy of the brougham? Who indeed but the only daughter of John P. Hampden—and as pretty a lass as ever a man told a lee aboot!"

When Macrae had finished his triumphant recital there was silence in the office for a little. For myself I was genuinely dismayed. Finally Gregory spoke.

"You think this Miss Hampden was the lady in blue?"

"Mon, I'm sure of it."

"And you think that Miss Price, for some unknown reason, is acting for her?"

"I do, but I think the reason is not unknown—to present company."

Gregory slapped down his pencil with a bang. "You're right, Mac. You see we thought you would be just smart enough to do what you've done and we didn't want Miss Hampden to come in. She has absolutely nothing to do with the affair of the murder. I am sincerely convinced of that. And think what it would mean to associate her with it—even for an hour. We want to find the guilty, not to shame the innocent."

"If she's the one the wee lassie saw runnin' oot of the murder hoose there's enough against her to arrest her a dozen times," said our Scot stubbornly.

Gregory shrugged. "That's all right. But I tell you she has an explanation which absolutely explains."

"She might hae that, an' I wad like to hear it."

"You would, but I haven't time to tell it to you. There simply isn't a moment to lose. So you'll have to take my word for it."

Macrae arose. "I must be gettin' along. I must make my report to the chief."

"No, you won't, Macrae, you know the papers are worrying the chief to do something—arrest somebody. He might arrest somebody and be very sorry afterwards. You know Hubbard and I are not the sentimental kind who take chances on letting a criminal escape. But we want to get the real criminal—not an unfortunate girl. Have a heart, man, we've simply got to keep little Miss Hampden out."

The big Scot looked moved but unconvinced and murmured something about his duty.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Gregory. "Give us twenty-four hours to find the murderer, and I'll promise that you'll be in at the end. You needn't talk about duty. You haven't any duty which calls you to go around making innocent people miserable. The girl isn't going to run away. Give us twenty-four hours to clear her."

"It's a fair proposition," said Macrae, evidently relieved. She's a bright lookin' lassie and I'd be glad to see her free of this coil. But I'll be keepin' an eye on the hoose forby." He looked at his watch. "This time to-morrow I'll call you up. And if there's anything I can do let me know."

"We won't be able to hold him after the twenty-four hours," said Gregory when he had gone. "He is acting against his instincts now. And if the papers keep on about the incompetence of the police, the chief is only too likely to give them something else to talk about by arresting the girl on the strength of her presence in the house at approximately the time of the murder. Now for heaven's sake let's get at those notes."

"If you'll tell me just exactly what you want to look for, I'll stand more chance of getting it," I said.

"We want anything that has to do in any way with the scent of heliotrope. We must scan every word. Sometimes people notice things and record their impressions without knowing it."

I nodded and for the next half hour we were both absorbed in our search. Then Gregory pushed back his papers with an impatient sigh. "Not a thing," he exclaimed. "Not a trace of anything except what we have already."

"Wait," I said. "I don't know, but I think there is something—just a little thing."

"Where?" snapped Gregory, pouncing on me like a dog on a bone.

"Well, don't get excited. It's not much and may be nothing. It's just a sentence in Mrs. Carlton Smith's evidence. Here it is:

"'*She was just an ordinary deaf-looking person in a purple bonnet.*"

"Well, whatever—"

"Don't you see? *Purple* bonnet. Lots of people call heliotrope 'purple.' Supposing this person wore a heliotrope bonnet, wouldn't it—"

"It would, by Jove, it certainly would! You score, old man. It's a smart hit, even if it isn't a right one. It is quite conceivable that a woman who was fond of the scent of heliotrope might be fond of the colour, too. On the other hand, that the colour and the scent should come together even remotely into this strange case and remain entirely unconnected is unlikely, at the least. We must get Mrs. Smith at once and induce her to give us more detail. I'll call her up. You listen and make notes."

We were fortunate in finding Mrs. Smith at home and her voice came gaily over the wire.

"Now that Jennie's out of it, I'm not a bit interested in your old case," she said, when Gregory began to question.

"Jennie isn't out of it yet," he told her in a tone which quenched some of her gaiety. "And there are other innocent people who may be involved. It is a serious matter, Mrs. Smith."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I'll do all I can to help, of course. I'm not really as frivolous as I sound."

Whereupon the following dialogue was duly transcribed upon my note book.

"You said that when you called upon Mrs. Simmons there was a visitor already there. We want to know all about her. Everything you can remember, impressions, thoughts, everything."

"I don't remember very much. She was deaf. Mrs. Simmons said she was deaf and she was the deafest looking person I ever saw. Sort of blank looking. Seemed to pay no attention to anything. Just sat there.

She looked like someone who hadn't an object in life or like someone whose object in life was so absorbing that nothing else mattered."

"A very good description. But what was her physical appearance?"

A little giggle came over the wire. "She didn't have any. I mean she was so indeterminate that I can't describe her. She was little and oldish young or youngish old, might have been thirty or forty-five. She had a small face and you couldn't notice anything about it except the eyes. They were light hazel and blank like dolls' eyes. I simply can't tell you what she wore. I don't know—except the bonnet. I noticed the bonnet because it was a bonnet. No one wears bonnets now. But this was a bonnet all right—a purple bonnet."

"What do you mean when you say 'purple'?"

"Why—purple, of course."

"But there are so many shades of purple—mauve, lilac, heliotrope, lavender, deep purple—"

"Oh, spare me! I see what you mean. Well, I think this purple was—let me think—rather a pretty shade—I should say as near heliotrope as anything."

Gregory and I exchanged a congratulatory look, but he gave no other sign of satisfaction.

"Did you notice anything else?"

The voice came more slowly now. "She carried a bag, I think—yes, I remember seeing a small bag on her lap—a kind of reticule thing—the same shade as the bonnet. That is absolutely all."

"Did she speak at all?"

"Not at all. She sat like a graven image."

"Did Mrs. Simmons speak to her?"

"No."

"She did not mention her name to you?"

"No. All she said was: 'You can say what you wish before her. She is stone deaf.' "

"Just one more question. Did it strike you that Mrs. Simmons, or anyone else in the room, used perfume?"

Again the little giggle. "How funny! No, it didn't. But she might have used quarts and I would not have known it. I had a frightful cold."

Gregory thanked her and rang off. "Confound people with colds!" he grumbled. "But the bonnet and bag were heliotrope, and that's something. We'll have to find this deaf lady and find her quickly."

Furrows began to deepen upon my already corrugated brow. I am not good at long-distance shots. But Gregory's absorbed face showed that he was already at work upon a plan.

"Well," I said, leaning back with a sigh of relief, "here's where *you* shine."

(To be Continued.)

LIFE

BY ALBERT KINROSS

GEOFFREY had come; so they were complete—the three sons of the house of Vigo, the daughter, the son-in-law, and their stepmother, Lady Vigo, second wife to Sir Anthony Vigo, now dying in the room above. It was the first time the whole family had been together under that roof. All of them were there, even Geoffrey, who had been cast out, and Sir Anthony, who now lay dying. Geoffrey had seen nothing of them since he had gone away. Then Sir Anthony had not been dying, but very much alive. "Not in my house—not in my house!" he had cried; and Geoffrey had answered, "Not in your house, and not even in your name."

To-day they were all together once more. His sister Ella—she had been a little girl and always frightened fifteen years ago, slender, in short frocks, with trim brown legs in trim brown shoes and stockings. Sir Anthony had bought her an earl — the gentleman over there who began to say things and never finished them. Rather expensive, Geoffrey reflected, now that he had seen him. His brothers, Merrick and Timothy — they had been school-boys then, timid and given to seeking shelter behind himself. Both were in the firm, had taken the chances that he had refused. He was glad he had refused. Merrick, the elder, seemed smothered, the youth knocked out of him and nothing definite to fill its place, with his long black coat and gentle hesitating way. Timothy was unhappy. You had only to look at Timothy to see that he was unhappy. His stepmother, Lady Vigo, Geoffrey had never met before. She, like the Earl and his father's baronetcy, must be a later acquisition—a young woman, handsome, well-bred. Geoffrey felt sorry for her. She moved there like a ghost lost among strangers, as though in her heart she were repeating: "What are all these Vigos to me or I to them?" Sir Anthony, dying in the room above, was the sole link that held this little group together.

The cloak of conventional sorrow that muffled all their voices seemed actually real; created, indeed, an atmosphere infectious and profound. Were they, then, really sorry, thought Geoffrey, looking into the half-strange faces, hearing these whispered words and the conventional answers and questions that passed between him and them? Were they really anything but pale reflections of Sir Anthony's will? They were his brothers and sisters, and not one of them had had the courage to seek him out before to-day. Sir Anthony had put a stopper on that, and they had obeyed. To-day they had sent for him. Sir Anthony had commanded that, and again they had obeyed. A glimmer of contempt came into his eyes, and then one of pity. Had all these people trembled before that powerful old man? He supposed they must have been well paid for it; or were they too weak and too helpless to revolt?

"Sir Anthony said you were to go straight up to him"; it was Lady Vigo who was addressing Geoffrey now, quietly and like a woman who has a duty to perform; "that I was to bring you."

Geoffrey was ready.

He followed her up two thickly-carpeted flights of stairs into the great bedroom on the second floor.

There was straw all down the street outside, so it was quiet here.

"Leave us," said a voice from the bed; and Geoffrey caught his father's eye fixed on him, already fixed on him as though Sir Anthony had been watching, waiting, till he came.

"And you, too." The same voice—this time to the nurse in her neat uniform.

"But the doctor——" the nurse began.

"I'm my own doctor, woman. Out you go, after her ladyship I want my son."

Geoffrey and his father were alone. The older man held out a hand. "Take it," he said. "You've done without it all these years. You've beaten me. I had three sons, but you're the only one that's beaten me."

Geoffrey took it, and the hand drew him to a chair.

"Sit down close beside me, so that I can see your face."

Geoffrey and his father were eye to eye at last.

"You've gray in your hair," said the older man, "and a jaw something like mine; you were a boy the last time, and had the eyes of a woman; now—am I changed, too?" he asked.

Geoffrey was silent.

"You don't speak," said Sir Anthony.

"Why did you send for me, sir?"

"Ah!" and Sir Anthony came back to this great room.

"How do you know I sent for you?" he asked.

"You sent for me."

"I'm not your son," came coldly from the younger man.

"I know; your name's Duke now—Geoffrey Duke. Your mother's name. Egad, she was a woman, Geoff.; not snow and ice like that cold slut downstairs! You took your mother's name."

"I had a right to that."

"You've a right to mine, and the title and the land—you're the eldest," and Sir Anthony waited.

So this was why they had sent for him.

"My name's Duke; we settled that a good many years ago."

"Pig-headed, eh?"

Geoffrey sat like bronze.

"Pig-headed, eh? The same as me," said Sir Anthony; "I'm a good hater, too. But now—now there's no need for hate. I shall be gone as soon as this is settled. I've hung on for this. I want the name to go on—you're the eldest."

"There's Merrick and Timothy."

"They're no good. They're frightened of me, like that cold thing downstairs. You were never frightened. That's why we fell out."

"My name's Duke, and Duke it stays," said Geoffrey, rising.

"Fix your price—and sit down."

Geoffrey sat down.

"I have no price," he said.

"Won't you do it for money?"

"Money's no good to me now—ten years ago — twelve years ago — not now."

"You're rich now?" asked Sir Anthony.

"Comfortable."

"Ten years ago — twelve years ago —you weren't comfortable?"

"Uncomfortable enough to have a price."

"Starving?"

The younger man nodded.

"I've starved, too," said Sir Anthony. "Where did you sleep?"

"In parks."

"I always had a bed—some sort of a bed. I beat you there."

Sir Anthony changed the subject.

"I faced it. What did you do?"

"Faced it."

"Took rotten pay, and grinned — and moved on?"

The younger man nodded.

"And then you saved a bit?"

"Nothing to speak of."

"Beat you again," chuckled Sir Anthony; "you wasted time?"

"Time was cheap, sir."

"Time's never cheap."

Geoffrey did not dispute the point.

"And then you had things to sell, and you sold 'em?" pursued Sir Anthony.

The younger man nodded again.

"I sold mine, too—and things that weren't mine."

"You wanted to sell me — and I wasn't yours."

"I sold your two brothers, landed the firm with them, and there they are."

"And when you've gone?"

"They'll stick to it; they've shares enough. They can't get kicked out,—unless they sell."

"They'll sell," said Geoffrey.

Sir Anthony changed the subject.

"You found a market at last?"

The younger man nodded.

"You took their prices at first, and then made them take yours?"

Again Geoffrey nodded.

"They had to take 'em or go without?"

"That's it," said Geoffrey.

"Where did you learn it?" asked Sir Anthony. "Not at Harrow, not at Oxford."

"In the same place as yourself."

"In the world, eh, Geoff.? That was my school and my college. One has to learn that in the world."

Geoffrey waited.

"Your two brothers haven't learned it yet; and they're in business. They're in the firm, directors—though I do most of the directing. They sign my cheques for me, Geoff., and get in the way, and haven't the pluck to give a straight yes or no."

Still Geoffrey waited.

"Why don't you lend a hand?" cried Sir Anthony. "I'll make it worth your while. You're a man. I beat you in two places, eh, Geoff? But you're a man, my own flesh and blood, for all your airs and coldness. I know a man when I see one. Why don't you land a hand?"

"I've my own work," said Geoffrey.

"How much do you make at it? Is it much?"

"As much as I want to make."

"How much do you want?"

"That depends."

"Wife and kids, eh?"

"Exactly."

"A boy?" And Sir Anthony waited.

"Two."

"I thought as much."

"And?"

"One of 'em will take my name when he finds out. He'll only have to put out his hand. I've made provision for that. My name and the title and the places — when he finds out. Deep, ain't I?"

"He won't find out."

"Egad, but I'd make him — if I were strong again!"

Sir Anthony changed the subject.

"You're well known now?"

Geoffrey nodded.

"I've heard of you these five years, and seen your portrait in the papers—Geoffrey Duke — my son Geoffrey Vigo!"

"Did you tell anybody?"

The older man reflected. "No."

"I didn't either."

Sir Anythony changed the subject yet again.

"Look here, Geoff. I kicked you out because you wanted one thing and I another. I said, 'He'll come back as soon as his belly pinches'; and so I kicked you out . . . You said you'd be a painter. I said iron and steel and Vigo's Foundry for all who have my name. I had made the firm; it was the work of my life; it was waiting for you—fortune and reputation for the mere handling! You were a fool. You said you were going to be an artist." 'Be an artist,' said I; 'but not here, not in my house'; and you went away. You've stayed away — I grant it. You've come back at my request—I grant it. You've succeeded; you've done what you set out to do; you've beaten me—I grant that. You're a man, Geoff., in spite of your trade—I grant that, too. I thought artists were fools; I thought they were spongers and lap-dogs, hangers-on who shirked honest work and amused the women. Some made money—I knew that. But so do fiddlers and men who sing at the opera, and actors, and all that trash. The women—they amuse the women. 'None of that for my sons!' I said.

"You went away, and after ten years I heard of you. You had come to the front without any help from me—your own doing. There must be something in the fellow, I said. He's come through the ruck; he seems to be making a name for himself. There must be something in the fellow, I said. I've seen some of your paintings. I didn't look for 'em, but I've seen 'em, — portraits of men — good, straight, honest work. 'He isn't a lap-dog, after all,' I said . . . I began to respect you, Geoff. You'd done something. Merrick and Timothy—they'd had all the chances that you and I never had, and what had they done? Shoved me out of the firm as I would have done had I been in their place? Fought me for halves, and then the lot? Sponged on me, Geoff. Sponged on the firm. taken my name, and spent my money! To-day I sent for you. I've been a long time over it, I admit. I wanted to shake hands and make it up, Geoff. I wanted you to use my name again! I've made up my will that way. If you take my name and keep my name, and no name but the one I gave to you, you get the land and the houses. I can't keep you out of the title; but the land and the houses—I can keep you out of that. Without my name you don't get an acre, and your children and your children's children don't get an acre; but with it you're rich—rich enough to burn your paints and brushes and pay the whole Academy to do your work for you . . . I thought you might be a man, Geoff., because you'd succeeded in spite of me. That took some doing—I know it. And now I've seen you, you're no fool; you're not like a fiddler or a pug-faced tenor; you cut your hair and wear your clothes like a gentleman. I know one when I see one. I'm proud of you, Geoff. You're a man, and, though you paint and daub—by Gad, you're as good a man as I am, doing real work!"

"Better," said Geoffrey. He had been silent up to now.

Sir Anthony looked at him through half-closed eyes.

"Better," said Geoffrey; "I'll tell you why I am better. Can you stand it?"

"Go ahead," said Sir Anthony.

"Twice just now you said you'd beaten me. Once because I'd slept in parks and you had always found a bed—'some sort of a bed'—those were your words?"

Sir Anthony nodded.

"The second time it was because you'd saved and because I hadn't?"

"I did beat you there," added Sir Anthony.

"Not quite. I beat you both times—if you can listen—if it won't tire you?"

"Go ahead," said Sir Anthony.

"Do you know why I slept in parks, while you had always found a bed—some sort of a bed? *You'd taken my bed—done me out of it.* Nobody ever did you out of yours. That wasn't quite playing the game. It wasn't fair. I had to begin life over again. You just went on from your Harrow and your Oxford. Nobody kicked you out; you weren't forced to start again. I was—and I've come through. Nobody stole your bed, but you had stolen mine. You didn't beat me there, but I beat you . . . The second time it was because you'd saved. You were giving me a thousand a year when you kicked me out, and I made debts on top of that, and you didn't care much whether I made 'em. We could afford it, you said. 'As long as you don't marry a ballet-girl, I don't care what you do, Geoff.,' you used to say . . . Well, you didn't start with a thousand a year and debts. So that was hardly fair either. But that's not the point. I'll tell you why I didn't save. Whenever I had any money I put all my eggs into one basket, painted a picture, and starved and worried till it was sold. Had you ever the pluck to do that? When I was sleeping in parks, my 'Bridge-builders' was hanging in the Academy. It was a month before they hung it, and another two months before they sold it. I'd put all my eggs into that basket; and the man who bought it had to find me first. I had three stale crusts—one dry and two wet—in my pocket the day I met him, and a hundred and fifty guineas when we parted. And again I put all my eggs into one basket, and again and yet again. And then a man paid me four hundred guineas for 'Sunday,' and then I was safe. Had you ever the pluck to do that? . . . Ten years ago, twelve years ago—if you had sent for me then! I had my weak moments when I'd have taken money, even from you. Do you think I enjoyed it? . . . You saved and gave yourself a dozen chances; but I came through without saving, and taking twenty times your risks! I think I beat you there again, didn't I?—even though you said I'd wasted time. Time was cheap, I answered; you said, 'Time's never cheap.' My time was cheap, and a time of suffering's never wasted—but that you'll hardly understand . . . I've beaten you all through, first and last and in the middle; I'm a better man than you are, 'doing real work.' "

Sir Anthony was listening.

"My work's been real enough to me and several other people. And now you ask me to change my name, to throw away the name I've made for one that isn't mine. Would you change yours to Duke now? Not for all the titles, all the houses, all the land in England! Would you change Vigo to Duke?"—and Geoffrey paused. "I won't change mine to Vigo," he said, rising.

"That's your last word?" now asked Sir Anthony.

"First and last."

"You're right, Geoff.," he said, "but I'm right, too; and when both parties are right, there's only war or death can find the answer. It's so among nations. It'll be so between us. You've a pretty easy victory, me lying here. I've offered you everything, and you've refused everything. Give us your hand, Geoff. I've done all I could."

It was a long clasp that followed, almost as though Sir Anthony were holding fast to life and surely must collapse the moment Geoffrey left him.

There was a knock at the door.

Lady Vigo entered, and father and son now drew apart. The nurse was close behind her.

"The doctor is here—he's been waiting," said Lady Vigo.

"Send him in," replied Sir Anthony; "there's precious little he can do for me. Good-bye, Geoff.," he added. "Perhaps next time we'll stand a better chance. We've rather made a mess of this one."

Lady Vigo was about to follow Geoffrey from the room, but Sir Anthony kept her back. "Stay here, Caroline," he said. "I want you. I don't want to see any of the others, but you can stay."

Geoffrey went out, down the two thickly-carpeted flights of stairs, to the library, where he and his brothers and sister and brother-in-law had met before. They were still there, still subdued, hushed, expectant, and whispering, as he had left them.

The Earl had lit a cigarette. He had given up trying to talk, and had retired to a deep leather chair and his meditations. He was obviously very tired of it all. Geoffrey's entry he hailed with a sigh of relief.

"Made it up with the old man?" he asked, brightening.

Geoffrey's answer could have been taken either way.

"So you'll be second baronet?" pursued the other.

"No. Merrick can be that."

Merrick, slow, deprecatory, made a movement. "But why, Geoff.," he murmured; "and now you're here?"

"Nobody knows I'm here, or knows of the connection but yourselves. I won't put in any claim."

"But we—" Timothy began. "We couldn't take it."

"You take all you can get, my son," said Geoffrey, smiling. Timothy was still "the kid" with him.

"Won't we see you again?" asked Ella.

"Not unless you particularly want to," said Geoffrey.

"Of course we'll want to," said the Earl; and, as if the thought had escaped him, "Rum lot, you Vigos," he added at large.

Lady Vigo interrupted them. She was very pale.

"The doctor sent me away," she said. "We are to wait. He'll be down presently," and she sank into a chair. All her strength had gone from her.

There was silence now for a space, as though they all felt that impending calamity had moved nearer to them, had come down from the great bedroom on the second floor and found a way into their presence; was no longer remote, intangible, afar, but here, in this very room.

An air of gloom and mourning was already on them, and, in its shadow, none dared speak. The spell even embraced Geoffrey, seeking an opportunity to take his leave and go back whence he had been summoned. None came to him.

The doctor joined them.

"It's all over," he said slowly.

Ella was weeping; Lady Vigo was deathly white; and Geoffrey, looking round that rich, warm room, with its padded chairs and stately bookcases, was shaken by a swift and fulgent intuition. To Geoffrey standing there, the old man's death was a signal. Merrick would throw away his long, black coat and hesitations, and be some quiet kindly settler in the country, growing roses and bothering his head about "the people"—he had that form of mildness stamped all over him. And Timothy would stop in a library of his own now. He had always been studious, even taking a pleasure in his lessons. He had the face of a scholar and a book-worm. Ella and her Earl would do as they pleased, and play at life with no remonstrances, no awkward quarters of an hour such as the one now irking them. How the Earl must have hated his new connections—even at a price! And from them Geoffrey turned to Lady Vigo. A change had come over her pale face. A new beauty touched her cheeks with a faint rose and put a strange light in her eyes, as though, instead of "What are all these Vigos to me or I to them?" she were repeating, "I am thirty-three—seven more years in which I can live and love and lose myself; seven more years of youth—oh, seven more years!"

And in himself, try as he might, the infection ran its course. His work, real enough—what was it compared with what he might do once the need of money were removed? The dull portraits he turned out that made their three hundred guineas; the half-explored subject-pictures or landscapes painted to meet a date, one eye on the varnishing day, the other on his theme—were these his limit? Had all his mastery been revealed? He had to live, to meet concession with concession. He had to work for a public, for prestige and the dealers, as much as for his art. He was tied to London, to his market, to the big house and studio that cost so much in rent, to the hundred extravagances of an incomplete status and position . . . Geoffrey could not escape these thoughts, they were stronger than he was.

From the stricken field of death had come forth life and promise in abundance. Such death as this was life; was the key that opened life's choicest doors, the rod of magic that evoked it. The wizardry had passed into Geoffrey's veins as well.

"You are the heir?" The doctor was addressing him.

"I am," said Geoffrey.

A STUDY OF HORSES

From the Painting by Fred Haines,
Exhibited by
the Royal Canadian Academy

THE GREAT CANADIAN TELESCOPE

BY J. S. PLASKETT

ASTRONOMY, which is one of the most fascinating of the sciences, if followed either as a profession or a hobby, and whose study even in a very superficial way is most interesting and elevating, has not had hitherto the attention in Canada that it has received in the older countries. This is not to be wondered at in a new country, where much energy is necessarily and rightly devoted to the settlement and development of the country, but it is certain that as the demands on the energies of the citizens of Canada for material needs is satisfied, the interest in Astronomy, and its following, in an amateur way, especially among the educated class, will markedly increase.

The cause and study of Astronomy has been developed in most civilized countries along three principal lines: 1. By the devotion and enthusiasm of individual amateurs actuated by pure love of the science, and many notable advances especially in England have been achieved in this way. 2. By its study in the Universities and Colleges and in observatories more or less directly connected with them 3. By its cultivation and encouragement by Governments in the national observatories, established and supported in all civilized lands.

Although there are not in Canada, as in England, many amateurs engaged in systematic and valuable observational work, the first of these phases is represented in Canada by an organization which has been invaluable in increasing the interest in the science and which is now known as the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada. This Society was formed in Toronto about thirty years ago by a number of enthusiastic amateurs, has grown and developed, until it is now nation-wide, holding meetings at various centres throughout the country, but with headquarters and valuable astronomical library at Toronto. So far as the second phase is concerned, Astronomy has hardly yet been given much attention in the Universities and Colleges in Canada, except in so far as it has been required in the profession of surveying. It is, however, receiving more attention of late and a Department of Astronomy with Professor C. A. Chant as head has been established at the University of Toronto. Plans for an observatory in connection were in preparation but are not likely to be proceeded with while the war is in progress. It is to be hoped that, as soon as conditions again become normal, this observatory may be established, as no department of astronomy can be truly efficient without an observatory for the practical training of the students and for post graduate research work.

Although Canada is perhaps rather behind other countries in these first two particulars, she is well in advance in the support accorded astronomical research by the Government. It has been said that the degree of civilization of a country may be judged by its support of astronomy, and in this regard Canada takes high rank, for the telescope, in the new Dominion Astrophysical Observatory, near Victoria, B.C., is more than double the size of the largest instrument in the national observatories of other countries.

That the cause of Astronomy in Canada, so far as its national observatories are concerned, is in such a gratifying position is due mainly to the quiet and yet persistent and successful efforts of one man, the late Dr. W. F. King, Chief Astronomer of Canada, and Director of the Dominion Astronomical Observatory at Ottawa. The integrity and ability of Dr. King and his representations as to the advantage of a national observatory so impressed Honourable Clifford Sifton when Minister of the Interior, that the splendid building and equipment on the Experimental Farm at Ottawa was the result.

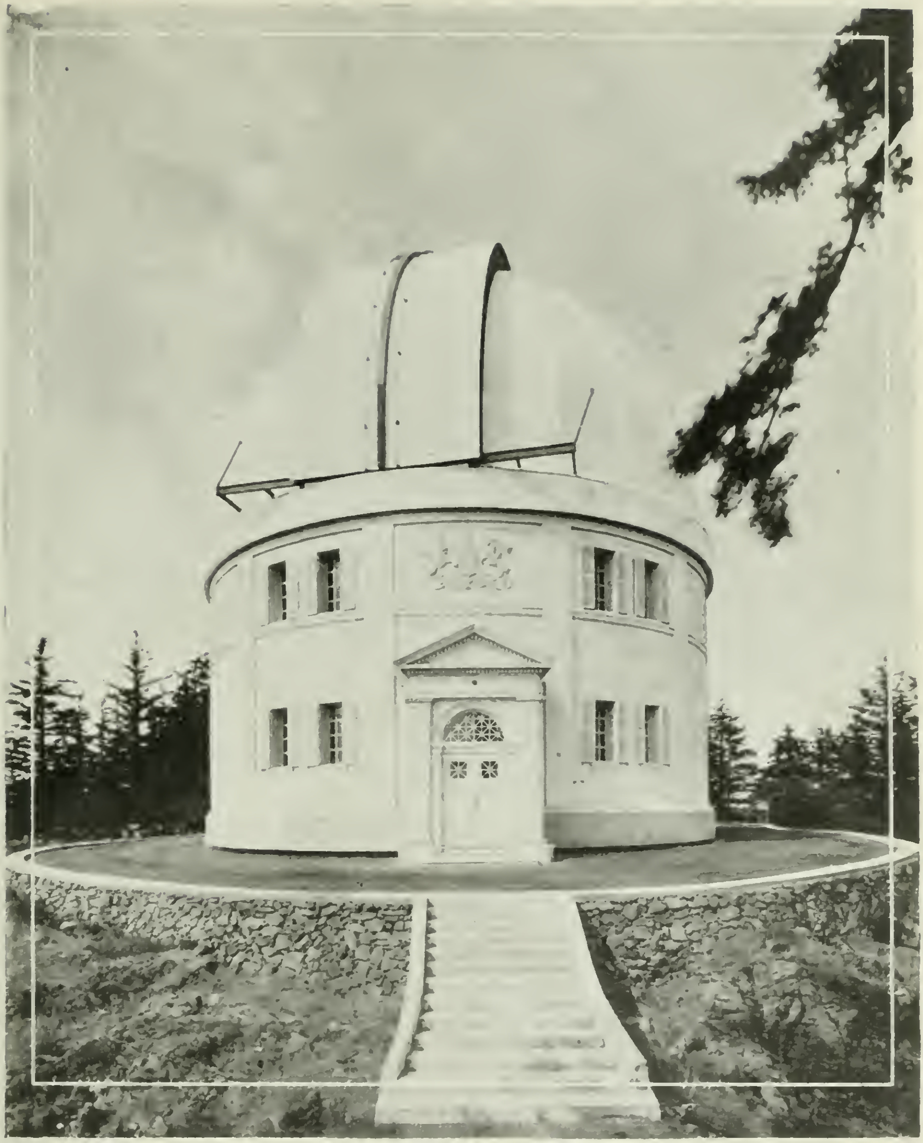
The writer was entrusted by Dr. King with the development of the work with the 15-inch refracting telescope at Ottawa. This telescope was chiefly used in measuring, by means of the spectroscope, the velocities of stars in the line of sight and the success attending this work was such, that, when the stars within range of the equipment became limited in number, it was felt that the desirability of obtaining a larger aperture could be strongly urged upon the Government.

Letters from eminent astronomers, memorials from various scientific societies, and the personal representations of several members of Parliament interested in Astronomy, were finally successful in inducing Honourable Dr. Roche, Minister of the Interior, who has been sympathetic to the project from the first, to sanction the making of inquiries and the calling for tenders, and in prevailing upon the Government to undertake the construction of a large telescope. Contracts for the construction of a 72-inch reflecting telescope were awarded in October, 1913, to the Warner and Swasey Company, of Cleveland, for the mechanical parts or mounting of the instrument and to the John A. Brashear Company, of Pittsburgh, for the optical parts.

The natural place for this telescope and the situation where the cost of installing would be the minimum, would have been at the Dominion Astronomical Observatory at Ottawa. The necessity, if effective work was to be done with such a large aperture, of having the telescope at the most suitable astronomical location, led to the investigation of several places in Canada, and the final choice of Victoria as the site. It is quite certain, with such a large aperture as this, which requires unusual steadiness of the air and even temperature, that more than twice the work, and that of better quality, can be accomplished with the telescope at Victoria than would have been possible at any other place tested.

The construction of such a large telescope, larger than any other in operation, and only exceeded in size by the Mount Wilson 100-inch reflector, not yet quite completed, is a big undertaking, but has nevertheless been accomplished in a comparatively short time. The contractors for the mounting, the Warner and Swasey Company, had built the mountings of the largest refracting telescopes in the world, the 40-inch Yerkes and the 36-inch Lick, and this experience was of great value in the design and construction of the mounting. About a year was occupied in the design, a year and a half in the construction and temporary erection at Cleveland of the mounting, and about six months in dismounting, packing, shipping and erection at Victoria. So that three years after the contract was awarded, the telescope was erected in its dome, ready, except for the optical parts, for operation.

Unfortunatley, however, it was not possible to make as good time with the optical parts. The John A. Brashear Company were probably better situated than any other firm, so far as experience with large optical surfaces was concerned, for successfully carrying through so difficult a piece of work as the "figuring" (the name given to the polishing of an optical surface to



The Dominion Astrophysical Observatory at Victoria, British Columbia

the required accuracy) of the large mirror. The large disc of glass of which it was made was successfully cast at Charleroi in Belgium in the early summer of 1914 and was shipped from Antwerp only about a week before the declaration of war. Unfortunately a somewhat smaller disc, to be used in testing the principal mirror in the polishing and figuring process and which was being cast at the same place, was not completed in time to get out of Belgium. The testing had to be performed by another method which, with other difficulties encountered, delayed the completion until April, 1918, about a year and a half later than the time of the completion of the mounting.

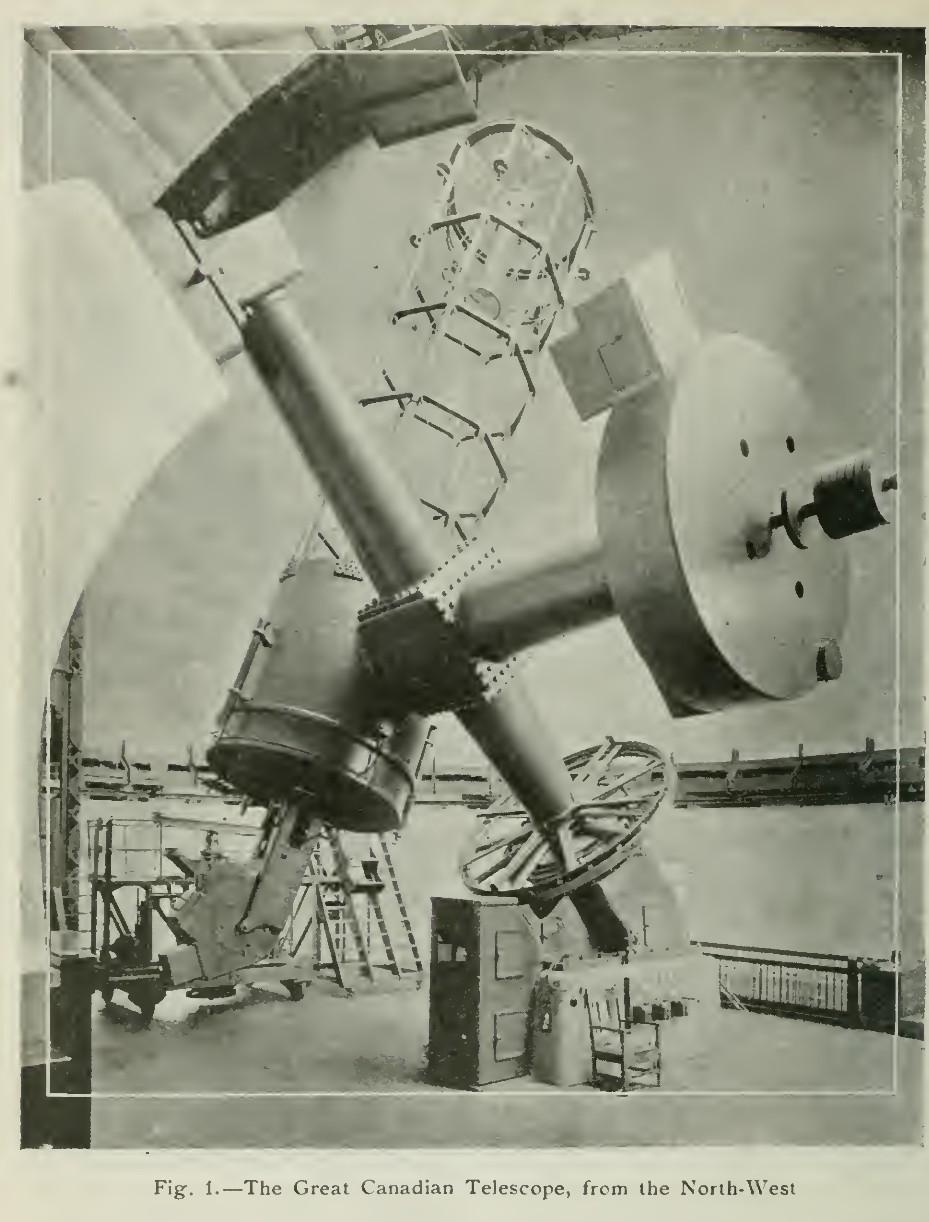


Fig. 1.—The Great Canadian Telescope, from the North-West

The disc of glass for the large mirror, which was received in Pittsburgh in August, 1914, was 73½ inches in diameter, about 13½ inches thick and weighed nearly 5,000 lbs. The first steps in turning this rough piece of glass into a mirror was to grind it all over, top, bottom, edge and central hole, to the required dimensions and then to polish the top and bottom. This occupied about a year and the glass was reduced to seventy-three inches diameter, twelve inches thickness with a central hole about ten inches in diameter, about 600 lbs. of glass being ground off. The top or working surface of the mirror, which can be seen in figure 3, is concave and was polished approximately spherical, the diameter of the sphere which would

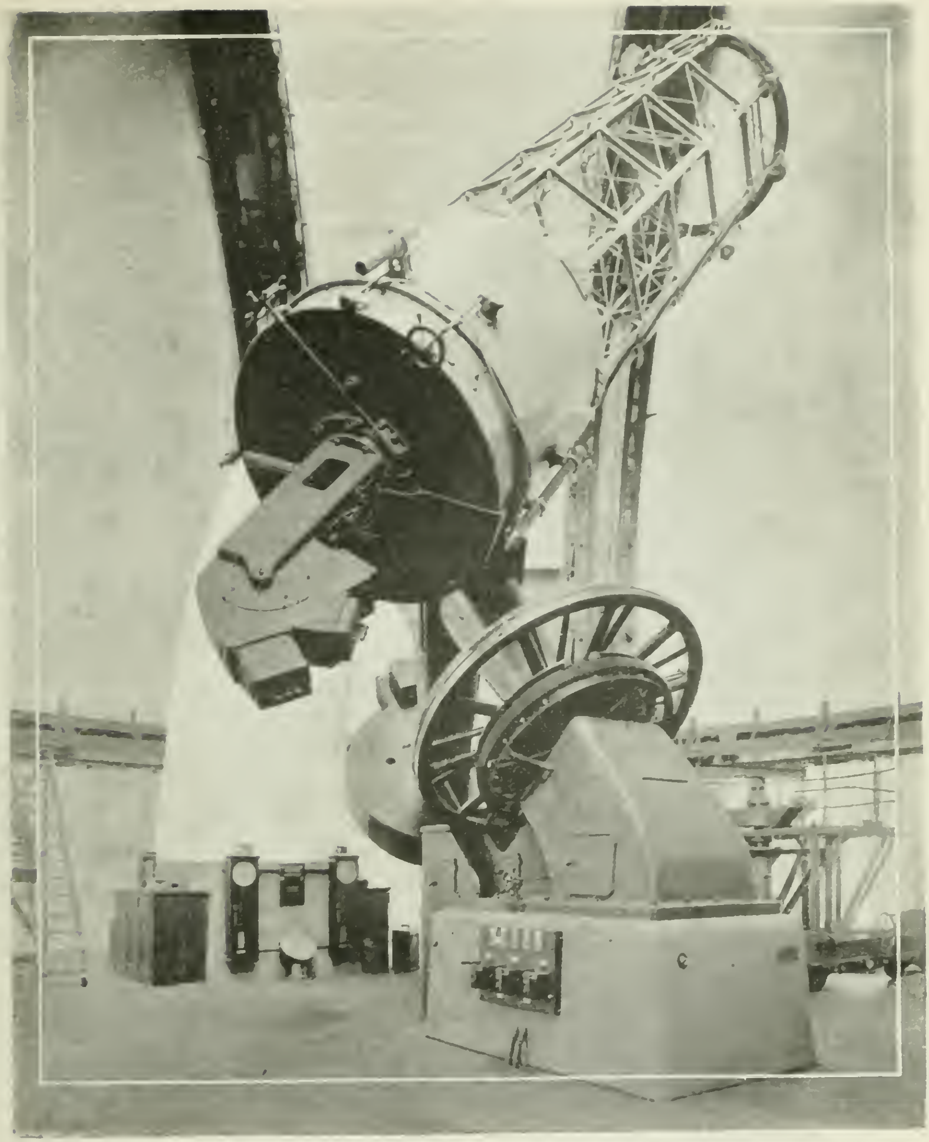


Fig. 2.—The Great Canadian Telescope, from the South-West

just fit this surface being 120 feet, making the glass nine-tenths of an inch thinner at the centre than the edge. The back was polished approximately flat and the glass was now ready for the "figuring," which is simply polishing in such a way as to bring the surface to the required accuracy, about one two-hundred-thousandth of an inch. In order to bring the light of a star accurately to a focus, the surface was changed slightly from the spherical to a parabolic form similar to the reflector of a search light or automobile, and two years and a half were required in this process.

Probably not more than a thousandth of an inch was removed in all this time, but the tests on completion showed that the work had been performed with exceptional accuracy.

The deviation from the theoretically required form is probably not greater than the one four-hundred-thousandth of an inch, one four-hundredth of the thickness of the thinnest tissue paper. The minimum amount which can be measured mechanically is about one ten-thousandth of an inch, and the forty times greater accuracy was determined by an optical test, which space does not permit describing.

The concave surface has a bright coating of silver deposited from a chemical solution and the light from the star is hence directly reflected from this surface and does not enter the glass at all as in an ordinary mirror which is silvered on the back. Two other smaller mirrors, each 19½ inches in diameter, 3¼ inches thick, one plane and one convex, which are used in conjunction with the big mirror in a manner to be presently described and which are also silvered on the front, were figured to similar accuracy, and these with the big mirror form the principal optical parts of the telescope.

Such optical parts, however, no matter how accurate, would be useless without some mechanical means of maintaining them rigidly and invariably in their correct relative positions, of pointing them accurately to any desired position in the sky, and of enabling them to closely follow the motions of the stars across the sky. Such a mechanism is called the mounting of the telescope, and the usefulness of the instrument is equally dependent on the accuracy of the optical surfaces, and the perfection in design and workmanship of the mounting.

The form of telescope with which the layman is most familiar is a refracting telescope, with a lens at the outer or upper end of the tube, and an eye-piece at the inner or lower end. This instrument, however, is a reflecting telescope in which the upper end of the tube, which is of skeleton construction, as seen in the photographs, is open, and the great concave mirror is at the lower end of the closed section, as can be seen from Fig. 3, which shows the mirror in its supporting cell detached from the tube and supported on the silvering car, a mechanism for handling the mirror and cell when a fresh coating of silver is needed. When the light from a star or other object entering the open upper end of the tube falls on the concave silvered surface, it is reflected back to the centre of the upper end, where it forms an image of the object pointed at. This image can be viewed with an eye-piece or photographed on a plate placed at the focus, just as with an ordinary camera. Generally, however, the light will be intercepted before it reaches the focus by one of the smaller mirrors. If the plane mirror is used it is placed about four feet below the upper end of the tube inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees. The star light is hence turned through a right angle and the image is then formed at the side of the tube in a much more convenient position for observing or photographing. This particular form of the telescope is called the "Newtonion", from the great philosopher who first used a reflector in this way. If, on the other hand, the convex mirror is used, it is placed about seven feet down from the upper end of the tube, it and the method of support being well shown in Fig. 1. and hence again reflects the starlight back towards the large mirror. The beam passes through the central hole and the image is formed about a foot below the bottom of the tube, where it can again be viewed with an ocular or photographed.

This form of the telescope is the Cassegrain, also named after the one who devised it. The arrangement of the mirrors is such that although the focal length of the principal mirror and of the Newtonian form is thirty feet, about the length of the tube, the focal length of the Cassegrain combination is 108 feet, more than three and a half times as great. This combination acts similarly to a telephoto attachment to a camera which gives considerable magnification to the image without increasing the bellows

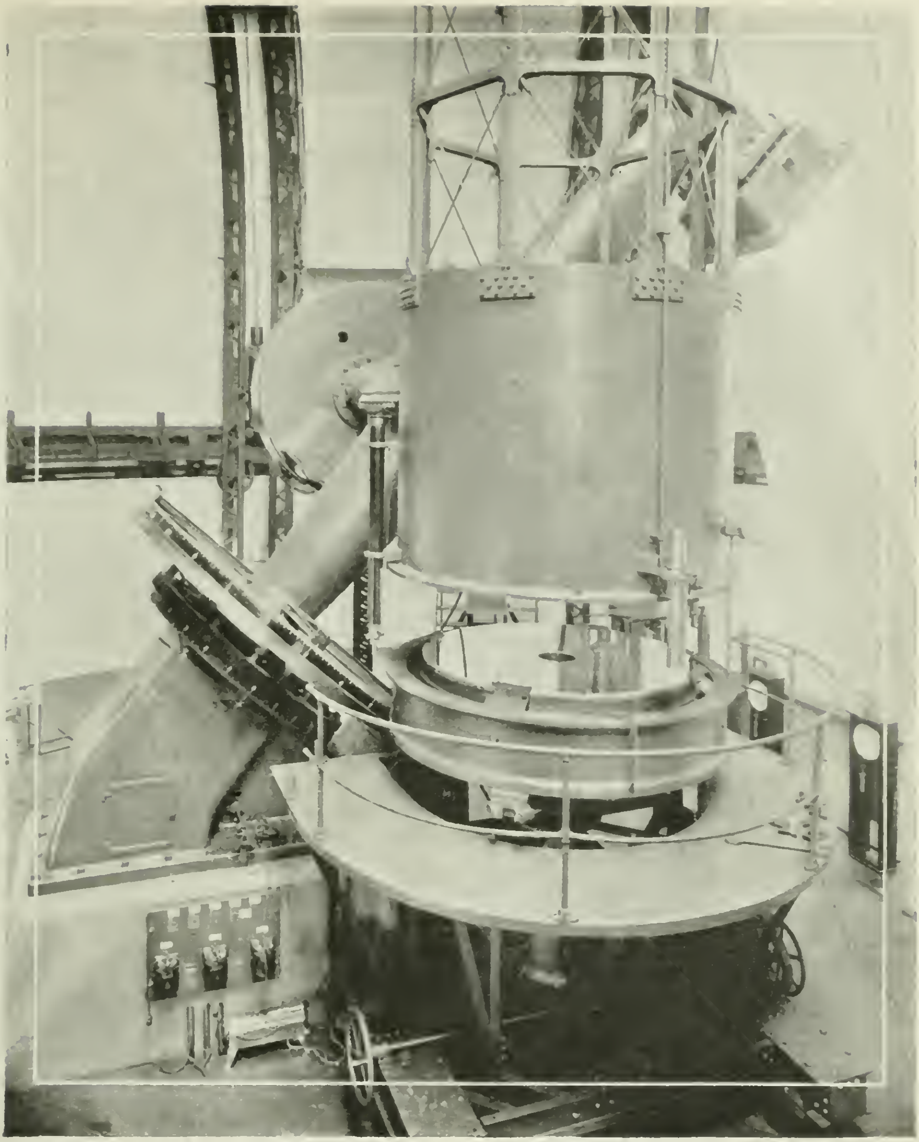


Fig. 3.—Mirror and Cell of the Great Canadian Telescope ready to attach to the telescope tube

extension. The telescope will be mostly used in this form in conjunction with the spectroscope, the instrument seen in the photographs attached below the tube. The light of the star is focused on the slit of this spectroscope and the spectrum photographed on a small plate at the lower end.

The advantages of the reflecting over the refracting type of telescope consist chiefly in its greater suitability for photographic work, of which about nine-tenths of modern astronomical work consists, in its much smaller cost, a reflector only costing about one-fourth a refractor of the same aperture, and in the fact that suitable discs of glass to make a refracting lens much greater than three feet in diameter cannot yet be produced. It has the disadvantages of being more sensitive to changes of temperature, and of not being so suitable for visual observations under all conditions.

All telescopes intended for astronomical observations of an aperture six inches or greater have the mounting designed according to a certain principle, and although the forms may vary markedly, the essential features of all are the same; It is evident that, in the first place, the tube of the telescope must be able to point to any part of the sky. But something further is needed, for even if you could point the telescope to any star, the star would not remain in position to be observed for more than a moment or two. Owing to the rotation of the earth on its axis from west to east, the stars, as well as the sun and moon, rise in the east, move across the sky and set in the west, and some means of following this apparent motion automatically by the telescope are necessary if any serious work is to be done.

A study of Fig. 1 and Fig. 2, with a careful reading of this description, should enable any layman to see how these conditions are met in this particular telescope. The supporting pier of the telescope is a massive structure of reinforced concrete with a base sixteen feet wide and nearly thirty-seven feet long, anchored to the rock and rising from the ground floor a distance of twenty-one feet to the observing floor. Only the north and south extremities of this pier rise above the observing floor and their shape and dimensions can be well obtained from the three illustrations. The shorter one to the south supports the lower end of the massive built-up shaft extending upwards to the left in Fig. 1 and supported at the upper end in an adjustable bearing on the north pier. This is the principal supporting shaft of the telescope and is called the "polar axis", because it points to the poles of the heavens, in other words, is adjusted so as to be exactly parallel to the axis of the earth.

A little consideration will show that, as the apparent motion of the stars from east to west is due to the rotation of the earth on its axis from west to east at the rate of once every twenty-four hours, we can overcome this apparent motion by turning the telescope on the polar axis, parallel to the earth's axis, in the opposite direction at the same rate. This is effected by means of a governor mechanism contained in the vertical case seen to the north or left of the south pier, which is called the driving clock. This clock is driven by a weight and turns a large worm wheel, seen on the lower end of the polar axis, at exactly the same rate as the earth. This worm wheel is normally loose on the polar axis, to enable the latter to be turned to any desired position in the sky, but as soon as the star is pointed at, the pressure of a button immediately rigidly connects it and the polar axis and drives the telescope to accurately follow the motion of the star. Workmanship of the very highest order is necessary in the mechanism, for with the Cassegrain combination it has to be pointed and moved with such precision that if the light from a star came through a pinhole at the end of a pole 108 feet long attached to the tube, it must be brought into a circle and the telescope must so follow the motion of the star that it remains in a circle not much greater than one-thousandth of an inch in diameter.

The polar axis and driving clock serve to follow the motion of a star from east to west, but if the tube were rigidly connected to the polar axis only one very narrow zone of the sky could be observed. Consequently it is necessary to give the tube a motion in a north and south direction as well. and this is effected by attaching it to the flanged end of a massive shaft sixteen inches in diameter and about fifteen feet long, which passes at right angles through the central cubical part of the polar axis and through the sleeve extending to the right in Fig. 1. This shaft is turned, and consequently the tube with it, by an electric motor through reduction mechanism gearing into a large spur gear, eight feet in diameter, keyed to the declination axis and contained in the large circular housing to the right. Hence by turning the tube on the declination axis in the direction, north-south, and the declination axis, tube and all on the polar axis in the direction, east-west, it is evident that the telescope can be pointed to any part of the sky, and as soon as pointed, can be immediately made to follow the motion of the star by clamping the worm wheel to the polar axis.

These motions are effected by electric motors operated from duplicate switchboards one on either side of the south pier. These motors turn the telescope north and south or east and west at the rate of forty-five degrees a minute on one revolution in eight minutes, and as, in changing from one star to another, you rarely have to turn the telescope more than forty-five degrees, this change can be effected in a very short time. The operating handle to the north on either board turns the telescope on the polar axis east or west, that in the middle turns it north or south on the declination axis, while the handle to the south rotates the dome.

In addition to these quick motions, which, normally, are operated by an assistant, who turns the telescope by aid of the graduated circles to the tabular position of the star, there are slow motions also electrically operated by push-buttons on a small aluminum board carried by the observer. There are two slow motion speeds, the fine setting motion which gives a speed of one revolution in thirty-six hours, and the guiding, one revolution in thirty days. After the telescope has been brought to the approximate position as read by the circles, the observer looks through one of the finder telescopes, of which two can be seen in Fig. 1, and brings the star into the centre of its field by the fine setting motion operated by buttons on the portable board. The star is then visible in the main telescope and any small deviations of the image can be corrected by the guiding motions, one revolution in thirty days. Although this speed may seem very slow indeed, yet with the focal length of 108 feet less than a second is required to move the image across the spectroscope slit, from one to two-thousandths of an inch wide.

Seven electric motors with a number of solenoids are required in the operation of the telescope, but the mechanism has been so beautifully designed and constructed that all these operations can be effected and the whole telescope handled practically as easily and quickly as one of a tenth the size.

Some details of the dimensions of the various parts may be of interest. Let us consider first of all the tube of the telescope. This consists of three sections—a central section seven feet six inches in diameter and six feet high, made of a single steel casting weighing seven tons—a lower section or mirror cell, also a steel casting of the same diameter, attached by bolted flanges to the central section and weighing, with mirror and the counterpoise system which supports the latter in the cell, about six tons—and finally the upper or skeleton section of the tube, octagonal in shape, seven feet six inches across, twenty-three feet four inches long, built up of structural steel and trussed so as to be exceptionally stiff for its weight of two tons. The total length of the tube is about thirty-one feet and it weighs fifteen tons.

A flange on the end of the declination axis is bolted to a boss on the central section of the tube, and this axis passes through the polar axis at right angles and serves to turn the tube north and south to different declinations or latitudes in the sky. The polar axis, composed of three steel castings bolted together as shown, is about twenty feet long, the central cube being three feet eight inches a side and the axis alone weighing nine and one-half tons. This and the other steel castings were made and machined at the Bethlehem Steel Works and are beautiful pieces of workmanship. The total weight on the bearings of the polar axis is about forty-five tons, and yet so accurately is it balanced and so beautifully are the ball bearings, with balls three and one-eighth inches in diameter, made so that a weight of slightly over three pounds at the upper end of the tube is sufficient to overcome the friction of the forty-five tons on these bearings.

The telescope has been in operation now for some four months, sufficiently long to show that both the optical parts and the mounting or mechanical parts are unequalled in accuracy and convenience of operation. The tests of the mirror have shown that the surface is accurate to about the one-four-hundred-thousandth of an inch, and is such that the light from a star, illuminating the whole of this seventy-two-inch surface is concentrated into so small an area that the size of the image given on a photographic plate is only about one-five-hundredth of an inch in diameter. Some direct photographs of nebulæ and clusters show beautiful detail and the star images are remarkably small and crisp, indicating the unequalled quality of the mirror. The John A. Brashear Company are to be congratulated on its perfection and on the successful completion of so difficult a task as the figuring of this great surface.

The Warner & Swasey Company, who have made the mountings for the two largest reflecting telescopes in the world, brought to the design and construction of this great reflecting telescope their varied experience in telescope mountings and the great engineering resources of the firm. The result is a marvel of engineering skill, which, in beauty of form, in perfection of mechanical detail, in accuracy and convenience of operation, and in the many improvements over existing telescopes, is unequalled in the world.

The revolving hemispherical dome which forms the roof of the circular steel observatory building, Fig. 4, was also designed and constructed by the Warner & Swasey Company, and, like the telescope, is a great advance over existing structures for its purpose. The revolving dome for a reflecting telescope has to be designed in conjunction with the telescope, as several operating accessories are really attachments of the dome. This dome, which is sixty-six feet in external diameter, revolves on a circular rail resting on the wall of the observatory building, which is thirty-two feet high, the total height of the structure being about seventy-five feet. Both building and dome are entirely of steel construction and have double-sheet metal walls, separated by about a foot, allowing continuous circulation of air between the walls from openings at the ground up and out through louvres at the top of the dome. This is to prevent overheating during the day, while the steel construction allows the whole building, when the shutter is opened, to rapidly assume the air temperature, a necessary condition for success in observing.

Access is had to the sky by an opening in the dome, closed by a pair of shutters, having a clear width of fifteen feet and extending from the base of the dome to six feet beyond the zenith. These shutters are operated by electricity, and when open the dome can be revolved, also by electric motor, at the rate of once around in six minutes, until the shutter opening is pointed towards the place in the sky where observations are desired. The length of this opening can be limited to the width of the tube of the telescope by electrically-operated canvas curtains running up and down inside the shutter opening. These are for the purpose of preventing vibration of the tube if the wind is blowing.

In addition, and one of the most essential features of the dome, there is the observing platform, moved up and down the circular main ribs of the dome, within the shutter and wind curtains, by cables and electric motor. This is to enable the upper end of the tube to be reached by the observer when direct photographs are being made at the principal or Newtonion focus. Such an appliance is absolutely essential as the plate-holder and guiding microscope by which the observer is enabled to keep the stars exactly centred are sometimes forty feet from the floor, and with the telescope constantly in motion, work could not be done to advantage unless the appliances for reaching and operating the mechanism were most conveniently arranged. This observing platform is admirably designed and constructed, can be reached in any position by a stairway, and is fully protected by railings, so there is no danger of falling to the steel observing floor thirty or forty feet below.

When using the Cassegrain form of the telescope the images are formed at the lower end of the tube, and the eyepiece for visual observation and the guiding ocular for keeping the star centred on the slit of the spectroscope can easily be reached by short observing ladders as they are never very far from the floor.

A regular programme of work for this telescope has been prepared in co-operation with the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory by which the three largest telescopes in the world, at Mount Wilson, the sixty-inch reflector and the 100-inch, when the latter is in operation, and at Victoria, the seventy-two inch, will work together in obtaining the radial velocities, in other words, the speeds towards or from us, of stars too faint to be observed with small telescopes. This important work, with allied investigations related thereto, is one of the most urgent needs in modern astronomical research, and when the radial velocities of all stars whose cross motions have also been measured, are determined, it will lead the way to great advances in our knowledge of the structure of the universe. These radial velocities are obtained by means of a spectroscope attached to the telescope. By measurements of the spectra photographed by this instrument we can determine not only the velocities of the stars, but much information in regard to the elements present in their atmospheres, their physical condition as regards pressure and temperature can also be obtained. Further, the most recent development of the use of the spectroscope, and this was worked out at Mount Wilson within the last year or two, is that for most stars a very good estimate of their distance can be obtained. When we consider that all this knowledge is obtained simply from the character of the light coming from the stars, and it matters not how far they may be away so long as they are bright enough or the telescope is large enough to obtain their spectra, it may be safely said that the spectroscope is one of the most wonderful engines of research ever devised.

However, spectroscopic work is not the only line to be followed at Victoria. An arrangement has been made with Professor E. C. Pickering, director of the Harvard College Observatory, to make direct photographs with this telescope of certain regions of the sky, called the Harvard Standard Regions. Each of these plates, which can be obtained by an hour's exposure, will require several days' labour for the measurement and reduction which Professor Pickering has agreed to have done, and the results will be used in extending the well-known Harvard work on the magnitudes or brightness of the stars to much fainter stars than have hitherto been obtained. This arrangement, in the present under-staffed condition of the observatory at Victoria, will enable the unequalled quality of the instrument and its proved effectiveness in obtaining images of stars several times fainter than is possible with the Harvard instruments to be advantageously combined with the experience and skill of the Harvard staff in measuring and reducing the plates and thus rendering available a magnitude scale of the faintest stars several years sooner than would otherwise have been possible.

As will be noted, nothing has been

said about any visual observations nor of any attempt at making discoveries of heavenly objects. Every astronomer knows that the prevalent idea in the lay mind about the work of an observatory is that the telescope is used in sweeping over the sky in a sort of random way to find new planets, comets or other objects. This is very far from the truth, for in the first place a very large telescope is most unsuited for this work, and in the second place, little or no useful work can be done by following such a plan. As a matter of fact, this telescope is used entirely photographically in work carefully and systematically planned, according to a definite programme along the lines that will be most useful to the science. No visual observations whatever are made nor likely to be, and the telescope is only used visually on Saturday evenings between eight and ten, when the public are given the privilege of observing interesting celestial objects with the great reflector.

There can be no question that Canada's enterprise in erecting this magnificent equipment for astronomical research has excited the admiration of scientific men the world over, who will be awaiting with great interest the results to be obtained. The equipment was put into actual operation within a week after the optical parts arrived, something quite unprecedented in such an undertaking and an indication of the care with which all details had been worked out and all preparations made.

At present the observatory is much under-manned, as in place of a scientific staff of five or six required to operate the instrument to capacity and keep abreast of the observations in the measurement and reduction of the plates, only one astronomer besides the director is available. Nevertheless, a good start has been made, and although no such output can be expected as under normal conditions, every endeavour is being made to put the work of the telescope on such a sound basis that when sufficient help is available scientific results may be obtained that in quality and quantity and in their effect in advancing our knowledge of the universe may be worthy of the splendid equipment so enterprisingly and generously provided by the Government.

FULFILMENT

By PHYLLIS FLOWERS ATKEY

TO every ship, the harbour lights:
To every stream, the sea:
To every wind-blown bird that roams,
His nest beneath the tree.

REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

X.—A LETTER AND A MYSTERY

IT is not easy to discover the sources of the antipathy between Honourable Edward Blake and Sir Richard Cartwright. If we remember, however, that Cartwright was very loyal to Mackenzie, while Blake was an uncertain and uneasy colleague we shall probably be close to the roots of the quarrel. It was Cartwright's fortune to sustain many defeats and to wander far and often in search of a constituency. He was one of those candidates who could be elected only in the strongholds of his party. He could not draw support from among his opponents nor even attract independent voters to his standard. He was, however, always anxious to be in Parliament and possibly believed that if Blake had exercised in his behalf all the authority which a leader commands he would not have found it so difficult to secure a nomination and hold a constituency. Possibly he was more eager to be in Parliament than Blake was to have him there. At least it is certain that the two men had no love for each that the two men had no happy personal relation affected the cohesion of the Liberal party.

When Mr. Blake resigned the office of leader Sir Richard became the chief spokesman for the party in Ontario. In practice the dual leadership which prevailed in United Canada persisted. Holton was the leader for Quebec under Mackenzie, Laurier under Blake, Langevin under Macdonald, and Monk under Borden. Gradually, however, under Thompson, Laurier and Borden the single leadership developed and after Monk disappeared from Parliament the old system ceased to have even nominal recognition. Mr. Blake was in Europe when commercial union with the United States, subsequently watered down to unrestricted reciprocity, was adopted as the fiscal platform of the Liberal party. In the adoption of this platform Mr. Blake was not consulted. This neglect he resented since he still had a seat in Parliament and had not expressed any intention to withdraw from public life. When he reappeared in Parliament after two years of rest and travel abroad it was discovered that he was restless and discontented. When Mr. Mulock introduced a resolution affirming, perhaps unnecessarily, the attachment of Canada to Great Britain, Mr. Blake left the Chamber as the bells rang for the division. "I will not vote for a sham," he said when asked why he had retreated. I had full knowledge of the incident and an interpretation of his attitude which need not be emphasized. It soon became apparent that he was not under discipline nor in consultation with the official leaders of the party. In the debate over the charges which necessitated Mr. J. C. Rykert's withdrawal from Parliament he separated himself from his Liberal associates and submitted an amendment which they had to support, although a substantial modification of the Liberal position was involved. His ascendancy in the House was very manifest, but in degree as he was mutinous and disposed to independent action the position of Laurier became difficult.

There were still those who would have restored Blake to the office of leader, and there was a suspicion, perhaps unfounded, that he was willing to be recalled. Always sensitive to any suggestion that he desired recognition or preferment, Mr. Blake wrote to *The Globe* from Maisonrouge, Pointe au Pic, on June 30th, 1890, "My attention has been called to the fact that your recent article has given circulation among Liberals to Conservative allegations that I desire to resume the leadership of the Liberal party. I beg space to say that there is not a grain of truth in these allegations and that I am no more desirous to resume than I was to assume or to retain that post. My only wish is that the confidence and affection of Liberals of all shades may induce Mr. Laurier to hold the place which he so admirably fills." This letter is very like Blake in its complete repudiation of all interested motives and even in the delicate suggestion that his attention "was called" to the article which gave occasion for the statement. Probably at this time, and possibly at no time, had he any settled desire to replace Laurier. Had he any such notion he would have guarded even against self-discovery of the motive by which he was actuated. That was his way. He would not let his own soul express itself nor ever recognize the human impulses which were of the essence of his being. For as I have said elsewhere, Mr. Blake was essentially aspiring and ambitious and fundamentally unhappy in any subordinate relation.

If the country was slow to discover evidences of friction, the Opposition in Parliament was anxious and the Conservative front benches deeply interested in the domestic situation on the other side of the Chamber. Nothing so comforts a Parliamentary party as signs of disturbance in the opposing forces. It is seldom that the signs are misinterpreted. One party rarely fails to penetrate the secrets of the other or to discover the personal relations among opponents. But if there was suspicion there was no immediate revelation of Mr. Blake's attitude towards unrestricted reciprocity. In the first weeks of 1891 rumours of a general election pervaded the country. There is reason now to believe that Sir John Macdonald had learned that the long and bitter quarrel between the Langevin and Chapleau factions in Quebec would probably produce grave disclosures in Parliament, and he feared that the Opposition would greatly increase its supply of ammunition if the House was not dissolved before the charges against Langevin and McGreevy of corrupt dealing with public contracts could be formulated. But he also had knowledge of the Farrer pamphlet suggesting political union with the United States, abrogation of the bonding privilege and a blockade of canal traffic at Sault Ste. Marie as coercive measures against Canada which only annexation could avert. Doubtless he was apprehensive also that the Liberal leaders had established dubious relations with American statesmen and that money would be provided from American sources to corrupt the constituencies. So far as I could ever discover, however, no American money reached the Liberal treasury, nor would the political leaders at Washington even agree to reciprocal free trade with Canada or to any definite alliance with the Canadian Liberal party. There is no doubt that Sir Richard Cartwright sought to effect such an alliance and that Mr. Farrer made pilgrimages to Washington, but there was no ground for the suspicion that any compact was entered into affecting the political status of Canada, nor was there any understanding that commercial union should be regarded as a deliberate and conscious step towards political union. The truth was that the Liberal party had pledged itself to establish free trade with the United States, but had no assurance and could obtain no assurance that the United States would enter into any reciprocal commercial agreement with Canada even if the Canadian constituencies should return the Liberal leaders to office. But there was ground for suspicion and doubtless Sir John Macdonald was apprehensive that negotiations between the Liberal leaders and the statesmen at Washington would produce an understanding inimical to the future of Canada and sought by timely dissolution of Parliament to secure a political victory and destroy a movement which threatened the Canadian industrial fabric and the unity of the Empire.

Believing that a general election was imminent the Liberal leaders summoned a Provincial Convention of the party for February 17th and 18th, 1891, at Toronto. It is certain that Cartwright suggested the convention although the call was issued by Mr. Laurier. It is certain, too, that Mr. Blake was not consulted. This oversight, intentional or otherwise, produced momentous consequences, or at least revealed the actual relations between Blake and Cartwright. A few days after the convention was announced I received in the midnight mail a letter from Mr. Blake of ominous and startling import. As was his habit "personal" was written upon the envelope, but in that there was no comfort. I knew that it was intended for immediate publication, and I was dismayed at its contents. The letter, which was not lengthy, was a sweeping attack upon the Liberal trade policy as unwise, elusive and misleading, feeble in conception and impossible of execution, uncandid in evasion of the inevitable results, requiring assimilation of the tariffs of Canada and the United States, undistinguishable from commercial union, which should come as the precursor of political union, and involving a constitutional issue for which the people were unprepared. In the letter there was no direct counsel to the country. It was destructive and denunciatory, hopeless in temper and outlook. Mr. Blake opposed unrestricted reciprocity in language that could not be misunderstood, not as disloyal or fundamentally inimical to Canadian nationality but as less practicable than commercial union, which he seemed to favour as a preparation for political union. I do not suggest that the letter was a deliberate declaration for annexation to the United States, but that was the impression conveyed by a first reading, and it is certain that he gave no general support to the arguments which Conservatives were urging against the Liberal fiscal proposal. They were agreed as to the impracticability of establishing unrestricted reciprocity between Canada and the United States without a common tariff and discrimination against Great Britain, but there was nothing in this letter as there was nothing in the longer letter which Mr. Blake published on the morning after the general election to support the contention of Conservative newspapers and politicians that Mr. Blake rejected unrestricted reciprocity out of concern for British trade or British connection or because of any taint of disloyalty in the commercial policy of the Liberal party. At least he was not more loyal than his old Liberal associates nor was he averse to commercial union between the United States and Canada.

Although it was midnight when I reveived Mr. Blake's letter, one of the editorial writers was still at his desk, and I sought his counsel. When he had read the letter he advised, not with the discretion of a politician, but with the instinct and ardour of a journalist. "Publish it," he said, "we have the opportunity to produce one of the greatest sensations in the political history of Canada." I pointed out that if we did so the Liberal party would be overwhelmed in the election and that I could not take the responsibility without consultation with Mr. Jaffray and the directors. He acquiesced, perhaps with reluctance, not because he was anxious to have the letter published, but because he was apprehensive, as I was, that it had been sent to *The Mail* and that by delay *The Globe* would lose the advantage of contemporary publication. On the way home in the morning I mailed a note to Mr. Blake acknowledging receipt of the letter and suggesting that as it was marked "personal" I assumed that it was not intended for publication. Possibly that note was neither as candid nor as veracious as could be desired. But those were days of "secret diplomacy", and an explanation with the flavour of plausibility had to be offered.

When I reached the office next day I found a letter from Mr. Blake intimating in a few frigid sentences that the letter was intended for publication and that in the general interest, in his judgment, "the sooner it was published the better". During the afternoon I laid Mr. Blake's letter before Mr. Jaffray, and he called a meeting of the directors. I feel even now the depth of gloom which pervaded that meeting. No one doubted that the letter would be fatal to Liberal prospects in the election, but the unanimous judgment was that Mr. Blake would insist upon publication and that the letter must appear. For the moment I submitted, but I was not convinced that *The Globe* should be the first to reveal Mr. Blake's position to the country, nor was I persuaded that publication was inevitable. That night I had dinner with Honourable David Mills, to whom I submitted the letter and with whom I collaborated in preparing an editorial to accompany its publication. Returning to the office I had the letter and the editorial put into type, but when I got the proofs into my hands I resolved to risk another day's delay and to make a personal appeal to Mr. Blake to maintain silence until Mr. Laurier could be consulted. I collected the type and the galley proofs, locked them in a cabinet in my room, and sent the paper to press without the disturbing letter and the feeble, inconsequential editorial which Mr. Mills and I had produced.

When I called upon Mr. Blake next day I found that he had sent for Mr. Jaffray, that he was aware of the decision of the Board and my contumacy, and from Mr. Jaffray had assurance that there would be no further attempt to suppress his statement. Mr. Blake also told me that he had sent the letter to Mr. D. Burk Simpson, president of the West Durham Reform Association, and he suggested that if it did not appear in *The Globe* it would appear in *The Mail* as a despatch from Bowmanville. I tried to give reasons why he should see Mr. Laurier before publishing such a destructive statement in face of a general election, but he retorted angrily that Laurier and Cartwright had not thought it necessary to consult him before calling a convention of the Liberals of Ontario, and declared that if the convention were not abandoned he would appear before the delegates and expose the impracticable and impossible trade policy which they sought to impose upon the party. Mr. Jaffray induced Mr. S. H. Blake, K.C., to appeal to his brother for withdrawal of the letter, but he was as unsuccessful as was Sir Oliver Mowat, who also saw Mr. Blake and advised its suppression. When it seemed to be settled beyond all question that neither persuasion nor remonstrance could turn Mr. Blake from his purpose *The Globe* directors met again and again agreed, with the approval of Sir Oliver Mowat, that the letter must be published. I did not oppose the decision for I could not see that there was any alternative. In the meantime Mr. W. T. R. Preston, organizer of the Liberal party, had heard of the letter and entered a very vigorous protest against its publication. I gave Mr. Preston no promise, although as the hours passed I drifted steadily towards the definite conviction that the Board's instructions would be again disregarded. At one o'clock in the morning I called Mr. Jaffray out of bed and reported that the letter would not appear, and that I believed I had a compromise to suggest which Mr. Blake would not reject. Mr. Jaffray remonstrated mildly at the other end of the telephone, but I knew that he was more surprised than angry and that whatever the political consequences of my action the judgment of the Board would be tempered with mercy.

In a letter which I arranged to have delivered to Mr. Blake early next morning I explained that I was wholly responsible for the further delay in publication, suggested that I should go down to Quebec and place the facts before Mr. Laurier, and urged that he should not make any public statement until I could report the result of my interview and present any proposal which Laurier might submit to avert an open rupture, the disastrous consequences to the party and the embittered personal relations which must be the result of the course of action upon which he had determined. To this Mr. Blake finally agreed. I telegraphed to Mr. Laurier at Montreal an urgent appeal for an immediate interview. I did not feel that I could consult Mr. Laurier or Sir Richard Cartwright without Mr. Blake's consent, but even if I had thought otherwise both were out of the country. On January 29th Mr. Laurier was to speak at a dinner of the New York Board of Trade, which was dissolved by the sudden death of Mr. Windom, Secretary of the Treasury in the Harrison Cabinet, while on January 30th Sir Richard Cartwright spoke at Boston. As I had hoped, Mr. Laurier got my despatch at Montreal on the way home from New York. His answer was: "I will be in Toronto in the morning." I saw Mr. Laurier shortly after his interview with Mr. Blake, but much of what was said cannot be disclosed. Blake agreed to defer any public statement until after the general election on condition that the Provincial Liberal Convention which had been called was not held. Cartwright bitterly resented the condition which Blake imposed, but the alternative was submission or disruption. I have always believed that Blake never fully understood, or at least would not admit even to himself, how vitally his dislike of Cartwright affected his action at this time, as I have always thought he cherished the expectation that Laurier would be set aside for himself as Hartington was set aside for Gladstone at a momentous hour in the history of the British Liberal party. I have wondered, too, if Sir Oliver Mowat was very anxious to suppress Mr. Blake's letter. He disliked unrestricted reciprocity and was inflexibly opposed to commercial union. But he was acute enough to see that Blake's letter would compel the Liberal party to reconsider the whole fiscal issue and he had no apprehension of any serious or definite movement towards political union with the United States. There was an eruption of annexation sentiment more formidable than he foresaw, but the masses of the party were not affected nor did any of the leaders give actual support to the agitation.

During the negotiations with Mr. Blake for the suppression of his letter, Mr. Farrer was in Washington. There is no doubt that he was trying to induce Mr. James G. Blaine, Secretary of State, to give public assurances that unrestricted reciprocity would be established if the Liberal party succeeded in the election. He was greatly embarrassed by the announcement from Ottawa when Parliament was dissolved that the United States Government had agreed to consider a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, with the modifications required by the altered circumstances of both countries. Sir John Thompson declared that the answer of Mr. Blaine "on behalf of his Government" to the representations of the Government of Canada "was an overture to Reciprocity". Mr. Farrer did not obtain from Blaine such a statement as he desired, but he did persuade the American Secretary of State to address a letter to Congressman Baker, of Rochester, in which he said: "There are no negotiations whatever on foot for a Reciprocity Treaty with Canada, and you may be assured no such scheme for reciprocity with the Dominion confined to natural products will be entertained by this Government". Of Mr. Farrer's activity at Washington Mr. Blake had no knowledge, nor had Mr. Laurier any direct responsibility for his movements. Sir Richard Cartwright had full knowledge and, as I have said, had himself gone to Washington in the endeavour to effect an understanding with the United States Government, but beyond the letter to Mr. Baker, which was not indefensible under the circumstances, neither Mr. Blaine nor any of his colleagues entered into any compromising alliance with the Liberal leaders of Canada. There can be no doubt that Mr. Blaine was favourable to political union between the two countries and that he had confidential relations with Mr. Farrer, but he did not engage in any intrigue against the Macdonald Government or give moral or material support to the Opposition in the general election in which free trade with the United States was the supreme issue between the Canadian parties. On the other hand, the McKinley tariff and other measures of legislation and administration at Washington during this period were designed to affect the political destiny of Canada.

In Sir Richard Cartwright's volume of Reminiscences there is this reference to Mr. Blake's letter: "The election at the last was rather hurried, and the writs were issued at a moment when both Sir Wilfrid Laurier and myself were absent from Ontario. The instant it was known that they were about to issue, Mr. Blake prepared to publish a letter condemning our policy and had it actually in type in a paper in his old riding. This was discovered by a staunch friend of ours who had influence enough with the publisher to defer the publication of the letter till he had time to communicate with certain of our supporters in Toronto, who brought such pressure to bear upon Mr. Blake that he finally, though with a very bad grace, suspended its publication till after the election. My own opinion of his conduct was such that I never spoke to him nor held any communication with him from that day, and I prefer to state the facts without further comment. The results are another matter."

In references to Mr. Blake or Sir John Macdonald it was difficult for Sir Richard to be just and impossible for him to be generous. There is no reason to think that Blake took deliberate advantage of the absence of Laurier and Cartwright from the country. He could not have thought that *The Globe* would refuse to publish his letter or that Mr. Burk Simpson would block its publication at Bowmanville. Moreover, there was *The Mail* in the full flower of independence, and other journals which would have been eager to give him a hearing. But from the first Mr. Simpson seems to have resolved that the letter should not go to the public. It is understood that it was not in type at Bowmanville, nor ever left Mr. Simpson's possession. He had a more difficult task than mine, but he was skilful enough and resolute enough to control a convention of Mr. Blake's own constituents. There was read to the convention a letter from Blake expressing gratitude for long and faithful support which deeply affected the delegates, but they had no knowledge of the reasons for his refusal to be renominated nor any suspicion that Mr. Simpson had persuaded Mr. Blake not to appear at the convention chiefly by insisting upon a rigid observance of the compact with Laurier that he would not speak until after the election. In *The Globe* office the printers, proofreaders and reporters necessarily had knowledge of the letter, and although there were many Conservatives among them, the fact that *The*

Globe had received such a communication or that it was put into type was not revealed. This I have always regarded as a striking illustration of the high code of honour which prevails among printers and journalists. Nor did I exact any pledge of silence or suggest directly or indirectly that there was any obligation upon printers, reporters or editors to respect the secrets of the office in which they were employed.

The letter which Mr. Blake published on the morning after the election appeared simultaneously in many Canadian journals and in *The London Times.* The Ottawa correspondent of *The Times* was Mr. Fred. Cook, who was also correspondent of *The Toronto Empire*, then the chief organ of the Conservative party. Mr. Cook was also Reuter's agent at Ottawa. Rumour was busy with the letter which Mr. Blake was understood to have written in explanation of his attitude towards unrestricted reciprocity and his reasons for not seeking re-election in West Durham. Naturally Mr. Cook was anxious to obtain a copy. He suggested to Reuter by cable that he should be instructed to see Mr. Blake and explain how deeply Great Britain was interested in his attitude and how much Reuter would appreciate a copy of his statement. Armed with this message, Mr. Cook came to Toronto and saw Mr. Blake at his home. Mr. Blake expressed surprise that the Reuter Agency should be interested, but explained that while he was honoured by the request, his first duty was to his own country and that the letter must be published in Canada as early as in the Old Country. He would not promise that Reuter should have first publication, but assured Mr. Cook that he should have a copy of the statement as soon as any other newspaper or agency. A few days later Cook had a letter from Blake dated at Toronto, February 22nd, 1891. "Referring," he said, "to the request made through you by Reuter for a copy of my paper, which, as I informed you, is not to be made public till after the election, I have looked at it in view of what you told me and I see that even eliminating the personal paragraphs, it is much longer than ordinary cable limits would allow. I intend to-morrow to mail a copy to a friend in London, England, and if you desire, I will request my friend to let Reuter have it for the press as soon as it reaches London, not earlier than 5th March. Should you not so desire, my friend will place it in other hands. If you wish me to give this direction wire me to-morrow giving me Reuter's London address. I write this in fulfilment of the spirit of my promise that your people should have the paper as early as any on the other side of the Atlantic. But I need hardly repeat to you that I have no personal wishes on the subject."

Mr. Cook was apprehensive of delay on the ocean and suggested that Mr. Blake should let him have a copy of the letter in confidence on the day preceding that set for publication. On February 25th Mr. Blake wrote that he would mail a copy to Mr. Cook "by the morning mail of March 5th if you wish, so that you can have it in Ottawa that evening in case of any mishap in London. This, however, I can do only on your undertaking to keep the document absolutely secret on this side of the water." The letter reached London a day or two before polling in Canada. Early on the morning of election-day Mr. Cook received a cable message from Reuter's Agency that the letter was in its possession and expressing gratitude for his foresight and vigilance. An hour or so later Mr. E. F. Jarvis, at that time Mr. Blake's parliamentary private secretary and now Assistant Deputy Minister of Militia and Defence, called at Mr. Cook's house, as instructed by Mr. Blake, with a copy of the letter in a sealed envelope. Cook showed Jarvis the message from Reuter and suggested that as he did not require the copy it was probably better that it should not be left in his hands. He refused the envelope because he was anxious not to leave himself open to suspicion of bad faith if there should be premature publication. *The Times* gave the letter in full, and a summary furnished by Reuter appeared in many other newspapers in Great Britain. For securing this letter in advance of other news agencies and for an early copy of Sir John Macdonald's last appeal to the Canadian people, the Reuter Agency gave Mr. Cook $500. One of the grievances among Liberals was that Mr. Blake had transmitted his letter to London through the correspondent of the chief Conservative organ. This was not done, but even if Mr. Cook had been chosen as the direct medium of communication with Reuter it is certain that he would have scrupulously observed the confidence reposed in his honour and discretion, notwithstanding his intimate relations with Sir John Macdonald and the Conservative leaders.

The letter which Mr. Blake published on March 6th, 1891, was not the letter he sent to *The Globe* and Mr. Burk Simpson. The original communication, much shorter, but similar in argument and conclusion, has never been published. The manifesto of March 6th argued that Great Britain would never reimpose protectionist duties in favour of colonial producers while unrestricted free trade with the United States secured for a long term of years would, even though accompanied by higher duties against the rest of the world than he for one admired, give Canada in practice the great blessing of a measure of free trade much larger than we enjoyed or could otherwise attain. "Direct taxation, even in its most promising form, a succession tax, was out of the question, and therefore of the financial problem presented by unrestricted reciprocity he had seen no solution which would leave us without a great deficit." Any feasible plan of unrestricted reciprocity involved differential duties and the substantial assimilation in their leading features of the tariffs of the two countries. The absence of agreement would give to each country power to disturb at will the industrial system of the other and unrestricted reciprocity, without an agreed assimilation of duties, was an unsubstantial dream. Unrestricted reciprocity, therefore, in its redeeming features was difficult to distinguish from commercial union. Hence "Commercial union, establishing a common tariff, abolishing international custom houses and dividing the total duties between the two countries in agreed proportions, would be the more available, perhaps the only available plan". The tendency in Canada of unrestricted free trade with the United States and high duties against the United Kingdom would be toward political union, and the more successful the plan the stronger the tendency, both by reason of the community of interests, the intermingling of population, the more intimate business and social connections and the trade and fiscal relations amounting to dependency which it would create with the States, and of the greater isolation and divergency from Britain which it would produce, and also and especially through inconveniences experienced in the maintenance and apprehensions entertained as to the termination of the treaty. Therefore, Mr. Blake contended, "Whatever you or I may think on that head, whether we like or dislike, believe or disbelieve in political union, must we not agree that the subject is one of great moment, towards the practical settlement of which we should take no serious step without reflection or in ignorance of what we are doing. Assuming that absolute free trade, best described as commercial union, may and ought to come, I believe that it can and should come only as an incident, or at any rate as a well understood precursor of political union, for which indeed we should be able to make better terms before than after the surrender of our commercial independence. Then so believing—believing that the decision of the trade question involves that of the constitutional issue for which you are unprepared and with which you do not even conceive yourselves to be dealing—how can I properly recommend you now to decide on commercial union."

The Globe interpreted Mr. Blake's manifesto as a declaration in favour of political union between the United States and Canada. It pointed out that during the election campaign the Conservative press had continuously asserted that he had withdrawn from public life because he felt that unrestricted trade with the United States was a disloyal policy, while his letter showed that he was for absolute free trade on the distinct understanding that it should terminate in political union without which it could not be carried out or even so much as be obtained. "Mr. Blake," *The Globe* said, "alone is responsible for these opinions and for the far-reaching conclusion to which they lead. The Tory press which alleged that he was not willing to go as far as his party made a crucial mistake—his party is not willing to go as far as he. It is confident with all respect for him that unrestricted trade can be got without any sacrifice of political autonomy and worked without any very serious inconvenience to the revenue. It refuses pointblank to move in the direction of political union and is convinced, moreover, that it would not be necessary to do so in order to secure the boon which it has set out to obtain. Such is the view of all those Liberals whom *The Globe,* in the present hurly-burly, has been able to consult. Speaking for itself, this journal feels bound to say with all the emphasis at its command that Mr. Blake's main proposition, if we may so term it, is wholly distasteful. The country is in a bad plight, but a rough hand was laid on the Government's shoulder yesterday, and there is still a chance for recovery, provided the people assert themselves before it is too late. We prefer to take that chance rather than to share with Mr. Blake the responsibility of advocating political union which, as he knows, would be for Canada a revolution of tremendous magnitude, and for Britain perhaps the beginning of the end of her glorious Empire. At the same time we would not be Liberals if we challenged his right or that of any other Canadian to discuss the subject of our national future from the continental standpoint. What effect the pronouncement of so distinguished a man may have upon current politics remains to be seen. The present régime is fast breaking up and the confusion visible on all hands will be increased by this weighty deliverance. It will be the duty of the Liberal leaders, we should imagine, to define their position without delay, for, coming on the heels of yesterday's elections, Mr. Blake's utterance cannot fail to produce a feeling of profound anxiety throughout the Dominion. *The Globe* has championed British connection for fifty years and means to continue on that line until loyalty to Britain becomes treason to Canada. Things have not reached that fateful pass yet and we pray they never may."

Naturally there was a fierce outcry in the Conservative newspapers over *The Globe's* interpretation of Mr. Blake's letter. Many Liberal journals read the letter only as an exposure of the impracticability of unrestricted reciprocity and a frank intimation to the country that political union was the inevitable, ultimate outcome of the policy to which the Liberal party under Laurier and Cartwright was committed. Many messages came to Mr. Blake in urgent appeal for a more definite statement of his position and an unequivocal repudiation of *The Globe's* conclusion. For four or five days he was silent, but on March 11th he wrote from Ottawa: "The contradictory inferences to which a sentence in my Durham letter, detached from its context, has in several quarters unexpectedly given rise, conquers my reluctance to trespass again so soon upon your columns, and I crave space to say that I think political union with the United States, though becoming our probable, is by no means our ideal, or as yet our inevitable future." But no word of re-proof ever came to *The Globe,* nor in many intimate conversations that I had with Mr. Blake before he left Canada for London to take the seat for Longford in the Imperial Parliament did he ever refer to the subject. When the National Liberal Convention of 1893, responsive to powerful influences within the party, so recast its fiscal policy as to escape the implication of intention to discriminate against Great Britain, Mr. Blake in a public statement expressed satisfaction and declared that the revised platform was in consonance with the views which he had entertained and expressed. So I leave the mystery of the West Durham manifesto to the future, which may or may not afford a final and complete revelation. In the bye-elections of 1892 Blake's letter was the chief reliance of the Conservative Government and was infinitely damaging to the candidates of the Liberal party. Thereafter the door was closed forever to any prospect of reunion or co-operation between Blake and the leaders of the Canadian party which he had done so much to create and so much to divide and destroy.

Sir John Willison, in his next chapter, will discuss the ever-present problem, "Race and Religion in Canada".

ON A BALKAN SUNSET

(TO MY WIFE)

By O. D. A. STEVENSON

ALONG the line of mountain walls
The western sky with colour glows,
While all around the twilight falls
In loveliest tints of gold and rose.

But, though the sun no more is here,
His light still lives; for, bright and high,
The silver moon swings calm and clear,
Soft shining in the eastern sky.

A lesson sweet for lonely hearts—
The sun's light in the bright moon lies!
So, distance lovers only parts—
Love, like the sunlight, never dies!

BOLSHEVISM

BY W. A. WILLISON

MR. SAMUEL GOMPERS, President of the American Federation of Labour, made the statement, on the eve of his departure to Paris to attend the International Labour Conference, that American organized labour will fight the spread of Bolshevism with every energy at its command. "Bolshevism," he declared, "is as great an attempt to disrupt the trade unions as it is to overturn the Government of the United States."

Again, at the annual meeting of the American Federation of Labour at St. Paul, Mr. Gompers said:

"I am not going to give up voluntarily the labour movement with its achievements of to-day, to look for the chimerical to-morrow. I think the greatest, the most radical, the most idealistic, and the most fantastical declaration which any body of men has made has been by the Bolsheviki of Russia. And they have lost, not only the meat from the bone, but the bone itself, and have not even the shadow. We here prefer to go on in this normal way of trying to make the conditions of life better to-day than they were yesterday."

In pursuance of such normal methods lies the salvation of democracy. There is no virtue in Bolshevism save the virtue that good may bring out of evil. It is not the purpose here to review the progress and causes of the Russian Revolution, but to reveal the truth, so far as it may be gathered, of Bolshevist rule. The old régime in Russia fell owing to its incapacity to deal with the complex political problems raised by modern war. The further course of the revolution was determined by the rapid disintegration of the Russian army and by the early assumption of power by extreme social elements. From the first there was intense rivalry between the Duma Committee and the Council, or Soviet, of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies. The first Provisional Government was a compromise between the Liberal and Constitutional Duma Committee and the Revolutionary Socialist Soviet. Kerensky, who was Vice-President of the Soviet, became the representative of the socialistic groups in the first Provisional Government. From then until now the history of the revolution has been a struggle between factions, in which extreme has given place to extreme, until to-day Lenin and Trotsky, under Bolshevism, control the country and menace the world with extravagant doctrines. It was on November 7 that the Bolsheviki captured the Soviet Congress, attacked the Provisional Government in the Winter Palace, and seized the supreme power.

A close student of Russian affairs, in the September *Round Table*, says:

> "The Bolsheviks, led by the cold and stubborn fanatic Lenin and the clever adventurer Trotsky, solved the problem of power in a reckless and simplified manner of their own. They cared little enough for Russia; their aim was to bring about a world revolution. They attracted the soldiers by the promise of immediate peace, the peasants by the promise of the immediate-socialization of land, and the workmen by the promise of the immediate establishment of labour control in the factories. They forthwith created an armed force and

ruthlessly applied coercion to their opponents. The Bolshevik idea of the triumph of the masses over their exploiters, over the bourgeoisie, spread like an epidemic through the land and for a time rendered futile every attempt at resistance. The Bolsheviki seized the opportunity, before the army had dispersed, to create a Praetorian guard of their own, and then, masters of the situation, proceeded to carry out their social experiments.

"The Bolsheviks carried out their promises. They did make a peace that placed the richest parts of Russia under the control of German Imperialists and created in the rest of Russia a state of perpetual civil war. But, at any rate, the army broke up finally and the soldiers drifted back to their homes. The Bolsheviks did proclaim the confiscation of private estates and of monastic and crown lands, but no system was devised for the partition of land among the peasantry. The result was an orgy of plunder and destruction in which the worst instincts of the peasantry found vent, but which brought them not the slightest economic relief. Indiscriminate land grabbing simply led to a strikingly unequal distribution of the land of private estates among the peasantry, and thence to further conflict between villages and individual peasants. The workmen were given control over the factories, or the factories were nationalized. But the workmen proved incapable of managing the factories they controlled or of inducing themselves or their comrades to work with any energy. And in spite of the enormous sums spent by the Bolshevik Government on subsidies for the payment of wages to workmen who toyed with their work, the factories closed down, one after another, and the workmen drifted into the streets. The store of manufactured goods swiftly declined, paper money became valueless, and there was practically nothing to give the peasants in exchange for their produce. Add to this the fact that communications were cut by civil war or German occupation, that transport, which had been overstrained by the war, had now sunk into a deplorable condition, and that the suggestion of anything like a normal circulation of goods sounded like bitter irony, and it becomes intelligible that the masses in a few months began to realize that the Bolshevik peace was considerably worse than war. The food shortage became appalling, and punitive expeditions were sent into the country to extort corn from the peasants.

"That is the material side. The system of rule is, in theory, a dictatorship of the proletariat exercised through central and local Soviets of workmen, soldiers and peasants. The propertied classes are disfranchised, also the educated class in so far as its members do not accept the Bolshevik creed. But workmen, too, and peasants who elect non-Bolsheviki find themselves forcibly disfranchised. And, in fact, Bolshevik rule is a clumsy autocracy exercised by Lenin and Trotsky through the Red Guard or Red Army they formed during the period of the dissolution of the regular army. The Red Army, which is incapable of resistance to an organized and disciplined force, terrorizes the population, and serves as the instrument of a tyranny more immediately cruel, more openly unscrupulous, than any that the Ministers of the old régime could have conceived or exercised. That the Press is completely gagged, that liberty of action is a matter of purchase or evasion, that corruption runs riot, that justice is a legend, that human life has become almost as valueless as the rouble in an epidemic of murder and massacre—these are the cold facts of the Bolshevik rule."

What the Bolsheviks demand is a revolution in the established order of modern society which would deny authority and the means of livelihood to any but those professing their principles. They would have Labour own the tools of production and control the workshops. They would divide all land among the peasants and agricultural labourers. Their creed means the overthrow of the manufacturer and the merchant. It menaces the welfare of every man who, by individual initiative and ability, has created his own business or established his little shop. It denies recognition to everything but mediocrity. It acknowledges only manual workers. There is no place in its citizenship for men who have made sufficient out of their own efforts to retire in their old age upon their little savings. Those who direct industrial affairs, the professional men and women who conduct great departments of public life, are aristocrats or bourgeoisie who are permitted to live only at the discretion of a tyrannical and ignorant party exercising an autocratic power as despotic and brutal as anything in history. Something of the true condition of Bolshevism is revealed in the Note of the Neutral States to the People's Commissary for Foreign Affairs at Moscow which was presented by the Swiss Ambassador and President of the Diplomatic Corps in Russia at

Petrograd, on September 5, 1918. The note reads:

> "Inasmuch as the representatives of tho diplomatic corps at Petrograd were able to ascertain, definitely, the mass arrests of persons regardless of age and sex, as well as the summary convictions imposed by soldiers of the Red Army day after day, they requested a conference with Commissary Zinovieff and were received by him on Monday, September 3. They declared that it was not their purpose to interfere in any way with the struggle between political parties now raging in Russia; they desired only from the standpoint of humanity and in the name of tho Governments which they represent, to express their most porfound indignation at the régime of terror introduced in Petrograd, Moscow, etc.
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> "Prompted by the single purpose of satisfying their hatred against an entire class of citizens, without being authorized by any governmental authority, armed mon, day and night, break into private dwellings, steal and plunder, and arrest and throw into prison hundreds of unfortunates who have nothing to do with the political struggle, and whose only guilt consists in belonging to the class of the bourgeoisie, the extermination of which is being preached by the leaders of the communists in their newspapers and their speeches. The distracted families are denied every possibility of finding out where their members are confined; they are refused permission to see the imprisoned or to bring them needed food.
>
> "Such acts of terrorism on the part of men who boast that they want to bring about the happiness of the entire human race, are incomprehensible, and they arouse the indignation of the entire civilized world, which is now learning about the events at Petrograd.
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> "The diplomatic corps has deemed it necessary to convey its indignation to the People's Commissary, Zinovieff. It protests energetically against the arbitrary acts occurring every day. The representatives of the neutral Governments reserve for their Governments the right to demand of the persons guilty of these arbitrary acts the needed satisfaction and personal legal responsibility. The diplomatic corps requests that this note be brought to the attention of the Soviet Government."

This official condemnation of organized brutality reveals one side of Bolshevist rule. A striking picture of the general chaos which this Government has created in Russia is given in a public statement of Titoff, Socialist member of the Russian delegation which visited London in January for the purpose of informing the Government and people of the critical conditions in Russia. The delegation consisted of Shebeko, late Russian Ambassador in Vienna, and Gurko, brother of the famous general, both Conservatives; Tretjakov, a Liberal, and Titoff and Krovopuskov, Moderate Socialists.

Titoff, in a public statement, said:

> "Under the cloak of socialism, tyranny has been restored. The situation created by the Bolsheviki in Northern and Central Russia threatens to produce general starvation, complete ruin of economic life and the annihilation of the Russian educated classes and of Russian civilization.
>
> "All newspapers, with the exception of Bolshevist publications, have been suppressed and the right of arranging public meetings is only given to the Bolsheviki. Not only the Bourgeois, but all the Socialist parties have been branded as counterrevolutionary. All prominent members of these parties who were unable to escape have been arrested and thrown into prisons with common criminals, and they only receive food brought in by their relatives.
>
> "Justice and law courts do not exist. The prisons are crowded with people who are detained without any legal grounds. For the most part, youngsters of eighteen or less have replaced dismissed magistrates and their examinations are veritable tortures and very often culminate in executions without any trial. People are frequently shot by their guards when being taken from one prison to another.
>
> "All industrial and commercial enterprises have been nationalized, and most of the works and factories are at a standstill or have been obliged to reduce their output to the utmost. Even discharged workmen get wages for several months in advance from Government funds. An enormous army of commissaries and clerks, consisting mainly of Bolsheviki, are receiving enormous salaries.
>
> "This swallows up millions from the national resources, forcing the Soviet Government to flood the country with worthless paper money. The financial system is utterly destroyed and banks are abolished.

In case this picture of Russian conditions may be regarded as suspect because it is the statement of a delegate sent to Allied countries by those interested in correcting such conditions, the following extract from an article printed by *The Nation*, the British Liberal review, is not open to the same criticism. *The Nation*, which dismisses most of the witnesses against Bolshevism as "utterly discreditable", says, however, that Maxim Gorky "at least is above suspicion. In the modern literature, not merely of Russia, but of the world, he occupies a place apart." Gorky's description of the conditions under Bolshevism, which were published in *Novaia Zhisn*, which he founded at the beginning of the Revolution, are as severe an indictment of the Government as that of Titoff. To quote from *The Nation*:

"From day to day, Maxim Gorky chronicled what he saw, and almost daily he renewed his passionate appeal that the leaders of the revolution should be conscious of their responsibility, and should give the masses the light without which they lived and perished as the beasts. With the first Bolshevist outbreak of July, his voice becomes more desperate. He sees in the endeavour to rouse the ignorant people against the revolutionary Government deliberate criminality. He describes scenes which must convince his audience that the indictment he is slowly shaping is true. The November days come, and with them an increase in Gorky's fear, and also of his conviction that the Bolshevist leaders are deliberately setting themselves to arouse all the beastlike instincts in the ignorant mob, not with any view to a subsequent reconstruction of society, but merely in order to gratify a cold-blooded intellectual curiosity. The new Government allows no books to be published. All newspapers, save those which incite their readers to acts of redoubled violence against the bourgeoisie, are suppressed. The Commissary of Education abolishes the great Russian writers from the schools and replaces them by a modern poet who has won notoriety by his glorification of the obscene. The peasants are blockading the towns, and the Bolshevists, who know that their power depends on the acquiescence of the peasantry, connive at their extortions. Most of the Soviet officials are themselves engaged in the illicit trade. The Red Guards, the railway workers, and the Bolshevist officials alone are fed, and the sole ray of light in the growing darkness is the news that one group of railwaymen—a very small group, alas!—has refused to accept the unequal treatment.

"'I cannot love the proletariat,' says Gorky, 'but I can forgive it. It is stupid and cruel because it does not know. But Lenin is not to be forgiven. What has he, the grand seigneur, to do with the proletariat? He is a ruthless experimenter with the lives of men. He has deliberately sought for anarchy and provoked it, not in order that good may come out of the chaos which he has created, but merely in order to see what will emerge. One day the people will understand what Ulianoff-Lenin has done to them, how he has made them beasts that he may treat them as beasts; and then they will turn upon him also. Till that time there is one hope in the midst of so great despair. By this orgy of indulgence the beast instincts in the people may be glutted, and at last in a final paroxysm the devil of cruelty and bestiality cast out.'"

Titoff's statement of the failure of industries under the Bolshevist policy of nationalization is supported by a host of statements from authoritative sources. Dr. E. J. Dillon, an authority on Russia, who received the degree of Master of Oriental Languages at the University of Petrograd and was professor at the University of Kharkoff, declares that the Bolshevist Government has no future, since it is utterly impossible to carry on industry and commerce on the lines on which the Bolsheviki work. He adds:

"Not ten per cent. of the factories of Russia are working at the present time. Industry is practically at a standstill, because under the system of the Bolsheviki the factories have been seized by workmen who have no capital to carry on the industries. Of course, many workmen got a great deal of money, but what happened was simply that they took money and used it up on themselves and the things they were interested in or wanted to spend it for, and then there was none left. There is nothing left now. Economically, it is absolutely impossible for the Bolshevist Government and the Bolshevist system of running things to last."

The experiences of the banks are described by Frederick M. Corse, General Manager in Russia of the New York Life Insurance Company. Mr. Corse recently returned to New York City after seventeen years' residence in Russia. He says:

"The Volga Kama Bank was one of the biggest and richest in Petrograd. It was like the National City Bank here. I had the largest account in it. The Bolsheviki, early in 1918, deposed its president and board of directors and put a man who had been the bank's rear yardman in charge of the bank. I had to deal with him and he was still there when I left.

"All private banks had this same experience. Multiply the Volga Kama Bank's experience by a thousand and you have the situation. To draw 150 roubles took three days, with all sorts of preliminaries such as getting permits and visés in different parts of the city. But if you paid to certain lesser Bolshevik functionaries 25 per cent. of the amount that you drew, you could draw a million roubles.

"When I left Russia, the efficiency of industries had been reduced 70 per cent., and the results of the committee system were the gradual closing of factories and shops everywhere. There is a lack of skilled men. Cost of production is too high. The labour committees are utterly ignorant of administration, and make no provision for depreciation. Much machinery has been wantonly destroyed by rowdyism, spite and grudge."

This statement of the ruin of industry by Bolshevism is supported from numerous sources. As an example of repeated press statements, the following from Berne to *The New York Times*, on December 23, may be quoted:

> "Reliable information from Russia brings confirmation of reports that the socialization of industry there is a complete failure. Official statistics show that in almost all the 513 mills and factories controlled by the State expenses have considerably exceeded receipts.
>
> "During the first four months of 1918 the Government paid out over 400,000,000 roubles to cover these deficits, and has been obliged up to the present to advance over 1,000,000,000 roubles to the factories under its control. Technical experts assert that Russian industry has been crippled for many years to come by the Bolshevist régime."

If more official information is demanded, it is contained in numerous speeches by Mr. Lloyd George. Speaking on production in a great statement to Labour during the recent election campaign, he said:

> "Bolshevism is the poison of production; Russia proves that. Russia will not begin building up a productive system until Bolshevism has worked itself out. Meanwhile there will be great suffering and penury throughout the land and all classes will suffer alike."

Again, while condemning class government in his final campaign speech, he said:

> "In Russia you have got now the claim that government must be entirely in the hands of one class. They won't allow the other classes even to vote. What is the result? The result is chaos, anarchy, confusion. Have the working classes benefited? There is starvation there, there are people dying by scores of thousands for want of food, credit is gone, there is no work, there are massacres all over the place, and Heaven knows what is going to happen in Russia.

Striking testimony to the true character of the Bolshevist régime is contained in an article on "Bolshevik 'Industrial Government' ", prepared by Gustavus Myers for the League of National Unity, which appeared in *The National Civic Federation Review*, on December 20. In this article Professor Ludovic H. Grondys, a Socialist, gives much first-hand information gathered during a long tour of Russia recently. "At the outbreak of the war he was Professor of Physics and Mathematics in the Technical Institute of Dordrecht, Holland, and also one of the editors of *The University Review of Philosophy*, Holland. He is now correspondent for *L'Illustration* and *Le Temps*. En route to Siberia, he was in New York in October, 1918, and there gave ample details of the Bolshevik evperiment, as quoted in *The Review*.

> "He said: 'Almost all the Bolshevik leaders are people who have returned from America. These were supplemented by an immense swarm of criminals released from Siberia, as also liberated criminals from the prisons in Moscow, Petrograd and other places. A certain number of those exiled to Siberia under the old régime were political prisoners, but a far greater number were actual criminals.
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> "'The first thing that these did after getting back to Russia was to burn courts and police courts. They thus destroyed records and Rogues' Galleries. With the records of their criminality destroyed, they could safely pose as political martyrs. With great assurance they did so. This explains why so many criminals became Presidents of Soviets, and this helps to explain also the bloody conflicts between villages, and

why so many criminals are in control. Every town and village has the right to have a Revolutionary Tribunal, and can decree anything it pleases. All laws have been abolished. Only those having certificates of being thorough-going Bolsheviki can be elected to Soviets or Revolutionary Tribunals. The principle (!) prevails everywhere that 'Anybody who has been in Siberia and has suffered from the law ought to know something about it.'

"While on the subject of the criminals running Russia, it is well here to advert to a description of some of them given by General A. Dobrajansky, who recently arrived in New York City as the representative of a group of united Russians. General Dobrajansky says:

" 'As an instance of the calibre of men composing the various Soviets, (self-elected representatives of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Committee), let me cite a few names of the members of the Soviet of Blagowestchensk. We have the President, Tobelson, a German spy, ex-jailbird and robber; Mochin of the Executive Committee, a deserter from the Russian army, a counterfeiter and ex-jailbird; his assistant, Tchatkovsky, also an ex-jailbird; Commissioner of Prisons, Emilianoff, ex-jailbird and robber; his assistant, Nakileff, previously condemned to jail for robbery; the Commissioner of Food, who was convicted for misappropriation of funds; Korovin, Commissioner of Schools, an ex-jailbird; Tillick, convicted for robbery, now Commissioner of Finance; Mithin, Commissioner of Militia, an ex-jailbird, and finally, we have as Commissioner of Health, an illiterate peasant. And these are the men who are at the head of affairs in Russia to-day! '

"To return now to Professor Grondy's statement:

" 'Does the Soviet system represent the people's will? you ask. It does not. It is forced on the people. There are no real elections. The Bolsheviki use the Red Guards to pack assemblies and force their candidates. Voters are exclusively Bolsheviki, and only Bolsheviki or those having no property can be eligible to office. This claim of Bolsheviki being propertyless is not true. Many of them have amassed money. In all my tour I met only a few of them who were honest. School-masters are not eligible for Bolshevik village Soviets. They are too intelligent, and are regarded as intellectuals.

" 'Soviets have been the great craze. Every great apartment house has a Soviet. Every factory was put under the domination of a so-called Council of Workmen. I personally saw the application of the theory to many factories. For example, Koopp's agricultural machine factory, employing 500 men, at Alexandroffsky, near Rostoff. The Council of Workmen in this factory voted to make Koopp an employee at 500 roubles a month, and made one of the loudest talking workmen (who was also President of the Soviet) Director of the factory. They voted themselves salary increases of from 800 to 1,000 per cent.

" 'Every day the workmen held meetings, sometimes lasting several hours, in the factory. There they discussed their rights and privileges, but the words duties and obligations were unknown to them. They also voted themselves the right, 'as an intellectual necessity', to read newspapers during supposed working hours. Nominally, they 'worked' eight hours, but literally, not more than four and a half a day. But they paid themselves for all time spent in meetings, reading newspapers and loafing'."

The article continues with example after example of the destruction of industry and gives some striking details of the fate of workingmen who refused to follow the Red Flag. It quotes from the speech of Colonel Vladimir I. Lebedov, which he delivered in New York on December 2, 1918. Colonel Lebedov was Secretary of the Navy under Lvov and Kerensky, but left the Kerensky Cabinet because of failure to take strong measures against the Bolsheviki. He now holds the office of Associate of the Secretary of War of the Russian Omsk Government, in behalf of which he visited the United States.

Colonel Lebedov said in his New York speech:

"The Bolsheviki are shooting down the workingmen far more ruthlessly than under the old régime. They have been shooting them by the thousands in frequent massacres. In normal times there were about 400,000 workingmen in Petrograd. Early in the war there was a great influx of peasants who went to Petrograd to work. After the Bolsheviki seized power, hundreds of thousands of workers, mostly unskilled, left Petrograd for the country districts. By May, 1918, there were only 132,000 workingmen left in Petrograd, but these were the best kind of skilled labour. They had always lived in Petrograd and had nowhere else to go.

"In May, 1918, they began to revolt against the Bolsheviki. They held several enormous mass meetings which, because of the great numbers present,—more than 100,000 in all—the Bolsheviki were afraid to molest. They elected representatives and drew up resolutions denouncing the Brest-Litovsk treaty as a shameful peace which they didn't recognize, and declaring that, instead of peace, the Bolsheviki brought internal wars, and instead of bread they brought famine. The resolutions further asserted that, instead of liberty, the Bolsheviki had established a reaction to such an extent as never had existed in Russia. The workmen demanded the resignation of the Bolshevik Government, and the election of a Constituent Assembly. They sent delegates secretly to all Russian cities. In Moscow the workingmen adopted similar resolutions. Here, too, the Bolsheviki were afraid to take action. But in the provincial cities, where the meetings were smaller, the Bolsheviki imprisoned or shot thousands of workingmen in cold blood.

"As for the delegates elected by the workingmen of Petrograd and other cities to the Soviets, the Bolshevik Government would not allow them in those bodies. The Bolsheviki would not permit any Socialist, trade-unionist or labourite in the Soviets. They ordered the Red Guard to shoot them, and this was always done."

As a final evidence of the disastrous results of Bolshevism, we may quote from a special article in *The Fortnightly Review* of last December by Sir George Buchanan, who was appointed British Ambassador to Petrograd in 1910, and continued there for more than a year after the Revolution:

> "Nobody's life is safe—all their political opponents, whether belonging to the Socialist or non-Socialist parties, to the working class or to the aristocracy, are styled counter-revolutionaries, and as such are judged guilty and condemned to death. The process of passing sentence on individuals is even found too slow, and they are massacred in batches, the Red Guard or the Chinese mercenaries employed as executioners being free to choose their victims from the lists of the proscribed. Such are the methods by which those pseudo-democrats, Lenin and Trotsky, have attempted to found their Socialistic State, and such are the precepts of the Bolshevik gospel which they fain would see preached in this and other countries. The sympathy felt in certain quarters for Bolshevism is due entirely to ignorance of what Bolshevists really are. They are not democrats as we understand the meaning of that word. They are anarchists, and I am convinced that were any of our so-called Bolsheviki to go to Russia and see with their own eyes the crimes that are being committed there in the name of liberty, they would never call themselves Bolsheviki again."

In the face of such evidence, it is amazing that Bolshevist literature should have such a circulation in Canada. Bolshevism is not only "the poison of production", it is the enemy of progress. It panders to less than mediocrity and denies a hearing, and often a livelihood, to those who possess any personal initiative or ability. It is a foe to free speech. Not through Bolshevism will the world-dream of peace be realized or people be made happier. With it there can be no safety for democracy. Under its limited vision only the drones of the nations survive. The temper that is needed to repair the ravages of war and to reconstruct the world is the temper that found expression in the final campaign speech of Mr. Lloyd George in the recent British elections. We have already quoted his condemnation of Bolshevism as the poison of production:

> "There is one condition," he said, "for the success of all efforts to increase the output of this country—confidence. . . You must give confidence to all classes, confidence to those who have brains, to those who have capital, and to those with hearts and hands to work. I say to labour: You shall have justice; you shall have fair treatment, a fair share of the amenities of life, and your children shall have equal opportunities with the children of the rich. To capital I say: You shall not be plundered or penalized; do your duty by those who work for you, and the future is free for all the enterprise or audacity you can give us. But there must be an equal justice. Labour must have happiness in its heart. We'll put up with no sweating. Labour is to have its just reward. And when the whole world sees that wealth lies in production, that production can be enormously increased, with higher wages and shorter hours, and when the classes feel confidence in each other, and trust each other, there will be abundance to requite the toil and to gladden the hearts of all. We can change the whole face of existence."

The salvation of the future is not to be found in conflict between classes, but in the closer association of all elements. By such association the whole face of existence can be changed indeed.

A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

MR. J. E. DALRYMPLE

THE romance of modern business contains few more inspiring stories than that which is to be found in a review of the careers of the Vice-Presidents of the Grand Trunk Railway, who direct the traffic, operation, finance and other activities of that great railroad system. It is a story of endeavour, dogged and grim, of natural ability and of strength of character, and Canadians may be justifiably proud of it. It outlines the achievements of a little group of boys who entered the service of the railway at about the same time and who have steadily pursued success within the confines of the one corporation, until to-day they have not only risen to executive authority and vice-presidential rank, but have also become associated with many of our great enterprises outside the railroad sphere.

A notable member of this vice-presidential family, Mr. J. E. Dalrymple, has been receiving during the early days of this year the congratulations of his associates and of business men in general upon rounding out a half-century of life and completing at the same time thirty-five and a half years of service with the Grand Trunk Railway. The traffic arteries, upon the pulse of which this comparatively young man keeps an ever sensitive finger, serve eighty-nine per cent. of Canada's urban population grouped in its forty principal cities. They include not only the Grand Trunk Railway, but the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, the Grand Trunk Pacific Coast Steamship Lines, and other subsidiaries. It is a real job, being Vice-President in charge of traffic on a system whose gross earnings reached about one hundred million dollars last year. To fit the holder for the successful performance of the duties which the position involves, varied and wide experience, a capacity for getting things done, and sound, keen judgment are essential. Mr. Dalrymple has proved in the seven years which he has held that office that he possesses these qualifications in a marked degree. His first efforts in the business world were those of a very youthful junior clerk in the Treasurer's office of the Grand Trunk Railway at Montreal, his native city. The traffic manager of the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway took him out of the financial department and made him his secretary, and he later occupied a similar seretarial post with the general manager of the Grand Trunk Railway System, Mr. George B. Reeve. With an intimate knowledge of the policy and history

Mr. J. E. Dalrymple, Vice-President of the Grand Trunk Railway. Who recently celebrated the completion of his thirty-fifth year in the service of that System

of the road and with spurs already won as a young and promising railroad man, he next sought experience in the field, among shippers of freight, and became in turn Division Freight Agent of the Grand Trunk Railway at Hamilton and Detroit, and General Freight Agent of the Central Vermont Railway. He was assistant to the General Manager of the Grand Trunk System from March, 1901, to April, 1902, when he returned to the Central Vermont Railway to handle the growing freight traffic of that road. His success in that position led to his being chosen in 1905 as General Freight Agent of the Grand Trunk Railway System, and in 1908 he went to Winnipeg as Assistant Freight Traffic Manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway and Steamships.

The late Charles M. Hays recalled Mr. Dalrymple, at the age of forty-three, to Montreal as Vice-President of the Grand Trunk, Grand Trunk Pacific and Central Vermont Railways. In this vice-presidential office he has played an important part in developing the traffic of the system to its present magnitude.

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SERGEANT GOOD, V.C.

TWICE during the war—on January 11th and September 27th, 1918—the London *Gazette* has contained the names of no less than seven members of the Canadian Expeditionary Force who have been awarded the Victoria Cross "for valour".

In the more recent of these two lists

Sergeant Herman Good, V.C.

appeared the names of two New Brunswick men, Corporal (now Sergeant) Good and Private Croak—a matter of pride and rejoicing to the whole Province, for as it happens, they were the first of its sons who had enlisted with the Canadian forces to win the unpretentious bronze cross, recognized, throughout the Empire and beyond it, as the outward symbol of the highest courage, initiative and self-sacrifice.

The little town of Bathurst, in Gloucester County, on Chaleur Bay, claims Herman James Good as one of its own boys. He was born near Bathurst on November 29th, 1888. He was educated in a country school not far from the town, and his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Good, still live at Big River, in the neighbourhood.

The recruiting officer may well have congratulated himself when the future V.C. enlisted, for "physically he has always been an almost perfect specimen of manhood", and, "to those who know him best, it is not a very surprising thing that Herman Good has shown himself of the stuff of which heroes are made". His stalwart figure was not one to be passed unnoticed even in a crowd. Fair-haired, blue-eyed, five feet eleven in height, nearly two hundred pounds in weight, with thews and sinews exercised in heavy out-door work from his boyhood onward, the young man was cut out, it would seem, for the part of principal in such a single-handed encounter against mighty odds as the old ballad-makers loved to celebrate and immortalize in song.

The Canadian Magazine

THE DREDGE

From the Painting by C. W. Simpson,
Exhibited by
the Royal Canadian Academy

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REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

XI.—RACE AND RELIGION IN CANADA

IN 1896 the Manitoba school question was the chief issue between the parties. The Conservatives, under Sir Charles Tupper, were committed to the restoration of separate schools in Manitoba which a Provincial Liberal Government had abolished. The Liberal party under Mr. Laurier opposed coercion of Manitoba, but in all the Liberal leader's speeches there is no direct denial of the constitutional soundness of the position of his opponents. He was wonderfully dexterous, but neither uncandid nor dishonest. Substantially he contended that compulsion was impracticable and that greater concessions could be secured for the Roman Catholic minority of Manitoba by compromise and conciliation than by any legislation however ingeniously devised which must be imposed upon the recalcitrant Province by Federal authority. But whatever impression his guarded language may have created in the English-speaking communities, he never suggested that he would not apply Federal pressure if the Province should refuse adequate concessions, nor did he ever admit that the grievances of the minority were insignificant or that the Provincial legislation was not a substantial violation of the spirit of the Constitution. He was attacked with such violence by the Bishops of Quebec that a multitude of Orange Protestants flocked to his support. In the Quebec parishes, however, the lower clergy and the masses of his compatriots were persuaded that he would secure greater concessions for the minority of Manitoba than the Remedial Bill would ensure. As the controversy developed all other considerations in Quebec became secondary to the sentiment of racial loyalty to a French Canadian who had become leader of a national party and would become Prime Minister if his own Province and his own people adhered to his standard. There is nothing more remarkable in Canadian political history than the private canvass of Quebec for Laurier in 1896 and the skill, ardour and courage of his candidates in creating an organization and a sentiment, despite powerful adverse influences, which were irresistible on the day of polling. Under an English leader the Liberal party would have been defeated and without Quebec Laurier would not have triumphed.

It has to be said for Laurier that he did not try to keep the school question open for any partisan object. The issue was as embarrassing to the Liberal as to the Conservative party. If Sir Donald Smith had succeeded in effecting a settlement between the Liberal Government at Winnipeg and the Conservative Government at Ottawa he would have rejoiced. He would have supported the settlement as a happy release from a difficult situation. Of this Sir Donald Smith was convinced or he probably would not have attempted to compose the differences between the two Governments. It is not certain that the Provincial Ministers were so willing to sacrifice the political advantages of a dispute by which they had profited in successive elections. Nor was Mr. D'Alton McCarthy anxious for an understanding between the Governments. There is reason to think that his responsibility for the abolition of separate schools in Manitoba was neither indirect nor remote. By his opposition to separate schools and official recognition of the French language he had created the nucleus of a party and he was opposed to concessions in Manitoba which would impair his strength in the country and destroy an issue upon which he relied to embarrass the Conservative Government. He was opposed also for the higher reason that any concessions in his judgment would recognize the principle of separation in education, and he was greatly concerned to have only a common public school system established throughout Western Canada. He had closer relations with the Liberal Government of Manitoba than had the official Liberal leaders at Ottawa. When Honourable Joseph Martin determined to abolish separate schools in the Western Province neither Mr. Laurier nor Sir Oliver Mowat were consulted. They would not have approved if they had been consulted. Mr. McCarthy not only was consulted but probably directed, and there is no doubt that Mr. Edward Farrer had knowledge of what was contemplated. *The Mail* down to the amalgamation with *The Empire* in 1895 was behind Mr. McCarthy. It was the steady champion of all movements in which he was concerned, and it is curious that Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Farrer and Mr. Goldwin Smith, united against the Roman Catholic hierarchy, created conditions in the country which finally destroyed the unity of the Conservative party and gave victory to the Liberals under a Roman Catholic leader.

But among Liberals there was grave perplexity and foreboding for some time after the final judgment of the Imperial Privy Council in the Manitoba school cases. It was believed that the judgment of the Supreme Court affirming the constitutionality of the Provincial school legislation would be sustained. There was consternation, therefore, when the Privy Council decided that the Manitoba school regulations affected prejudicially the privileges of the Catholic minority and that if adequate concessions were refused by the Provincial authority the Federal Government could constitutionally give such relief as justice to the minority and fair observance of the Constitution required. It is doubtful if Conservative Ministers were grateful for the judgment. It is certain that Laurier was reluctant to move out of Torres Vedras. *The Globe* had steadily and firmly opposed interference with Manitoba. Now, however, an influential element in the Liberal party demanded that it should reverse its position and support remedial legislation. I was even provided with an editorial in which "the curve" was taken with infinite casuistry and temerity. But I resisted the appeal with such argument as I could command, took counsel with Mr. Jaffray, and on the morning on which it was desired that the retreat should begin *The Globe* restated its original position so resolutely and unequivocally that there was no further attempt to control its utterances, although there was much grieving and cursing over its precipitancy and implacability. At the time there were references in many newspapers to a dispute between the directors and the editor over the Manitoba school question so acute that I threatened to resign if *The Globe's* position was reversed. But there was no such quarrel nor any reason that I should offer my resignation. The course which *The Globe* pursued the party followed, at first perhaps with misgiving, but finally with conviction and confidence. If *The Globe* had hesitated or temporized confusion would have descended upon the Liberal party and ultimately the paper would have been repudiated or the party committed to a dubious and equivocal position on the chief issue before the country.

It is believed that Mr. J. Israel Tarte saw more quickly and more clearly than most of his parliamentary associates that if the Opposition could be united against the remedial bill the Conservative party would be disrupted in the English Provinces. With characteristic ardour and courage, he laboured to impress Liberal members from Quebec with the certain prospect of office for Laurier if they would boldly challenge the influences against which they would have to contend in the French constituencies. They hesitated, for they knew that the Hierarchy were behind the bill and would exert all their authority in behalf of members who gave the support required, and against those who opposed or obstructed its passage through Parliament. Whatever arguments Liberal candidates may have employed in the private canvass in Quebec they displayed signal courage and remarkable resource in the ordeal to which they submitted. But courage was never lacking in the old Rouge element of Quebec. They may sometimes have fought rashly and sometimes unwisely, but they were ever gallant and resolute. In many a battle they tasted defeat, but they seldom capitulated nor ever left the field dishonoured. Between the Rouges of Quebec and the Liberal party of Upper Canada which George Brown created there was a natural alliance, and their common efforts and achievements constitute brilliant chapters in Canadian history.

If Mr. Laurier hesitated to oppose the Remedial Bill it was because he knew, as few men did, the strength of the forces which would unite in its support and the character of the contest in which he must engage. He was, too, a French-Canadian and a Roman Catholic and naturally reluctant to seem to oppose the church and the race to which he belonged. For the school legislation of Manitoba affected French Catholics chiefly and was more peculiarly the concern of the French than of the Irish ecclesiastics. In the election, however, a far greater proportion of Irish than of French Catholics supported the Remedial Bill through the candidates of the Government. But however Laurier may have hesitated, he finally determined to maintain the doctrine of Provincial Rights, which was a cardinal principle of the Liberal party, although, as I have said, he never admitted that there was not a constitutional right of Federal intervention on behalf of the religious minority of Manitoba. He moved the "six months hoist" of the Remedial Bill and sanctioned, if he did not direct, the obstruction which prevented adoption of the measure before the legal life of Parliament expired.

There was a moment of intense concern when Laurier rose to move his motion, for Mr. Clarke Wallace rose simultaneously, and if he had been recognized by the Speaker, would have offered the motion which Laurier intended to submit. A motion by Laurier to reject the bill the French Liberals had agreed to support. A like proposal from Mr. Wallace they would not and could not support. They would have stood before Quebec as the allies of the Grand Master of the Orange Association, and a situation difficult enough for French Liberals would have become intolerable and impossible. Nor is it conceivable that the Opposition by any subsequent device or manoeuvre could have escaped the consequences of such association with the Orange leader if they opposed the Bill in Parliament or in the country. Fortunately for the Liberal party, Honourable Peter White, then Speaker of the Commons, recognized Mr. Laurier, and for Mr. Wallace there was no alternative but to support the motion which expressed the attitude of the Opposition. It was natural that the Speaker should recognize the leader of the Opposition against any private member, however eminent, but there is reason also to think that Mr. Peter White disliked the Remedial Bill and believed that if Mr. Wallace offered the motion for its rejection, the Liberal parliamentary party would be divided and a majority for the measure assured. Mr. Wallace, who had resigned from the Government over the decision to restore Separate schools in Manitoba, was not aggrieved by the Speaker's action. He was among the most vigorous and effective obstructionists in Parliament and was very influential during the general election in solidifying the extremer Protestant element against the Government. But if he co-operated with the Liberal party, he entered into no actual alliance with Mr. Laurier, and unlike Mr. D'Alton McCarthy when a settlement with Manitoba was effected by the Laurier Administration, he re-established an independent connection with the Conservative party. It is curious that Orangemen, who are commonly regarded as the "backbone" of the Conservative party, should have so often assisted the Liberal party to obtain office. A great body of Orangemen, angry over the murder of Thomas Scott at Fort Garry and dissatisfied with the behaviour of John Sandfield Macdonald, voted for Liberal candidates in Ontario in 1871 and gave Mr. Blake a victory which he probably could not have won without Orange support. Sir John Macdonald was greatly weakened in 1872 by the defection of Orangemen who believed that Riel was treated with excessive consideration and that there was feeble and indecisive handling of the Red River insurrection. In 1896 the revolt among Orangemen gave many constituencies to the Liberal party. Indeed, it is doubtful if Laurier could have carried the country without the support of an element which Liberals have seldom conciliated and generally distrusted and contemned.

I never doubted that the Liberal party would triumph in 1896, although the result in Ontario was less decisive and in Quebec more decisive than I expected. I remember that a few days before polling *The Globe* received a message from Quebec that at most only two or three Conservative candidates would be elected in the Quebec district. We thought the estimate so exaggerated and extreme that the despatch was not published. But the prophet was not discredited by the result. The tremendous energy and amazing endurance of Sir Charles Tupper vitally affected the situation in Ontario. He revived the spirit and restored the courage of the Conservative party and steadied a multitude of waverers. In all his strenuous life he never was more powerful or aggressive, more effective or more destructive, than in the campaign of 1896, although he fought upon an issue which was not of his making and with a party broken by mutiny and dissension. I have often wondered how Sir John Thompson would have handled the Manitoba school question if he had lived, or how Sir Charles Tupper would have framed the issue if he had been recalled from England before the Remedial Bill was introduced. While Tupper was reorganizing the Cabinet, it was reported that Mr. B. B. Osler, K.C., had been offered the position of Minister of Justice. But when the reorganization was completed and the Cabinet announced, Mr. Osler's name did not appear. I had not expected that he would enter the Cabinet, for he was opposed to Federal interference with the school legislation of Manitoba. If, however, he had accepted Sir Charles Tupper's proposal the bill would have been abandoned. On his return from Ottawa after his interview with Tupper he asked by telephone if he could see me at *The Globe* office. I suggested that he should allow me to go to his office. In the interview which followed he stated that he had been offered the position of Minister of Justice by Sir Charles Tupper and had declined for only one reason. I suggested that no doubt the reason was that he could not defend the Remedial Bill before the country. He said, "No. I was not asked to do so. I had the positive assurance from the Prime Minister that he would abandon the bill if I would enter the Government.'' He said, further, that he would have accepted save for the single reason that he was regarded as a Liberal. He had neglected to explain his position to the country. It was not understood that aside from the school question, he had greater confidence in Sir Charles Tupper than he had in the Liberal leaders. If he joined the Cabinet he would be suspected of betraying the Liberal party for office and exacting a price, which would confuse the issues before the country and possibly aggravate rather than compose the bitter racial and sectarian quarrel which the school question had produced. When I recall this statement by Mr. Osler I cannot think that Tupper was happy in the position which he had inherited, and I wonder that he did not insist upon a modification of the Remedial Bill or a complete withdrawal of the challenge to Manitoba when he accepted the office of Prime Minister and set himself to reorganize and reunite the Conservative party. If he believed that the Remedial Bill was strategically unwise and constitutionally unsound, he should not have attempted to force it through Parliament. If he thought there was a constitutional obligation upon the Government to give such full measure of relief to the religious minority of Manitoba as the bill provided, he should not have bargained with Mr. Osler.

I think of an incident of the campaign in Toronto. In the Centre Division Mr. William Lount, K.C., was the Liberal candidate against Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn. Mr. Lount rode "the Protestant horse'' not perhaps with great skill, but with extreme ardour. When it was suggested that Mr. Laurier should hold a meeting in Toronto, Lount declared that if the proposal were not summarily abandoned he would withdraw from the contest. Two weeks before polling Mr. J. K. Kerr, K.C., and I spent Sunday with Mr. Laurier at London, where he was the guest of Mr. C. S. Hyman. Laurier intimated his desire to speak in Toronto. We agreed that it was necessary that he should do so, and that the effect throughout the country of a successful meeting in the chief city of the Province would give inspiration and confidence to Liberal candidates and workers in the last days of the contest, and do something to create in other Provinces the impression that Ontario would give a substantial majority against the Government. I had *The Globe* announce next morning that Laurier would speak in Toronto, and during the day a meeting of Liberal workers was held to fix a date and arrange details. Mr. Lount protested that to bring the French Catholic leader to the city where sectarian feeling was so rampant was a fatal error, that he would be denied a hearing, that there would be organized interruption, tumult and disorder, and that the effect throughout the country would be infinitely damaging to Liberal prospects. When Laurier came there was such a demonstration in his honour as he can have had but seldom, even in his own Province. Hundreds who could not get into Massey Hall cheered with irrepressible fervor as he made his way to the meeting. Hundreds were still around the building when he reappeared two hours later. There was continuous cheering as he was escorted slowly and laboriously through a narrow lane of excited people to an overflow meeting at the old Queen Street Auditorium. Inside Massey Hall there was a meeting as memorable for its spontaneous and explosive enthusiasm as any ever held in Toronto. Sir John Macdonald himself never could have had a more tumultuous welcome in the Orange and Protestant stronghold of Canada. While he spoke there were frequent long rolls of applause, but not a whisper of dissent or protest. Indeed, I cannot think that I remember any other meeting in which there were such manifestations of an intimate and almost affectionate relation between the speaker and the audience, such ardour of emotion, such unity of sentiment. There was only one incident of less happy import. Mr. Lount, who was among the first speakers, held the floor so long that the audience became restive and indicated by persistent shuffling and stamping that its patience was exhausted. Thus for a few moments there were symptoms of disorder to justify Mr. Lount's prophecy. As we passed through the crowds from Massey Hall to the Auditorium, Laurier exclaimed: "Is this Tory Toronto?" It was, and Tory Toronto never more clearly expressed itself than in that remarkable demonstration over the French Catholic leader of the Liberal party.

Only mischief results when political expediency governs in the interpretation of a statute or the reading of a constitution. We have had in the educational clauses of the British North America Act a source of misunderstanding and confusion which has not made for national solidity and more than once has filled the country with the angry clamour of violent sectarian controversy. We have had during the whole period of Confederation a resolute and unceasing effort to read into the Constitution a guarantee of sectarian schools for every Province of the Confederation, and a steady denunciation of those who insist upon a different interpretation, and contend for the right of the Provinces to control over education, subject to their conception of the constitutional limitations, as zealots and bigots, and mischievous traders in racial and religious prejudices. It may be desirable, therefore, to investigate the origin of Separate schools in Canada and to trace the evolution of the Canadian Constitution.

As early as 1841, when the first attempt was made to establish a system of schools in Upper Canada, the right of Separate schools was obtained by the advocates of dogmatic religious teaching. This privilege was recognized in the first Common School Act for the Province which was passed five years later. But it was not until 1852 that the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics entered upon an active struggle for the extension of the Separate school system. Up to that year only fifty Separate schools had been established, and thirty-two of these had lapsed in the three years preceding. Thirteen of those remaining were Roman Catholic Separate schools; three were Protestant, two of these in French districts; and two were maintained for coloured children in Kent and Essex. In 1853 the provisions for Separate schools were revised and extended and all supporters of such schools were exempted from local or municipal school rates. Hitherto they had shared only in the Legislative grant and County school taxes; but no part of the municipal assessment could be applied for separate school purposes, and no municipal officer could be employed to collect rates for their support. The whole separate school movement was strenuously resisted by George Brown and his allies, while Bishop Charbonnel was as determined to secure absolute authority over the education of Catholic children and to establish separate schools wherever they could be supported. In 1856 the Bishop declared in a Pastoral letter that ''Catholic electors who do not use their electoral power in behalf of separate schools are guilty of mortal sin; likewise parents who do not make the sacrifices necessary to secure such schools or send their children to mixed schools''.

From year to year the school law was amended in minor particulars, separate schools increased in number from thirteen in 1852 to one hundred in 1858, and the clerical agitation for still more generous facilities for their support and organization was maintained with unabated vigour. Dr. Ryerson protested against the interference of priests and bishops belonging to Lower Canada with the school system of Upper Canada and denounced ''this double aggression by Roman Catholic Bishops and their supporters in assailing on the one hand our public schools and school system, and invading what has been acknowledged as sacred constitutional rights of individuals and municipalities, and on the other hand demanding the erection and support at the public expense of a Roman Catholic hierarchical school system.'' Finally, in 1860, Honourable R. W. Scott, then representing Ottawa in the United Parliament, introduced a Separate School Bill which, after three defeats in successive years, was adopted with modifications in 1863 and is the general basis of the law which now exists. In the final vote the representatives of Upper Canada gave ten of a majority against the measure, and it was thus imposed upon Ontario by a majority from Quebec. This in Ontario was the position at Confederation, while in Quebec Protestant public schools were maintained by the non-Catholic elements of the population.

According to Pope's Confederation Documents, the question of Education was first raised at the Quebec Conference on October 24th, 1864. On motion of Mr. Oliver Mowat it was resolved "That it shall be competent for the local Legislatures to make laws respecting (1) Agriculture, (2) Education, (3) Emigration'', and various other subjects thereinafter enumerated. On the next day Mr. D'Arcy McGee moved that "The following words be added to item 2—Education—'saving the rights and privileges which the Protestant or Catholic minority in both Canadas may possess as to their denominational schools at the time when the Constitutional Act goes into operation". This was the final deliverance of the Conference on the subject of Education, and it seems therefore to be conclusively established that the constitutional limitations upon Provincial control over Education were meant to apply only to Ontario and Quebec. It must be remembered also that the Conference which recommended this clause for insertion in the constitution made provision for the incorporation of British Columbia, Rupert's Land and the Northwest Territory in the new Commonwealth.

But to Sir A. T. Galt, not to McGee or Mowat, we trace the educational clauses in the Confederation settlement. Galt was a resolute foe of hierarchical pretensions, a vigilant champion of the rights and interests of the English minority in Quebec, and throughout all his public career a formidable figure in the political life of the country. He was Minister of Finance in the Coalition Government which was organized to carry Confederation, but resigned office in 1866 on account of its failure to pass legislation securing to the English minority of Lower Canada a fair share of the public funds for Protestant schools and a Protestant Board of Education. It must be remembered that no system of public schools existed in Quebec as in Ontario. In Ontario the schools of the majority were non-sectarian and open alike to Protestant and Catholic without offence to religious susceptibilities. In Quebec the schools of the majority were strictly Roman Catholic, devoted to the teaching of Roman Catholic dogma, and under the practical, if not the complete, control of the Roman Catholic hierarchy.

The position was clearly stated in a petition to the Throne from the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers of Lower Canada which was forwarded while the Canadian delegates were in London advising with the Imperial authorities upon the terms of the Confederation settlement. They represented that "under the educational law of Lower Canada, and in consequence of the denominational character of the schools of the Roman Catholic majority, your Majesty's subjects professing the Protestant faith are subjected to serious disadvantages; first, in being deprived of the benefits of a general system of education similar to that enjoyed by their fellow-subjects in Upper Canada: secondly, in their liability to be taxed for the support of Roman Catholic schools; and thirdly, in the difficulties which they experience in establishing non-denominational or separate schools and seminaries of higher education for themselves". They argued that the result of this condition of affairs was to discourage the settlement of Protestants in Lower Canada and to cause many families to leave the country. They pointed out that pledges were made by members of the Government that the grievances under which they laboured would be remedied by parliamentary action, and that though a bill for that purpose was introduced by Government at the last session, it was almost immediately withdrawn, and that unless provision to this end was introduced into the Imperial Act of Confederation, there was grave fear that their educational rights would be left to the control of the majority in the local Legislature without any guarantee whatever. They declared frankly that they would prefer a general and non-denominational system of education, but that "so long as the present system of separate schools shall continue in Lower Canada", they must claim as constitutional rights that all direct taxes for the support of schools paid by Protestants should be applied to Protestant or non-denominational education, that all public money given for the same purpose should be divided between Protestants and Roman Catholics in proportion to population, and that just and proper safeguards for the effective protection of their educational interests should be introduced into the Act of Confederation. This was the situation with which Galt had to deal and this the position of the minority for whose interests he was concerned. In Ontario, if a school section contained only a single Roman Catholic child, it could attend the Public School without impediment or embarrassment; in Quebec there were, as there still are, whole counties where absolutely no provision exists for the education of isolated Protestant families. Galt, too, was distrustful of the Quebec Legislature and fearful that the securities required by the Protestant minority would not be established under the local constitution, or would be established under conditions which would not give the necessary guarantees of permanence. Hence, at the London Conference on December 5th, 1866, Galt moved that "the following words be added to and form part of the 6th subsection of the 43rd clause:

"And in every Province where a system of separate or dissentient schools by law obtains, or where the local Legislature may hereafter adopt a system of separate or dissentient schools, an appeal shall lie to the Governor-in-Council of the general Government from the acts and decisions of the local authorities which may affect the rights or privileges of the Protestant or Catholic minority in the matter of education. And the general Parliament shall have power in the last resort to legislate on the subject." Thus were developed the guarantees for the Protestant minority in Quebec where, as has been said, no public schools existed, and hence the clauses which the Roman Catholic hierarchy have employed in the endeavour to secure certain constitutional rights under the Public School law of New Brunswick, to create and perpetuate separate schools in Manitoba, and to establish a separate school system in the Western Territories.

The first appeal taken under these clauses of the new constitution came from the Roman Catholic minority of New Brunswick. This Province at Confederation had no separate schools, but religious teaching under liberal regulations was permitted in the schools established in Roman Catholic communities. In 1871 the Legislature passed a law prohibiting such religious teaching in the common schools, and under Galt's clauses, permtiting an appeal to the Central Government against any act or decision of local authorities affecting the rights or privileges of a Protestant or Catholic minority, the disallowance of the Provincial legislation was demanded. The Legislature resisted the demand, passed resolutions asserting the exclusive authority of the Province over education, resolving that its jurisdiction and powers should not be curtailed without express sanction of the people at the polls, and declaring that without the consent of the Legislature the Imperial Parliament or the Parliament of Canada ought not to interfere. Upon appeal to the constituencies, the local Government was decisively sustained. Sir John Macdonald, as Minister of Justice, in answer to the demand for disallowance, said: "The Act complained of is an Act relating to common schools and the Acts repealed by it relate to parish grammar, superior and common schools. No reference is made in them to separate, dissentient or denominational schools, and the undersigned does not, on examination, find that any statute of the Province exists establishing such special schools." This position was sustained by the law officers of the Crown, and while the controversy extended over several years, and both sets of politicians manoeuvred in familiar fashion for the position of advantage, and the clerical demand was insistent and importunate, there was no serious attempt at Federal interference with the Province, and that clearly was the intention of Sir John Macdonald from the beginning.

The second appeal was from the Roman Catholic minority of Manitoba. In 1870 the Province of Manitoba was created with the educational clauses of the British North America Act incorporated in its constitution. In 1871, not by voluntary action of the people, but in obedience to the Federal authority, a system of separate schools was established. It must be remembered that there was no public system of education in Manitoba prior to the organization of the Province in 1870, and that such denominational schools as existed were supported by the voluntary contributions of the various communions. But under the system of education established in 1871 the Roman Catholics of Manitoba received as liberal treatment as the Catholics of Ontario. The first subsection of the twenty-second section of the Manitoba Act declares that the Province shall not have power to pass any legislation which "shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law or practice in the Province at the Union.'' This was doubtless intended to give a constitutional guarantee for separate schools in Manitoba; but when the appeal taken by the Catholic minority had made its way through the Canadian courts to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, it was there decided that the legislation of 1890 abolishing separate schools was constitutional inasmuch as the only right or privilege which Roman Catholics then enjoyed was the right or privilege of establishing such schools as they preferred and maintaining them by their own contributions.

A second appeal was then taken under sub-section two of the twenty-second section of the Manitoba Act, which provides that: ''An appeal shall lie to the Governor-General-in-Council from any act or decision of the Legislature of the Province, or of any provincial authority, affecting any right or privilege of the Protestant or Roman Catholic minority of the Queen's subjects in relation to education.'' The Supreme Court decided that even under this section no right of interference was vested in the central Government, and mainly upon the grounds that every presumption must be made in favor of the constitutional right of a legislative body to repeal the laws which it has itself enacted, and that an enactment irrevocably held by the Judicial Committee to be *intra vires* could not have illegally affected any of the rights and privileges of the Catholic minority. The Judicial Committee, however, reversed this judgment and found that the Governor-General-in-Council had jurisdiction in the premises, but added: ''The particular course to be pursued must be determined by the authorities to whom it has been committed by the statute. It is not for this tribunal to intimate the precise steps to be taken. Their general character is sufficiently defined by the third sub-section of section twenty-two of the Manitoba Act.'' This sub-section provides for action by the Governor-General-in-Council in case a Provincial Government fails or refuses to remedy grievances of a religious minority occasioned by Provincial legislation, and authorizes the Parliament of Canada to make remedial laws for the due execution of such measures as may be adjudged necessary in the circumstances. But while the Judicial Committee declined to give explicit direction to the Federal authority, it closed its judgment with these pregnant sentences: ''It is certainly not essential that the statutes repealed by the Act of 1890 should be re-enacted, or that the precise provisions of these statutes should again be made law. The system of education embodied in the Acts of 1890 no doubt commends itself to, and adequately supplies the wants of, the great majority of the inhabitants of the Province. All legitimate ground of complaint would be removed if that system were supplemented by provisions which would remove the grievances upon which the appeal is founded, and were modified as far as might be necessary to give effect to these provisions.''

Fortified by this judgment, the Liberal Government of Manitoba declared that under no circumstances would it sanction the restoration of the separate school system, and refused absolutely to obey the remedial order issued by the federal authorities. The Provincial ministers, however, professed every disposition to consider and remove any grievance or injustice under which the minority could be shown to labour, and to modify any harsh features in the existing regulations of the Provincial Department of Education, if such could be discovered. All efforts to effect a compromise between the Federal and Provincial authorities proving unsuccessful, the Remedial Bill re-establishing separate schools in Manitoba was introduced in the House of Commons, opposed by the Liberal party and, as has been said, defeated by obstruction, in which its opponents persisted until by effluxion of time the legal life of Parliament expired. It is interesting to remember that the party ranged behind the Remedial Order commanding the restoration of separate schools in Manitoba was led by the statesman who had abolished separate schools in Nova Scotia, while the leader of the forces opposed to the coercion of Manitoba was the statesman who, nine years later, guaranteed separate schools in Alberta and Saskatchewan. It is not necessary now to consider the terms of the settlement agreed upon by the Laurier Government and the Greenway Administration, since its provisions have been abrogated by the Liberal Government which now holds office in Manitoba and English made the only language in the schools of the Province. There is no doubt, however, that during his term of office Sir Wilfrid Laurier pressed again and again for concessions to the Roman Catholic minority of Manitoba beyond those yielded in the settlement of 1896, and that at least in the letter nothing substantial was conceded by the Provincial authorities.

When I left *The Globe* in 1902 I had no thought of a political separation from Sir Wilfrid Laurier. I knew that he desired to guarantee separate schools in Alberta and Saskatchewan when the Western Territories were divided into Provinces, but I doubted if he would ever give effect to his intention and doubted more strongly if the Liberal party would agree to establish in Alberta and Saskatchewan a system of schools which they would not restore in Manitoba. During the electoral campaign of 1904 I became convinced that the new Parliament would concede the demand of the Western Territories for Provincial autonomy and that separate schools would be guaranteed to the religious minority. In articles in *The Daily News* I asserted that this was Sir Wilfrid Laurier's intention and argued that the country should not be left in ignorance of what was contemplated. But Laurier would neither affirm nor deny and the country was uninterested. When the Autonomy Bills were introduced in 1905 establishing separate schools in Alberta and Saskatchewan and Federal control over natural resources, no one who has read my History of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party can think that I had any choice but to oppose the measures. Even with the guarantees provided by Galt's educational clauses in the British North America Act, it seems to be settled by the deliverance of the Privy Council in the Manitoba appeals that a Province—always excluding Ontario and Quebec—cannot be forced to establish a separate school system, and that all the fair obligations of the constitution are fulfilled by provisions in the Public School law which protect a minority from offence to their faith or infringement upon their religious susceptibilities. Galt held that under the exceptional conditions which surrounded the English population in Quebec this protection for Protestants was essential, but it is inconceivable that he would have taken this ground if there had been any prospect that Lower Canada would establish and maintain a non-denominational Public School system such as exists in Ontario, in Manitoba, in British Columbia, and in the Maritime Provinces. In 1875, when the Act establishing the Territorial Government was before the Senate, George Brown protested against the extension of the separate school system to the Territories. He contended that: "This provision was quite contrary to the British North America Act." "Nothing was more clear," he said, "than that each Province should have absolute control over education." He thought that was the only principle upon which the Union Act could continue. If the Dominion Government interfered with local matters we would get into inex tricable confusion with the Provinces. The safe way was for us to let each Province suit itself in such matters. This country was filled by people of all classes and creeds, and there would be no end of confusion if each class had to have its own peculiar school system. It had been said this clause was put in for the protection of the Protestants against the Catholics, the latter being the most numerous. But he, speaking for the Protestants, was in a position to say that they did not want that protection. In this case it was proposed that the national machinery should be used for the imposition and collection of taxes upon persons of peculiar denominations for the support of schools of their kind. It was an attempt to force upon that country peculiar views with regard to education.

It is true Brown contended that from the moment the Act passed and the Western Territories became part of the Union, "they came under the Union Act and under the provisions with regard to separate schools." But we are concerned with his statement of the intention of the founders of Confederation rather than with his legal opinion. Besides, his position was not sustained by the judgment of the Privy Council in the Manitoba cases. Moreover, it was surely an extraordinary contention that the Canadian Parliament could not repeal a statute which it was under no compulsion to enact, and a still more extraordinary assumption that the four millions of people in older Canada who maintained separate school systems should undertake to determine for all time what should be the character of the local institutions over territories which in half a century will probably have a greater population than the older Provinces. There is a story of a Tammany politician who lobbied a Senator in order to secure his support for a particular concession, and when told by the Senator that the act would be unconstitutional, insisted that the Constitution should not be allowed to interfere between friends. In this spirit we have often interpreted the Constitution of Canada, bred among the people bitter enmities and endangered the very foundations of the Commonwealth. Through the resolute intervention of Mr. Clifford Sifton the Autonomy Bills were vitally amended, although his attitude involved his resignation from the Cabinet. The Bills were opposed by the Conservative Opposition under Mr. Borden, but the party which a few years before had attempted to restore separate schools in Manitoba was not in a favourable position to resist separate schools for Alberta and Saskatchewan. Ever since these Provinces were created their affairs have been administered by Liberal Governments, and this perhaps could be offered as evidence that the educational provisions of the Autonomy Acts are consonant with Western feeling and adapted to Western conditions. It has to be said, too, that aside perhaps from unwise concessions to "foreign" elements, the educational departments of the two Provinces have been conducted with courage and efficiency and in appropriations alike for elementary and higher education the Legislatures have been liberal and farsighted. One still thinks, however, that the educational provisions of the British North America Act should have been incorporated in the Provincial Constitutions and the people permitted to determine the character of their educational institutions. Parliament, however, decreed otherwise, and what was the concern of Canada when the Provinces were created is now the sole concern of the Western people. I opposed the reservation of the natural resources by the Dominion as strongly as I opposed the educational clauses of the Autonomy Acts, and in support of that position the Liberal Governments of the three Western Provinces are now united.

Over language, as over education, there have been bitter and dangerous political quarrels in Canada. The

French population constitutes nearly one-third of the total population of the country. There are more than 1,750,000 French-speaking people in Quebec, nearly 250,000 in Ontario, and between 110,000 and 125,000 in the Atlantic Provinces. There is a compact French settlement at St. Boniface in the old Red River Territory and French groups in the Western Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta. The Dominion is divided into 235 Parliamentary constituencies. Quebec elects 65 members to the House of Commons, and there is not a single division in which French voters are not influential. At Confederation the Eastern Counties of Quebec were a reserve for English-speaking people. But the pressure of thrifty French farmers and changing social and educational conditions drove out the English element. The French advance was gradual, but irresistible. The ultimate conquest was decisive. Twenty-five years ago eleven Quebec Counties had an English majority. In all these the English-speaking Protestants have become a minority. There are groups of French voters in ninety out of the 235 Parliamentary constituencies, and in at least seventy of these the French constitute a majority of the electors. The facts constitute an impressive appeal for unity between the French and English elements. But if the Constitution is observed there can be no legitimate ground for conflict. The British North America Act clearly provides that French shall be the official language of Quebec and that French and English shall have equal status in the House of Commons and Senate and in Federal courts and documents. Sir Wilfrid Laurier said when the Western Autonomy Bills were before Parliament: "The fathers of Confederation did not pretend to authorize the French language in any part of the Dominion except in this Parliament and in the Province of Quebec. Everywhere else the people were left free to deal with the matter as they thought fit." As Sir Wilfrid Laurier interprets the Constitution, so it is interpreted by the Imperial Privy Council. Clearly outside of Quebec French has no equal constitutional status with English. What recognition French may obtain elsewhere is by consent and not by right or privilege. On the other hand, French should not be treated as an alien language in Canada. It is desirable on this English-speaking continent that French people should be able to speak the English language in order that they may have equal advantage and opportunity in commercial and industrial pursuits, in the services of the State, and in all activities and offices where English is required. But it is desirable also that, after English, French should be a preferential language in the high schools, colleges and universities of the English Provinces. How much misunderstanding would be avoided and how many misconceptions removed if the public men of the English Provinces could speak to the people of Quebec in their own language. It is vain to think that the French of Quebec can be made to speak English by pressure from outside. It is just as certain that pressure from Quebec in the strain of menace prejudices the position of French in the English Provinces. Demands for which no constitutional warrant exists excite resistance. A concession extorted may be yielded in the letter and defeated in the practice. A concession yielded in amity endures and produces the fine fruit of sympathy and understanding.

We talk much in Canada about the rights of minorities and the duties of majorities. Much of what is said in this connection is wise and wholesome. But there are other considerations. There are the constitutional rights of majorities and the constitutional duties of minorities. The obligation to respect and observe the Constitution lies as clearly upon minorities as upon majorities. A habit in Canada, which has produced infinite mischief, is that we think of the unwritten Constitution of Great Britain and imagine that we, too, have an unwritten Constitution. But as a matter of fact, we have a Constitution as arbitrary and inflexible as that of the United States. It is the charter of every Province and of every element of the people. When we desire to alter its provisions, to impose new obligations upon a majority, or to restrict the privileges of a minority, we should submit the proposal to all the Legislatures or to the sovereign people and abide by the result. It has been said that "unsettled questions have no pity for the repose of nations." In Canada, education and language have been unsettled questions for a century and chiefly because we have sought to effect constitutional changes by political manoeuvring and bargaining. The feature of the American Constitution which provides a method for constitutional changes stabilizes the compact of States and ensures popular sovereignty. One cannot but think that strict constructionists of the Canadian Constitution are the best friends of minorities, as fidelity to the Constitution is a supreme obligation upon all those who are responsible for the orderly working of Canadian institutions. When all is said, no people in the world have better learned the lessons of toleration than those of Canada. There is no necessary conflict between Ontario and Quebec or between French and English. It has to be admitted that the compact with the Protestant minority has been generally observed and respected by the Legislature of Quebec, but it is just as true that the Governments of Ontario have scrupulously observed and liberally interpreted the provisions of the Constitution affecting the French and Roman Catholic minority. But in neither Province is the minority benefited by pressure from outside for concessions which are not required by the Constitution or by agitation which excites the prejudices of the majority and endangers rights and privileges which, even if they exceed the strict requirements of the Constitution, conciliate diverse elements, nourish good will, and solidify the national structure.

The next chapter will be entitled "Office and Patronage".

THE YOUNGEST TRENHOLM

BY MARY KINLEY INGRAHAM

"YOU'RE the first Trenholm to run when he ought to fight." The speaker was a girl of twenty-one. Her high forehead, insufficiently shaded by the fine, brown hair, her thin, too delicately coloured cheeks, the soft depths of her dark eyes that looked through disfiguring spectacles, and her sharp, decided voice that contradicted the softness of her eyes, all proclaimed her at once a Trenholm and a schoolmistress. In everything but the voice she was a younger and feminine counterpart of the old doctor, her father, who now turned troubled eyes from his son Bob, whose face he was patching with court plaster, to the lad who had brought the first blot upon the Trenholm 'scutcheon.

"Don't be hard on Fred, Margaret," he quavered, but doubtfully, for there was something in this affair, as there often was in affairs where his youngest son was concerned, that he could not understand.

Bob and Fred Trenholm had met the Saltzmann boys up the brook where the smelts were coming so thick you could scoop 'em out with your hands, and the Saltzmanns had called the Trenholms sons of a strange maternal ancestor. Whereat Bob had leaped to the fray, calling upon Fred to come on. Fred came on slowly, and when he perceived that Bob was engaging the attention of both the Saltzmann boys he came off again. In fact, he ran home. Thither Bob followed him, in the course of twenty minutes, with torn clothes, bleeding nose, and irregularly bulging countenance. His story of the battle and of Fred's dastardly retreat brought the wounded hero praises and surgical aid, while it brought his brother the shamed reproaches of their sister, and the troubled, bewildered attention of their father. A Trenholm running from an enemy was a phenomenon this fine old gentleman, who had begun his career as an army surgeon in India, and was finishing it as a village doctor in Nova Scotia, could not understand.

But Fred was not all Trenholm. Had you been there you would have noted at once his resemblance to a fourth person in the room, who moved furtively about, changing the position of the books on the table and of the ornaments on the mantel-piece. She kept glancing at Margaret the while, to satisfy herself that the girl was too deeply absorbed to notice what she was doing and put a stop to it. This was the mother of the family, whose only importance in this story or anywhere else arises from the fact that she had borne seven Trenholms. Dr. Trenholm's father had been a soldier and a gentleman in the Old Country; Mrs. Trenholm's father was probably at this moment whittling a stick and spitting tobacco juice in Jim Allen's store at the Crossroads. He had whittled many sticks in his day, and had smoked infinite tobacco, but had done little else. You are wondering how his daughter came to be the wife of Dr. Trenholm, but that does not belong to this story.

Now, while Fred's sister looked at him accusingly, and his father gazed at him sadly, and his mother shifted things about to have them for once the way she liked them and did not look at him at all, the culprit sprawled in a chair with his hands in his pockets, his head bowed to the family storm, and wished he wasn't a Trenholm. That was about the content of his consciousness until he shot a glance at his sister and surprised a flash of something behind her spectacles. Something wonderful. You and I might have known Margaret for years and never have seen it. It flashed for Fred alone, and boy though he was, and only half Trenholm at that, he was wise enough to know this, and be glad. Now, when Fred caught the flash, he slunk out, wishing he wasn't a cowardly sneak.

This little family affair I have been telling you about happened in the early summer of 1910. On a June morning of 1917 Margaret and Fred Trenholm again sat facing each other in the same room. The old father was not there; his proud, gentle eyes had closed for the last time three years before, and so had not been forced to look, with the impotence of age, upon a world in agony. Bob was not there. The mother may have been there, or may have been in some other part of the house; it really does not matter. Fred's college report had just arrived. It contained two crosses called plucks in the undergraduate vernacular, but Margaret was strangely indifferent to these. She held the telegram that had come three days before from some busy person who regretted that he had to inform Mrs. Trenholm that her son, Lieutenant Robert Marchmont Trenholm, had been killed in action. While Margaret fingered the telegram her eyes rested on Fred, and the question that for two years he had read in their dark depths had now become insistent. Her lips had never framed it. To have asked this lad why he didn't enlist would have been like prompting him in an examination. She could not understand the delay, but this beloved brother would go, of course, for he was a Trenholm, not a sneaking Saltzmann. All his older brothers had volunteered, and three had been accepted. John, the eldest, who had five children and a leaky valve, had been turned down, as had also Septimus, a university professor who had spoiled his eyesight poring over Greek particles.

"Why don't you say it?" burst out Fred, as he sat there miserably, reading the question in his sister's eyes. "You want me to get killed as well as Bob."

Now this was a mean, disgusting speech. The Trenholm in Fred felt that it was, but it was something not Trenholm that spoke. Margaret did not answer. So Fred slunk away to the store where he worked during the summer, and his sister went to her schoolroom, for her vacation had not yet begun.

The days dragged miserably after that. Fred avoided his sister's eyes, so that he never caught a flash of that which from his babyhood had shone for him alone. Perhaps it was there no longer. Margaret draped the portraits of her soldier brothers with their country's flag, and before Robert's she kept a vase of flowers. When she spoke to Fred it was about trivial things. The boy himself broke the silence.

"You're ashamed because I don't go, Marge, but you'd be more ashamed if I did."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I should funk. Do you remember when I ran from the Saltzmanns, and you gave me the devil for it? Well, I'd run from the Germans the same way. I'd be stood against a wall and shot before I'd been in the fight a week. Think of it."

"I can't think of it."

"I know you can't. We're not the same breed."

He went on as if answering his sister's unspoken question.

"What if we get the draft? I can get exemption, I guess. There's this farm, that never had a decent hill of potatoes, and there's mother. I'm her only support, for all you've kept things going and sent me to college when you ought to have been in the sanatorium."

He moved about the room in a hunted way.

"Look here, Marge," he said, as he sat down again, and looked with eyes that did not shift into his sister's white face. "I put it up to you. God knows I wish I'd been killed instead of Bob. It isn't the thought of that that keeps me back. I'm afraid of the way I'll act when the big minute comes, and of—well, you know what *would be* the next thing. My story will be different from Bob's. You won't be proud of it. But hang it if I'll sneak round here any longer. Tell me to go and I'll go. Might as well get it over. There's no place in the world for a coward now."

Margaret at twenty-eight was not what you would call a lovable woman. She was foolishly proud of her Trenholm ancestry, and snobbishly neglectful of her mother and her mother's relatives. People called her stuck up, old maidish, and schoolma'amy. I am inclined to think they were right, though I refuse to be responsible for their choice of epithets. No man had ever coveted her for his wife, and the children she taught feared her rather than loved her. Her brothers found her tiresome, with the single exception of Fred. He alone had the key to the cold-looking, shuttered house of his sister's affections, and he alone knew that the interior was not only warm, but rich and beautiful. Not that he would have told you so in those words. He would have said that Marge wasn't half bad, if gone at in the right way. And perhaps his figure is as good as mine. As for Margaret, she loved this disappointing brother of hers with all the force of a nature whose really strong emotions were denied other outlets. This denial ended when the war began. Had you known Margaret in the years that followed you would have been conscious of a new development in her, of something bigger than her Trenholm pride, bigger even than her love for Fred. I need not try to define it. You have felt the same in many a woman who in these strange times of ours has surrendered her heart's idols to horror and violent death. This something swelled high in Margaret's heart that summer morning when her inglorious champion placed the gage of battle in her hands. With it came a wave of understanding sympathy, a great compassion for the tortured wretch before her, that in no wise resembled the doting love of former days. She put her arms around him.

"Let us think it out together, dear Fred."

When they had thought it out together they decided that Fred should enlist the next Monday. Margaret was to be surety for his courage, though they didn't put it just that way.

"I'll go with you to Halifax," she said, "and I won't teach next fall. The doctor said I was to rest. And I'll see you every week."

As soon as Fred put on khaki he looked and felt the soldier. He fairly glowed over the thought that he was no longer sneaking about in civilian clothes. As for France and its terrors, Marge had said that would be all right, and Marge could be depended upon to make good what she said. She had bidden him enlist. It was up to her. It did not occur to the boy that by thus shifting the responsibility of his action from his own shoulders to his sister's he was putting a heavy burden upon her. He was less than half Trenholm, and his mother's people had never troubled themselves about such small things as letting others carry their private loads.

Margaret, true to her promise, saw her brother often, admired him to his heart's content, and talked of the laurels he would win. Neither spoke of the horror Fred had conjured before his sister's eyes on that June morning—the vision of the youngest Trenholm facing the firing squad. That vision he also had transferred. Now during the long nights it swayed before Margaret's eyes, while Fred, tired with his day's drill, slept healthily.

As the time for parting drew near the boy's confidence seemed to increase. He had a few days' leave early in December. Margaret joined him in the city, where he was eager to give her the time of her life. They stood looking out upon the harbour on the morning of the sixth, that morning when ruin and sudden death swooped upon the fair city of Halifax.

"Golly, those ships act queer."

"Queerly, you mean. I don't see anything wrong, Fred. Please don't say 'Golly'."

"There! You said it yourself."

"I only repeated it after you. But there is something wrong, Fred. Oh, Fred!"

Margaret threw her arms about her brother as the loud booming roar that heralded the explosion on the Belgian ship ended with fearful crash. They both staggered, but managed to keep erect as they clung together. Then came another roar, followed by the strange and awful sounds of a falling city. Fred Trenholm clutched his sister's dress with the gesture of a frightened child. Then some hurtling thing struck them, and they fell.

Dr. Martin, with his friend Harding, found them a little later. Their arms were around each other, the boy's hands still where he had clutched his sister's skirt, while hers were clasped behind his neck.

"Husband and wife?" said the doctor. "No, the woman's much the older. Brother and sister, likely."

He stood up after a brief examination.

"Nothing for me to do here. It will be all over for both in a few minutes. Better see them through, Harding. The woman's conscious."

And the doctor hurried on to more hopeful cases.

Suddenly the boy stirred. His hands wandered gropingly along his sister's dress, and then resumed their frightened clutch.

"Marge!"

"Yes, Fred, I'm here."

She struggled to bring her face close to his, while she gave a grateful glance to the big man who helped her.

"What happened, Marge? Are the Germans here?"

"They must be."

"I didn't run?"

"No, no. You were brave, dear, like the Trenholms. You tried to save me. Don't you see?"

But Fred saw nothing, for the darkness of death had come upon him. Mr. Harding, seeing that Margaret wished it, lifted her so that she could look upon her brother's face. She gazed until she knew that he was dead. Then, with a long and almost happy sigh, she, too, closed her eyes.

WHERE HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL—CALGARY

BY C. W. STOKES

VAUDEVILLE performers whose circuit takes them to Calgary usually receive, at Monday's rehearsal, one tried and proved piece of advice from the local manager. "To get a really hearty laugh," he says, "spring a joke that would give good grounds for a libel action, and fix it on Edmonton."

Occasionally a visiting "histrion", with more originality than acumen, will fix it on Regina. The response is sufficiently disappointing to compel him, right there, to follow instructions. He gets his laugh next time, sure enough. Regina is half a thousand miles from Calgary, in another Province, and somehow a vague entity. Edmonton, on the other hand, is only 200 miles away, the capital of Alberta, and has a very definite body to be kicked and soul to be damned. Maybe the people of Saskatoon feel exactly the same way about Regina.

Nothing good could possibly come out of Edmonton, says Calgary. It regards its northern rival as the whole West, generally speaking, regards Ottawa—as an entirely unnecessary nuisance which interferes with its rights and privileges. If Calgary could, it would raise the legions and cohorts of Southern Alberta, sending round the fiery cross amongst those well-known towns with the queer names and strenuous boards of trade, such as Medicine Hat, Okotoks and Bassano—and, leading the multitudes itself, and sweeping through the regions of Red Deer and Wetaskiwin, would burn, sack and pillage Edmonton. The plough would be run over its site, yea even to the sky-line subdivisions; and any objects of more than transient interest, such as the Parliament Buildings and the University, would be removed lock, stock and barrel and re-erected on the banks of the Bow.

As far as one can gather, this jealousy does not seem to exist because Calgary has not had a square deal, but because it has not had a royal flush dealt. Calgary is bigger than Edmonton. It has, I suppose, more prosperity; and yet it is peeved because it is not the seat of the Government and lacks the provincial university. Just as, to Calgary, the possession of these two ornaments of civilization provides the only means of livelihood of its rival, so the lack of them withholds the very last touches from an otherwise complete and splendid metropolitan centre.

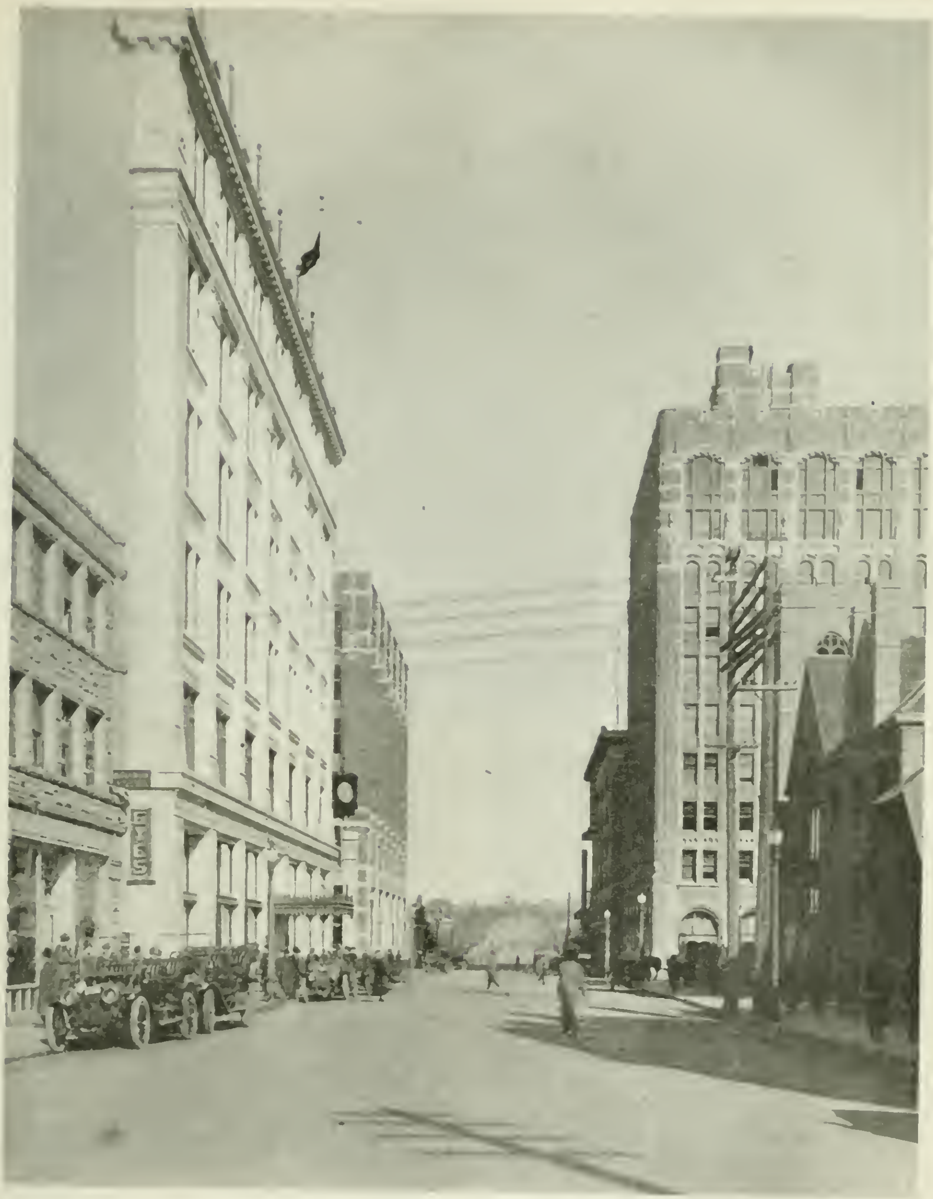
Edmonton, to be quite fair, reciprocates this amiable attitude, but its retaliatory methods take the rather maddening form of a haughty superiority. It retorts that any jealousy which Calgary may cherish is but natural, seeing that Edmonton has so many advantages. It asks Calgary where its trees are. It asks the Calgarian to admire the magnificent view from the bluff, looking across to the

This was Calgary in 1884

Parliament Buildings aforesaid. Now that it is on the main line of three transcontinental railways and the terminus of three or four others, it forgets its rancour that it was passed up, years ago, as the route of the Canadian Pacific Railway and had railway connection only by a branch line of the latter—*via* the hated Calgary. However, this is a subject that ought not to be pushed too far.

One very charming trait of Calgary—or rather, let us personify and say of its people—is that they are devout disciples of the doctrine that it never rains but it pours. Calgary is the natural boom city of Canada. A Calgary boom can be engineered in less time than the average scribe, writing shorthand, can keep pace with it. Calgary has had, for example, two separate and distinct real estate booms, the second of which culminated in 1912. Oh, the clergymen's widows, the trusting retired military men on half pay, the trustees for orphans, who, never probably having previously heard of Calgary, placing it geographically anywhere between the North and South Poles, "invested" in those lusciously named subdivisions like Tuxadora Heights, Rainbow Park, or West Gophermount! "Only a mile from projected car line"—"will double in value inside a month". The city limits of Calgary having been extended during the boom to rope in all the subdivisions, embrace an area sufficient, according to statisticians, to house a population as large as London's, or New York's, or Chicago's, I forget which—possibly all of them. They say that during the winter of 1911 the prominent citizens of Calgary used to play the nickel gambling machines for five dollars a throw—that banks used to employ canvassers to get men to come and borrow, offering better terms than the man next door. It is to laugh.

But dust to dust—shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves, to quote the popular American description of the rise and fall of wealth, without even allowing, in Calgary's case, for the two generations that should elapse. The boom having broken, it broke hard, and numberless brokers who were millionaires on paper were described, during the summer and winter of 1913, to be almost starving. They breakfasted, lunched and dined, it was alleged, on the cheapest kind of package cereal, although their women folk would con-



And this is Calgary now

time to serve afternoon tea *à la mode* in their beautiful houses, which remained in the family only because of the state of the property market. Such a gallop did the slump maintain that if you had reversed the glass you might have thought you were looking through the wrong end, and that what you really saw was a boom. Such a belief was quite feasible. It never rains but it pours.

But the Fates gave Calgary another chance. They gave it the oil boom of the early summer of 1914. Of that hectic time let us speak in awed but anguished recollection—we, too, have

Calgary from the other side of the Bow River

a stack of oil certificates in our trunk, awaiting such time as the market may revive and we shall be millionaires again. When, in the course of three weeks, no less than 400 companies are formed for the purpose of locating, reaching and selling oil: when our own citizens are so eager to be parted from their money that office safes are too small to contain it all and currency and cheques are stuffed into waste-paper baskets; when clerks apply for their summer vacations immediately, so that they can go curbstone-broking, and, doing it, begin to prattle of their six-cylinder cars and summer cottages in the mountains—it surely sound like a real boom. For a month we lived and spoke one with the other in an atmosphere of leases and options, Dakota sands and anticlines, shales and stratas. The wires hummed with inquiries and drafts from New York, for the stony heart of Wall Street was touched. We asked ourselves in hushed voices what the Standard Oil would do now to meet the competition. Clergymen put in their offertories, office boys their week's wages, brides their *dot*. We blossomed out into a sudden crop of high financiers, on whom studious readers of Wallingford tried to inflict the very latest piratical schemes. In short, it was some time!

And suddenly, wop! The war began, and it all went flatter than a pancake. Nothing remained but empty offices, our sheaves of ornate certificates, and the outer shell of the thirteen oil exchanges which, in an excess of joy, had been quickly built or converted from previously inoffensive stores. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

But the exchanges were not altogether wasted. One auspicious morning a bright spirit, suddenly "discovering" the high cost of living, thought there might be a field for a market. There was one already, operated by the city, but it was rather inaccessible to the majority of housewives. The floor space in his new central market (quondam oil exchange) was quickly rented to aspiring tradesmen. In less time than it takes to write it there were thirteen markets in Calgary, besides the city's. It was not their fault that they all died except one.

Looking over Calgary, from the Palliser Hotel, at the Foothills seventy miles away

Calgary is not so juvenile as, say, Saskatoon; but on the other hand, it has not the hoary antiquity of Edmonton or Regina. The commercial artists of Western Canada have one unfailing refuge. When they are required to furnish illustrations for a special publicity edition of a newspaper or for the cover of a dinky little boost pamphlet, and imagination suggests no alternative, they draw on the one hand a buffalo, and on the other a vista of sky-scrapers, and connect these two by a slogan. The time consumed in travelling from buffalo to sky-scraper determines to a large extent the price of Western real estate—the quicker, the higher. Until 1875 Calgary (speaking in comprehensible terms) was not. But God moved on the face of the prairies and directed thither, to the junction of the Bow and Elbow Rivers, one Colonel Macleod to establish a Mounted Police post there, to which he gave the Gaelic name of his boyhood home in Scotland, "Calgary", which being interpreted means clear, running water. There are quite a considerable number of claimants to be the first white child born in Calgary, who remember how their fathers rushed out of church that famous Sunday evening to drive away the Indians who never came. None of them are elderly enough to constitute bad risks for life insurance.

For quite many years Calgarians delighted in the harmless diversion of taking civic censuses and inviting the world to watch Calgary grow. What criticism have we, at this distance, that as often as not they took the census during horse-show or Fair week, when hotels were crowded to the guards with visitors, or that censuses were seemingly conducted on the principles of the game of poker, namely, raising the bid every time it came round? Such departures from theoretical truth were incidental to the

Calgary from one of its surrounding hills

now dormant science of boosting. I sometimes wonder, by the way, whether Easterners and capitalists (the terms were then considered synonymous) ever were really interested in the increased building permits, soaring bank clearings, or other evidences of development with which we sought to appeal to their purse-strings; but again, *de mortuis,* etc. Opinion regarding the population of any Western city vacillates somewhat now, but it is easy to trust the larger hope, and more congenial. Yet it cannot but be regretted that the boosting spirit has been lost, perhaps never to be re-captured. A voice here and there in the wilderness predicts another real estate boom yet; but, speaking generally, there is at present neither the reasoned argumentation of an assured great destiny nor the joyous, unexamined enthusiasm of the mere booster. Sanity may doubtless prevail; but "them was the days!"

During the last real estate boom, streets were paved, a street car service inaugurated and many really fine office buildings erected. The Canadian Pacific Railway constructed its great repairing shops at the city limits, and completed its palatial but rather severe Hotel Palliser, which, in a spirit of ironical forgiveness, was named after the English surveyor who, in the fifties, having crossed the prairies, stated with all the force at his command that the said prairies would never amount to a row of beans and that it was madness to contemplate putting a railway across them. The Hudson's Bay Company replaced their old-time store with a six-storey structure that dazzles the eye yet. Such was Calgary's heyday, which reached its climax when the most distinguished English town-planner was invited to formulate plans for future development along the most fastidious town-planning lines. Almost invariably, prairie cities are laid out along geometrical lines. A surveyor lays them out on a blue print, with one street paralleling the railroad ("Railway Avenue") and another in the middle at right angles ("Main Street"); and as his creation grows, it is a simple task, with the aid of a straight-edge and a T-square, to continue streets and avenues *ad infinitum.*

Mawson's elaborate plans, with their arcades, colonnades, municipal squares, parks in every alternate block, warehouses on the outskirts, and comely boulevards leading thereto, were well received. They excited some very appreciative comment in outside artistic circles. True, we rather squinted at the avenues careering across rectangular blocks at acute angles, and the segments of circles which he called "crescents"; but we reverently admired them. It was, of course, clearly understood from the beginning that there was no necessity for tearing Calgary down immediately and re-erecting it along these Utopian lines; the plans were to be a guidance for the future. Well, perhaps they will be. They are stored safely among the archives, and I doubt if anyone has consulted them since. We still rejoice in our rectangular blocks and the rigidity with which the old north-south-east-west arrangement is adhered to.

Speaking of streets reminds me that Calgary's streets are narrow. The spaciousness of Main Street, Winnipeg, or Jasper Avenue, Edmonton, is nowhere duplicated in our sixty-six-foot thoroughfares. Yet, on the other hand, ours have a homely touch that some of these famous wide streets lack. There seems a feeling of friendship in these crowded avenues that draws the whole city together in bonds of acquaintanceship. You feel lost and homeless in Winnipeg or Edmonton. Maybe this is why true Calgarians find it so hard to leave their city, or are so pleased at returning to it after absence. Eighth Avenue of a Saturday evening, filled with huge throngs and lit by sky-signs and a very creditable electric light system, certainly feels good. A traveller once told me that, if only we had newspaper kiosks, it would remind him of Paris. Nor must we forget, whilst on this subject, that Calgary was the only city of any size in Canada that escaped the jitney pest. Amongst its very efficient and cheap public utilities (which include practically everything conceivable in the way of utilities), not the least is a municipal street car service which is second to none in Canada.

Old-timers rather like the sound of the word "cow town". It recalls to them affectionately the days when Calgary was a cow-town—oh, way back before the nineties! Yet you must not call Calgary that in public or you will have brick-ends flung at you, especially by new-timers. It is a modern city, replete with all appurtenances of a modern city; and, to escape argument, we will grant it. But it is as a cow-town that Calgary will work out its destiny—or, rather, as a cow and pork town. Like all Western cities, it has tremendous recuperative powers, and now, after the rigours of war and the drain of its visible assets, it is setting its foot on the right path by numbering its tributary natural resources. These resources comprise not so much grain-raising (although the city is the supply point of huge expanses devoted to grain-raising) as stock-raising, and for the past three or four years a perceptibly increasing stream of live stock has been filtering in and has been filtering out again, sometimes alive, but often dead. Chicago and other packing centres now include Calgary in their buyers' routes. Alberta butter goes now, *via* Calgary, to the Orient and the Antipodes. Alberta hogs now squeal their last in Calgary packing plants, and feed a Dominion-wide public. It is not altogether feasible to consider Calgary, as the booster would have us, as a potential second Chicago; but conceivably Calgary might give some other would-be second Chicagos a bad scare.

HELIOTROPE

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER"

CHAPTER IV.

GREGORY sighed.

"Not much chance for shining, I fear," he said. "But we'll see what can be done by a little close reasoning. We are ahead of the police only in that we have found reason to connect some definite person with the clues of the baby slip and the box of coins. The connecting link, of course, is the scent of heliotrope, which the police have missed so far. We can be fairly certain that the coins and the slip came from the same place, and that place was nowhere inside the Simmons house. Miss Emsley ascertained that. They were brought to the house therefore by some outside person. That person was not Miss Hampden, nor was it the girl Jennie. It is possible, certainly, that they were brought by someone of whom we have no knowledge at all so far. But it is also possible that they were brought by the only other person who has emerged in this inquiry, i.e., the odd-looking deaf woman who was known to visit Mrs Simmons occasionally and whom Mrs. Smith actually met there upon the Saturday before the murder. Our one definite reason for thinking that it might be she is the fact that she wore a heliotrope bonnet and carried a bag of the same colour. It is not a reason which would appeal very strongly to the police. Macrae would say: 'Mon, ye're daft!' But to me it seems a clue well worth working on. I have never doubted the close connection of the slip and of the box of coins with the actual murder. Therefore, if we can get the person behind the slip and the coins——"

I had been glancing over the notes under my hand, and as Gregory paused, my eyes fell suddenly upon a date——

"Look here!" I cried eagerly, "here's something we've missed. This last date on the papers wrapped about the coins corresponds with the Saturday before the murder. The Saturday on which Mrs. Smith met the heliotrope person in Mrs. Simmons's house. If the dated coins are a record of some kind of transaction between the victim and the murderer—that also tallies!

"Right! And another thing, we haven't yet looked for a trace of perfume on the envelope sent to Miss Hampden. Let us have Miss Emsley in. If the heliotrope person is the person we want, she must be the person who sent the leaves from the diaries of Mrs. Simmons, in which case there *might* be a trace of her peculiar perfume on the envelope. Though if there is not, we should not allow its absence to discourage us. She may have used a new envelope."

With considerable excitement we submitted the envelope to Miss Emsley's cultivated nose and awaited her verdict with eagerness. It came hesitatingly.

"Yes. I think I can trace the scent of heliotrope. But I must honestly say that I should scarcely have noticed it if I had not known what I was to look for."

Gregory nodded, and seemed satisfied.

"Hubbard," he said, with new conviction, "I am sure we are on the right track. If the woman did not actually commit the murder, she knows all about it. Our only problem is to find her. But that isn't going to be easy. If we only had time—but we haven't time!"

"Find her in twenty-four hours? It simply isn't possible," I declared gloomily.

As usual, when I grew depressed, Gregory brightened.

"We'll have a try, anyway. Now, let's see! Your notes say that this woman was accustomed to come down Carrall Street on a westbound car, therefore she came from somewhere on the south-east side——"

"Not at all. She may have come from the north-east just as easily. The north-east cars transfer to the west-bound lines at Carrall Street.

"Yes, but where is the point of transfer? Look it up and you'll see that it is at the junction of Dundas and Carrall, and Dundas is just one short block from Richly Road. No one wishing to go to any place on Richly Road would dream of using a transfer for one short block. Too much wasted time and energy. Anyone alighting from the north-east cars would walk the remainder of the distance; and in this particular case, anyone wanting No. 3 Richly Road would not go on to Carrall Street at all, but would alight at Stanley Street, two blocks up, and walk the one short block which would bring him exactly to No. 3 on the corner."

I assented, looking rather foolish.

"Well, then, let us suppose she came from a south-east car?"

Gregory got up, and drawing down a large map of the city from our roll on the wall, found the junction of Carrall Street and Richly Road with his pencil.

"The south-east car which runs down Carrall Street," he mused, "does not run through the centre of the city. It skirts the business portion — here, d'ye see? — and runs through the warehouse section for a considerable way. We can safely eliminate the warehouse section. Fortunately it does not run through any rooming-house or boarding-house area, where we would be lost as in a maze. Just here at Wardlaw Street it takes a turn and runs through a very good substantial section; not a fashionable part, of course, but a district of good homes where servants are kept and money is solidly invested. Now, if this woman is a domestic servant, she may be found in this section. Otherwise, not; for from her general appearance and from the nature of the few clues we have, it would be most unlikely that she would prove to be a monied householder. Let us look over your notes and see what we make of the domestic servant possibility."

We pored over my papers for a time in silence. Then I gave my opinion decidedly against such a probability.

"I find," I said, "that she has been seen to visit Mrs. Simmons upon different days of the week, and at different times in the day. She was not regular at all. Domestic servants are not masters of their own time. Had she been in service, it is more than likely that she would have paid her visits upon her 'day out', which would have been the same every week and always in the afternoon. Also, if she were deaf, as everyone testifies, she would hardly have hedl a post as servant in a well-to-do family."

"I agree with you," said Gregory.

"Well, then, that takes us well through this prosperous section, and here we are nearing the end of the line in a very much more likely environment—Parkhurst. We ought to know Parkhurst, Hubbard—that was where we made our first success in the case of the man, you remember, with the crooked eye!"

Yes, we both knew Parkhurst very well. It was a depressing sort of place—the outskirts of a city without any of the half-country beauty which lingers in some suburban districts. I remembered it chiefly as long rows of houses, small and boxy, with front windows much given to the display of cards announcing "Dressmaking done here". The houses were nearly all of the rented class and looked like it. In fact, "respectable" was the one kind word which might safely be applied to the neighborhood.

"Do you remember O'Donnell?" asked Gregory thoughtfully. "What do you think about going to see O'Donnell?"

I thought so well of it that I at once reached for my hat. O'Donnell was a patrolman and an Irishman. We had had a lot to do with O'Donnell in the case before referred to, and we found in him that miracle—a policeman who sees what is going on under his nose. O'Donnell, in fact, had an insatiable desire to know which would not have disgraced a scientist. This marvel was stationed in Parkhurst, and it was safe to reason that if there were an odd little deaf woman anywhere within his eager-eyed ken he would know of it.

"Half of O'Donnell's pleasure in life lies in his watching people get on and off street cars," said Gregory as we left the building. "And even if the woman we want is not in his particular district, he may have noticed her at some time on the line. Fortunately Parkhurst is not large."

We drove our car slowly along the route taken by the street railway and were considerably encouraged by the fact that the warehouse and resident districts through which we passed seemed utterly unlikely as places of residence for a woman such as the one we sought. Parkhurst became more and more clearly indicated. We found O'Donnell standing upon a street corner doing something mysterious with the interior of a black iron box attached to a telegraph pole. He greeted us with heartiness and a new fire of interest in his eye. Things were very quiet in Parkhurst and our artist in the ways of life was plainly bored.

"Perhaps you would be on a case again, Mr. Gregory?" he asked, with ill-concealed hope.

"Well, in a way, yes. We are looking for someone. But it is the kind of hunt that resembles that of the proverbial needle. We have little to go on, but the little we have seems to point to Parkhurst. Now, nobody knows Parkhurst like you do, O'Donnell, so we want your help."

"You can have that," said the Irishman, beaming all over.

"It's a woman we want. A deaf woman, very deaf. It would seem that this is the most noticeable thing about her, since everyone mentions it. She *looks* deaf. For the rest, she is small and slight with a rather blank-looking face. She wears a purple bonnet and carries a purple bag. She may be anywhere from thirty to forty-five."

"Lots of them may be that," said O'Donnell with a grin. "And sometimes there's lots of them that takes to purple."

"But not to bonnets," said I.

O'Donnell admitted that bonnets were not popular. He took off his cap and scratched his head, an operation which seemed to aid in the process of cerebration.

"That's too bad, now," he said, after a moment's thought. "There's several bonnets I'm thinkin' of, and two that you might call purple bonnets, or thereabouts; indeed, there's one bonnet I'm thinkin' of in particular, but it's not a deaf one. The only deaf one on the beat is a hat, a brown hat, and weighs about 200."

"It could hardly be that one," said Gregory, disappointed; "but, of course, your beat doesn't take in the whole of Parkhurst. We must just make the rounds. We'll keep to this car line first, for we must remember that people naturally travel by the most direct route, and this is the only

Parkhurst line going right through to Carrall Street. We had better separate; it will save time. We can meet here in an hour's time or as soon after as possible."

As it turned out, we were both back within the hour, displaying discouraged faces to the interested O'Donnell. We had come upon no trace of our quarry anywhere.

"Nothing for it but to go back and do the interviewing all over again," said Gregory. "The Richly Road women will have had time to brush up their memories. We may light upon some additional fact which may furnish a clue."

"It's too bad entirely," sympathized O'Donnell. "If she wasn't deaf now, or if she wasn't small and slim, I might be able to point you to what you want. It's the combination that's hard to come by."

"Well, if you do light on the combination, let us know." This despondingly from me, for I really felt as if our last chance were gone. Not so my senior partner. The harder up against it Gregory is, the keener he grows.

We hurried back to Richly Road, and with some admiration, but little hope, I listened to his masterly re-examination of those witnesses who had at some time or another seen, or spoken with, Mrs. Simmons's mysterious visitor in the purple bonnet. It was as Gregory had said, their memories (or their imaginations) had freshened up wonderfully. We found out quite a few new details, but, unfortunately, nothing bearing upon the point of our subject's past or present residence. All the evidence along this line amounted to exactly what we had already, namely, that her visits were irregular, that she came at any hour and on any day; that she never stayed long, and that she invariably got off a car at the corner of Carrall Street, and when going home, got on a car at the same point, but going in the opposite direction. At last we found one woman who was almost sure that the car upon which she had seen the woman going home was the yellow shield car, and this fact, rather doubtful though it was, seemed to prove that our deductions had been correct in the first place, for the yellow shield car is the car which has its terminus in Parkhurst.

"I feel sure she is in Parkhurst somewhere," declared Gregory, "but how we are going to find her in the time at our disposal I don't know---unless we call in the police and have them make a house to house search. But I doubt if Ridley would consent to do it on the shadowy evidence we have."

It was getting dusk by now, and, as we hurried on to our next witness the newsboys were shouting an extra.

"P'lice 'bout to make arrest! All about mysterious lady in blue! Extree, extree!"

"That's the beginning of the end for Miss Hampden," said Gregory, glancing rapidly over the paper. "We are her only chance now. See, here's a statement of Ridley himself, promising an arrest by to-morrow morning."

"But surely if we see him and tell him all we know, we can convince him of the girl's innocence."

"I'm afraid he won't want to be convinced—unless we have someone else to offer him as scapegoat. Well, we have one more witness to interview and our luck may change."

Our last witness was the mother of the little girl who had proved so observant in the case of the lady in blue. She was a busy, rather harrassed-looking woman, and although she tried bravely to help us, I could see that she had nothing new to tell.

"You see," she explained, "I never noticed her much. She was such an odd-appearing person and so very deaf."

"She wasn't deaf always," said little Jessie unexpectedly.

If a bomb had exploded beside us we would have been scarcely more startled. The little girl had been following our inquiry with childish interest, but this remarkable observation was the first word she had offered.

"What do you mean?" asked her mother sharply. "Of course she was deaf—deaf as a post!"

Jessie shook her head. "No," she said positively, "not always. She asked me what time it was once, and she heard quite well when I told her. And once I walked down the street with her and told her all about my dolly and she heard every word."

"Lip-reading, I suppose," I hazarded. But Gregory seemed immensely interested. He took the child on his knee and questioned her closely upon why she thought the lady had actually heard what she had told her. The child could give no sensible reason, but she was unshaken in her conviction. The lady had "looked like it" was the best she could do.

Gregory waited for nothing more, but hurried me away and proceeded to break all speed limits in a mad rush back to Parkhurst.

"Don't you see?" he told me in intervals of avoiding certain and sudden death, "one error in our premises has set us all wrong. We took for granted that the woman was deaf because everyone said so, including the murdered woman herself. We have been looking for a deaf woman in a purple bonnet. What was it O'Donnell said? '*If she only wasn't deaf now, I might be able to point you to what you want. It's the combination that's hard to come by.*' "

"But you've only got a child's fancy to go by," I objected, "against all the other evidence."

"The child was right! I have a hunch that the child was right. The woman isn't deaf at all."

"But why should she——"

Here Gregory avoided a motor truck with a jerk which left me gasping and swept up to Patrolman O'Donnell in a fashion which made even that hardened officer stare.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Gregory. Sure, if it were anybody else, I'd be arresting yourself as a danger to little chickens," declared O'Donnell, with his broad smile.

"O'Donnell," said Gregory, without preliminaries, "you said that if the party we want were not deaf you had an idea of someone who might answer to the description. Is that correct?"

"Shure, it is. But——" the man's open face clouded. "You wouldn't be wanting to do any harm to the party, Mr. Gregory, would you?"

"She is wanted for something serious, O'Donnell, I may as well tell you; we think she knows something very important in a pretty big case—murder, as a matter of fact."

O'Donnell, who had been looking very glum, relaxed at the word "murder" and began to laugh.

"Oh, well, then," he said, "I needn't worry about showing you the little lady I had in mind. Shure, she's not had anything to do with a killing, and that's certain. Why, only tonight I saw her get faint with the mere thinking of one. But she fits your description to a hair, barring the deafness. For she's not deaf at all. I see her often getting on the car to go west. A decent woman, with her living to earn——"

"Does she sew for a living?" asked Gregory suddenly.

"She does. My best girl says there's not her like in Parkhurst. It's fine work she does, ladies' *lingerry* and such. She lives right down there at this end of my beat, not far from where we're standing now. And by the same token, I spoke to her not more than an hour agone."

"How was that? Do you know her?"

"Just in the way I know all the ladies." O'Donnell's grin grew wider. "She was just coming off the car and an imp of a newsboy nearly knocked her down. He was racing along shouting 'Extree—extree. All about the lady in blue. P'lice 'bout to make arrest.' You've see the extree, haven't you, Mr. Gregory? It looks as if——"

Gregory stopped him with a hand upon his arm.

"Never mind about that, O'Donnell," he said, "what happened when the newsboy nearly knocked the lady down?"

"Why—nothing happened. I gave the gosoon a cuff on the lug, and Miss Walker bought a paper off him, to make it better. That's the kind she is. Though I expect she wanted to see who the police have got for the Simmons murder, too. But she didn't like the reading of it, for she turned quite white entirely and dropped the paper.

"It'll be good if they get the one that done it, ma'am," says I, picking up the paper and glancing at it mesilf. "The idea of a murderer around loose is not a nice idea at all. If they get next to this here lady in blue, we'll have some interesting reading soon.

" 'But she didn't do it at all!' says my little lady, as certain as you please.

" 'Didn't she now, ma'am?' says I 'Well, that's heard in a good moment. You can just tell them that at headquarters, and they'll be letting her go at once.'

"Bless the ladies," continued O'Donnell, with his spreading grin, "they always know who done it, better than the murderer himsilf."

"Was that all that was said?" asked Gregory, betraying none of the excitement which I knew must have consumed him.

"Why?" asked O'Donnell, startled. "It was just by way of a bit of a joke, you know. She was just like the rest of them, terrible int'rested, but sort of frightened, too—I like them that way.

" 'Oh, officer!' says she, 'what will they do to her if they get her?'

" 'Well, as for that, there's only one thing to do, ma'am,' I says. But she didn't wait to hear what that was. Afraid she might hear some unpleasant details. They nivir like——"

"I rather think she is the woman we want, O'Donnell," interrupted Gregory. "You say the description fits?"

"Like a glove. She's small and slight, and sort of ash-coloured. Her eyes look as if they didn't see you, but something farther beyant, and she wears the very bonnet you were speaking of and sometimes she has a bag of the same colour. But I can't think what you gentlemen can be wanting her for at all."

We were walking along now in the direction indicated by O'Donnell as "down there", but the big patrolman's steps were slow and his face once more looked clouded and dubious.

"I wouldn't like to be the one to get the little lady into any kind of trouble," he added.

"O'Donnell," said Gregory, "you know enough of us to guess that we don't go after people without reason, and that if we make a mistake we shan't mind admitting it. I can't say more than that. Duty is often unpleasant, but it's seldom that an innocent person comes to any real harm."

"You'll find her as innocent as a babe," said O'Donnell, with conviction, "and it's my belief that she's an 'innocent' in another way, too. Her eyes are queer entirely. There is the house—the third one, with the drawn blinds."

It was quite dark now, but we could see that the house he indicated was the smallest and poorest one in the small, poor row.

O'Donnell stepped up to the door and knocked his resounding policeman's knock.

There was no stirring within. No answer of any kind.

"Are you quite sure that she isn't deaf?" asked Gregory.

"Shure and shure," declared O'Donnell, knocking again.

"We'll have to go in," said Gregory. "We haven't a moment to waste—O'Donnell, force the door."

The Irishman exerted his strength somewhat gingerly, but to our amazement the door opened without effort. In an instant we stood in the dark little hall. Gregory pulled out his flash and we saw the electric button and pressed it. There was no response. Electric light was evidently not used in these poorer homes. One of the two doors in the hall stood open, and we entered what was plainly the living-room and lit the coal oil lamp which stood upon the table in its centre.

"She is not here at all. She is gone!" declared Gregory with sudden conviction, and with this new fear to spur us, we hardly hesitated to race back to the small hall and to try the one closed door on its other side.

A cold air, strangely sweet, blew in our faces as the door opened. O'Donnell suddenly clutched me by the arm. "Look you there!" he whispered, pointing toward the narrow bed.

I looked—and the mystery of the empty house, of the woman who had gone in and had not come out, was explained. We all felt that she was dead before we looked at her. The window stood a little open and the chill air was sweet with heliotrope. A small bottle of the perfume stood uncorked upon the dresser and by it lay an envelope, addressed in a hand which I recognized at once.

In the little sitting-room we read the contents of the envelope, which I append here without comment. The writing began abruptly:

I saw the extra paper to-night and it says that the police are going to arrest a young girl for killing Mrs. Simmons. I never thought of that. I knew they might find me and I was ready, but I didn't think there could be anybody else. So I must tell all about it, before they hurt anyone. I never wanted to hurt anyone. I didn't want to hurt *her* either. I only wanted to kill her. I wanted to kill her because I knew I was appointed to. I waited seven years until the right time came. Seven years ago Mrs. Simmons had a home for babies. I took my baby there because I had to work and couldn't take care of her. She was a lovely baby. I called her Heliotrope because she was so sweet. I was ill a long time and when I went to see baby again, she was dead. Mrs. Simmons said: "I can't be bothered with children when I don't get my pay. I thought you had deserted it." I looked at her and I knew she had let my baby die. That night I had a vision and I heard a voice, and it said: "Seven years shall the wicked flourish." So I knew that I must let her live for seven years.

Presently I got better and went back to work, but I always kept near her. I went to see her and I let her think the fever had made me deaf. I couldn't bear to hear her voice. When she gave up keeping the babies I followed her. I found out all about her and what she did. I couldn't stop her until the seven years were up. Sometimes I carried letters for her to people she wanted money from. She always gave me a quarter for going. I kept them all in a little box, and on the last day of the seven years, I took them with me to show her that I had never used them. I couldn't use wicked money. I took my baby's little frock, too, so that she would remember and know that it was my duty to kill her.

When I had killed her I took all the papers from under the chair where she kept them, and I have sent them to the people whose names were on them; all that had names. The others I burned. I had just collected all the papers and was going away when I heard the front door open. I hid behind the kitchen door and I saw the lady in the blue dress come in. I knew who she was and guessed why she had come. When she saw that I had killed Mrs. Simmons she was frightened, but I think she was glad, too, to know that the wicked had ceased to flourish. I waited till she had gone, and then I came away through the side door as I always did. No one saw me. The revolver I threw away down a gutter hole at the corner of the street where I live. I don't want to be arrested, so I won't wait. My head has troubled me since I had the fever and my heart is bad, so the doctor gives me tablets. He has warned me not to take too many. But to-night I will take more than he said and the police can find this letter and not trouble about Mrs. Simmons any more. It was quite right that I should kill her as commanded in the vision, and this is the truth, as told by me.—Ann Walker.

We were silent after we had read the letter. O'Donnell had turned away his face to hide his not unmanly tears. The little house was very peaceful. When Gregory spoke at last, all that he said was: "God rest her—let us go."

THE END

THE FISHING FLEET

From the Painting by R. F. Gagen,
Exhibited by
the Royal Canadian Academy

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

BY RANDOLPH CARLYLE

THE Canadian Government operates fourteen thousand miles of railway, which is about thirty-five per cent. of the total mileage in the Dominion. The name Canadian National Railways on rolling stock now distinguishes lines that formerly have been known as the Canadian Northern, the Intercolonial, the Prince Edward Island Railway, and the National Transcontinental Railway. As a result of this merger, which is Canada's greatest venture in public ownership and operation, the head offices of the Government railways have been transferred from Moncton, New Brunswick, to Toronto, where the administration is carried on by a board of directors, with Mr. D. B. Hanna as President. The head offices of the other great Canadian railways are in Montreal.

One may travel now on Canadian National Railways without any break in connection all the long way across the Dominion from Halifax to Vancouver. Or, if one wished to be fastidious, one could start at Louisbourg (port of retreat, on the northeast point of Nova Scotia, for the French in the days of Wolfe, and which was razed by the British at that time), and, with the exception of a short ferry trip connecting the mainland with the Island of Vancouver, make the whole trip by rail to Victoria, British Columbia. Or one could start at Yarmouth, the port in southern Nova Scotia that affords easy vessel connection with Boston. Or one might wish, first of all, to go from end to end of Prince Edward Island. All other main points in the Maritime Provinces can be touched—Sydney, New Glasgow, Truro, St. John, Fredericton; and at Moncton one can start on the direct trip to Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, and the far West. All this on Canadian National Railways.

Transportation, as is natural in a broad country like Canada, always has been with us a matter of vital importance. This applies not alone to the conduct of business. The unity of idea, which is essential if nationality is to evolve, depends to a greater extent possibly upon easy communication than on any other single factor. This principle was acknowledged first in the discussions preceding the union of the Maritime Provinces with Lower and Upper Canada, and the Intercolonial and Prince Edward Island Railways were the result. When the Crown colony of British Columbia was invited to join the eastern provinces group it was again laid down as *the* essential, and the Canadian Pacific Railway was the result. Both these roads—or these three, if the Prince Edward Island be considered apart from the Intercolonial—were primarily means of rapid overland communication: in a secondary sense they were colonizing agencies. This can be said without detracting from the magnificent work both the Intercolonial Railway and Canadian Pacific Railway

Mr. D. B. Hanna
President, Canadian National Railways

have done in colonization. But the Canadian Northern Railway, whose mileage was greatest of individual companies merged as Canadian National Railways, was admittedly a colonizing road. It was brought into being because of a widespread popular clamour for rails to serve the new North and, down to and until it became a transcontinental with termini at Montreal, Quebec and Vancouver, owning elevators, coal docks, hotels, telegraphs, and its own sleeping-cars and dining-cars, it was regarded as a pioneer in settlement.

So with the National Transcontinental between Moncton and Winnipeg through Northern Quebec and Ontario. Its most ardent champions claimed for it the function of making accessible great stores of natural wealth in field, forest and mine, *to enable* those wishing to grapple with fortune there to do so with the promise of success.

These facts are significant for the reason that they point to the probable trend of development in a still greater Canada, and the rise of the Canadian National Railways—with the ships of the Canadian Government Merchant Marine, as a complementing agency—to a transportation system of the highest standard and utility.

The greater portion of the mileage comprised within the Canadian National Railways was constructed with the primary object of developing, first, the sections of the country through which the rails were laid, and, conse-

Mr. C. A. Hayes
Vice-President, Canadian National Railways

quently, the Dominion as a whole because of the expansion of these parts. Then came the war, with its attendant disturbance of normal progression. Once the restraints of war which retarded the settlement of the areas served—which had been proceeding on a large scale—are removed, there is every reason to expect that this pioneer work will be renewed. The great feature of the immediate future will be the settling and the expansion in production from the territories served by the lines comprised within the Canadian National Railways.

The transcontinental lines of the Canadin National Railways have been constructed to a standard that will make possible a vast expansion of the services by rail without the necessity of great expenditures for reconstruction. Upon their lines the power of the locomotive can be used with efficiency that can hardly be equalled by any other system of similar importance in the world. They serve every ocean port of any consequence in Canada, with the exception of one in northern British Columbia, and every commercial and industrial centre, save two or three in the western Ontario peninsula, and one or two in western Canada. They serve the important established mining districts, and a considerable portion of the unexploited areas, where minerals are almost certain to be found—where at least exploration to a limited extent has already resulted in rich finds being made in gold and copper and other economic deposits. They serve the great unexploited timber reserves.

Mr. A. J. Mitchell
Vice-President, Canadian National Railways

They serve the great New North in the west, and the great New North in the east, where the developments of the future will take place. Water-powers, at present unexploited, exist in abundance on the waterways served by its various lines throughout the Dominion. All conditions, therefore, prevail for the building up of a great new traffic to the lines of the Canadian National Railways, enhancing thereby the prosperity of the people of Canada at large.

To meet the obligations resulting from wartime activities, Canadians must increase to a very considerable extent the production from the natural resources with which the Dominion has been so generously endowed. This expansion must be on the farm, in manufactures, in the forests, the mines, and on the waterways. And the plans of the leaders in Canada include as well a development of the country's foreign trade, as well as expansion within the Dominion itself. Foreign trade implies drawing upon the great reservoirs of the country's resources in order that the manufacturers in the country may produce at higher speed. It also implies that these natural resources shall be handled economically and expeditiously to the industries where they are to be transformed into finished products to meet market conditions in other parts of the world. And also adequate steamship tonnage must be provided to convey the finished products from the ports of Canada to the other lands where new markets have been found. These conditions go to show that the prosperity of Canada will have as its foundation the services of the Canadian National Railways and their complementary ocean services.

Mount Cavell, British Columbia
A Scene on the Canadian National Railways

Accordingly, the Canadian National system has within itself the germs of expansion which the board of directors will make it their special work to see developed. To this end it is being organized in order that the expected development and settlement along its lines shall be facilitated, and also that tne system will be an efficient servant when the actual expansion has taken place.

Realizing the significance of developments in the past, and the important position railways will occupy in all plans for the future in Canada, the board of directors and the managing heads of the Canadian National Railways are facing their problems with open eyes and open minds.

David Blythe Hanna, the President, embodies to a striking degree the qualities of vitality, persistence and capa-

Station of the Canadian National Railways at Vancouver

city with which so many of the successful sons of "Auld Scotia" have been endowed. For, although he has been a Canadian for the last thirty-six years, it was at Thornliebank, near Glasgow, he was born on December 20th, 1858, and it was in Scotland that he spent the first eight years of his railway experience. Forty-four busy years have passed since he worked at his first desk in a railway office and proudly pocketed the earnings of six shillings a week; but those early years with the Scotch railways impressed into his character the sense of the importance of thoroughness and thrift that has remained with him throughout his subsequent railway career. In forty-four years he has changed employers but six times, including this transition from private company operation to the administration of the group of roads embraced by the popular title of Canadian National Railway lines.

His first clerkship was with the Glasgow, Barrhead and Kilmarnock Railway, and he served with the road four years. The first change was to the Caledonian Railway in 1878, and he was cashier for that road in Stobcross Terminal, Glasgow, from its opening to the time he left to board ship for Canada in 1882.

In this country his first railway experience was with the Grand Trunk auditing department in Montreal. Two years later he made his third change to the similar department of the New York, West Shore and Buffalo Railway, with headquarters at New York, remaining there two years—1884 to 1886. The fourth move was from New York to Portage la Prairie, where, in 1886, he became chief accountant of the Manitoba and Northwestern Railway operating out of that Manitoban centre. In 1892 he became treasurer and, in the year following, land commissioner as well.

Three years later, Mackenzie and Mann commenced the construction, Gladstone to Dauphin, of the first hundred-mile stretch of the Canadian Northern Railway. It was not so known at that time, but bore the appellation of the Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal Company. The two railway builders, construction work nearly finished, were seeking a manager to operate the road, and the choice devolved upon D. B. Hanna. He entered the service of the Canadian Northern a few days before Christmas

The Canadian National Railways at Jaspar Park, Alberta

of 1896 as General Superintendent. By practically living on the line, he stirred the territory into productivity, and by making every nickel do all that even a Scotsman could expect a nickel to do, the road was made to pay its charges the first year and furnish a tidy surplus. And when the members of the Manitoba Legislative, which had guaranteed the bonds of the enterprise, journeyed up to Dauphin in 1897 they expressed themselves as positively amazed at the evidences of prosperity in the territory the line served.

When the general offices of the Canadian Northern were established in Toronto, Mr. Hanna, in 1902, came east to take up enlarged responsibilities as Third Vice-President, with supervision of all departments of the road. He has held the reins of the great operating, financial, and traffic departments, and has continued to give, by dint of long hours, the same kind of close scrutiny to the problems of the road as in its early days, only the perspective has been for ten thousand miles, with termini at Atlantic and Pacific tidewater, instead of the 100-mile "section" between the towns of Gladstone and Dauphin in Central Manitoba.

He became, in 1903, President of the Canadian Northern Quebec Railway, and in 1907 President of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. He became President of the Niagara, St. Catharines and Toronto Railway Company, and also of the Duluth, Winnipeg and Pacific Railway Company—a system subsidiary which gives access from the main line at Fort Frances, Ontario, to Duluth. But despite these titles, it was as Third Vice-President, and practical administrator of the C.N.R. system he has been known for the last sixteen years among business men throughout the country, and even beyond the borders of the Dominion.

He has won through to success because he possesses the inherent ability to rise to the needs of trying situations, and because he has the driving force to carry him through most arduous work. His manner of speech is decidedly direct. The fundamental principle he works upon is to do the best he can with the resources at his disposal. And of him it may be said, if it can be said of any man, that he

Station of the Canadian National Railways, at Winnipeg

personifies "ability constantly applied".

Mr. Alfred J. Mitchell is a member of the Executive Committee of three, a director, and also Vice-President. He is in his fortieth year, having been born at Toronto September 28th, 1879. He entered transportation service when twenty years of age on July 18th, 1899, and until 1902 was chief clerk for Mackenzie-Mann and Company at Toronto. Promotion came rapidly to him. From January, 1902, until January, 1904, the accountancy work for the big contracting firm was under his care. The next step was to the Assistant Comptrollership, which he retained to July, 1908, when the assistant was deleted and he became Comptroller. As an addition, in July, 1912, he was appointed assistant to the Vice-President of the Canadian Northern Railway, retaining that office and the office of Comptroller until September, 1918, the time passing away of "the old order" on the Canadian Northern Railway, and the ushering in of the new, of which, as already pointed out, he is head of the organization in charge of finance and accounts.

Mr. Mitchell, throughout his railway service of twenty years, has been directly in touch with the construction of lines of the Canadian Northern throughout Canada, and, accordingly, assumes his enlarged responsibilities with the intimate knowledge of costs and methods involved in any considerable railway constructive work in this country. The passion for work that is a chief characteristic will alone suffice to keep that knowledge up-to-date. Construction of railways is by no means a dead letter in Canada, and it seems a good omen for public ownership that a man familiar with the best in construction methods should also be the Vice-President in charge of Finance and Accounts of Canadian National Railways.

Then comes Malcolm H. MacLeod, Vice-President in charge of Operation, Maintenance and Construction for Canadian National Railways. He, like Mr. Hanna, is a Scotsman born, Skye, Invernesshire, being his native place. He is in his sixty-second

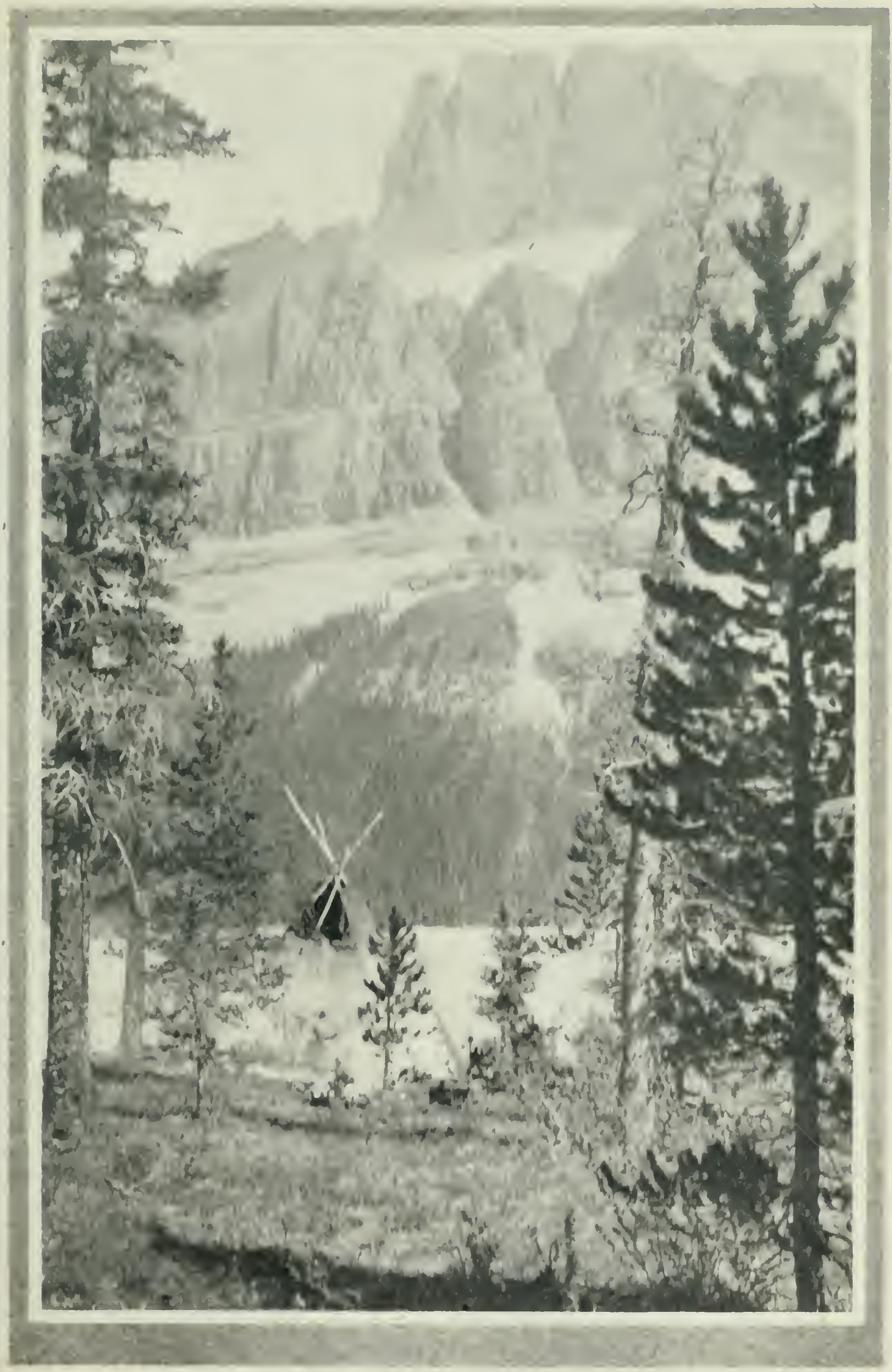
An Electric Engine pulling a train out from the Canadian National Railways Station at Montreal and heading for the tunnel under the mountain

year, having been born July 13th, 1857. He came to Canada in 1862, and when twenty years of age he entered transportation service as a chainman on the Victoria Railway in Ontario, and it was through the engineering branch he rose to the post of General Manager, Western Lines, of the Canadian Northern Railway System, and, from that the Vice-Presidency of Operations of Canadian National Railways. His record, subsequent to the first experience on the Victoria Railway, is as follows: 1879 to 1880, rodman and leveller, Credit Valley Railway; 1881, transitman, location surveys, Ontario and Sault Ste. Marie Railway; 1882, resident engineer, construction Toronto and Ottawa Railway; 1883 to 1885, assistant engineer, construction Lake Superior Section, Canadian Pacific Railway; 1886, on location and construction, Canadian Pacific Railway lines east of Montreal; 1887, on construction, Canadian Pacific Railway, Sault Ste. Marie branch; 1888 to 1889, locating engineer, and in charge of construction, Windsor division, Canadian Pacific Railway; 1890, locating engineer, Calgary and Edmonton Railway; 1891, revision surveys, Canadian Pacific Railway, and locating, Niagara Falls, Park and River Railway; and afterwards he held various important positions until in 1918 he was appointed to his present position as Vice-President in charge of Operation, Maintenance and Construction.

It is conceded that no other man in either the old Canadian Northern official group or in that of Canadian Government Railways is better qualified to effect the harmonizing of grades and equipment that is to make Canadian National Railways one of the great transportation agencies of the world. He has the advantage of having as assistant Vice-President S. J. Hungerford, who has the reputation of knowing to an ounce just how much any of his locomotives can handle

The Headwaters of the Fraser River, British Columbia with a view of Mount Fitzwilliam

The Headwaters of the Fraser River, British Columbia, showing on different levels the tracks of the Canadian National and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railways



The Palisades, Alberta
A Scene on the Canadian National Railways

throughout the system, and just how much of the lifetime of a railway engine should be spent in the shops, and how much out earning revenue on the lines.

Mr. A. E. Warren is General Manager of western lines of Canadian National Railways. Mr. Warren's office is at Winnipeg. The General Manager for the eastern lines is Mr. F. P. Brady, with headquarters at Montreal.

The Vice-President in charge of Traffic is Mr. Carlos A. Hayes, who was born on March 10th, 1865, at West Springfield, Mass. He entered railway service in April, 1882, and held various positions in a clerical capacity in the accounting and general freight departments of the Boston and Maine Railroad at Springfield and Boston until November, 1890. From November, 1890, to June, 1892, he was General Freight and Passenger Agent of the Central New England and Western Railway at Poughkeepsie, and from June to October, 1892, Division Freight Agent of the Philadelphia and Reading ,at Hartford, Conn. In October, 1892, he entered the service of the Grand Trunk Railway as New England Agent at Boston of its National Despatch Fast Freight Line, and in 1896 became Manager of the same line.

In 1903, Mr. Hayes was appointed Assistant General Freight Agent of the Grand Trunk Railway at Chicago; on May 1st, 1908, General Freight Agent, Montreal, and in September, 1911, Freight Traffic Manager. In 1913 he became General Traffic Manager, and on June 1st, 1917, General Manager, Canadian Government Railways, Eastern Lines. In November, 1918, he became Vice-President in charge of Traffic for Canadian National Railways. He will have as immediate assistants, Mr. H. H. Melanson, Passenger Traffic Manager, and Mr. George Stephen, Freight Traffic Manager. All three have their headquarters at Toronto.

Mr. Hayes is recognized as a railway man of exceptional ability, and as a traffic expert he has few equals in Canada.

The British North America Act, uniting the provinces into one Dominion, received Royal sanction on March the 29th, 1867, came into force July 1st of that year. The 68th of the resolutions forming the basis of the Articles of Confederation, reads as follows:

> "That the General Government shall secure without delay the completion of the Intercolonial Railway from Riviere du Loup through New Brunswick to Truro in Nova Scotia."

On April 12th, 1867, the Imperial Parliament passed a second Bill in the interests of Canada entitled, "An Act authorizing a guarantee of interest on a loan to be raised by Canada, for the construction of a railway connecting Quebec and Halifax."

In less than a week after the date of Union, Engineer, Mr. (later Sir) Sanford Fleming received instructions from the Minister of Public Works to proceed with the surveys necessary to establish the best route for the Intercolonial. On Monday, November 11th, 1872, there was established the through all-rail line between St. John and Halifax. In 1874, Riviere du Loup and Ste. Flavie, eighty-six miles apart, were connected. In 1876, Moncton was connected to Ste. Flavie, a distance of 296 miles. In 1879, the Federal Government purchased the Grand Trunk Railway Company's line from Riviere du Loup and Hadlow to beyond Levis, a distance of 126 miles. In 1884, the Federal Government took over from the Government of Nova Scotia a line, eighty miles long, between New Glasgow and Mulgrave. November 24th, 1890, fifty miles of line connecting Sydney, North Sydney and Grand Narrows was opened. In January, 1891, communication was established between Grand Narrows and Point Tupper, a distance of forty-six miles.

In 1898 there was leased from the Grand Trunk Railway Company the line from Ste. Rosalie to Montreal, thirty-eight miles, and the same year a line connecting Ste. Rosalie with the western bank of the Chaudiere River,

Near Badheck, Nova Scotia
A Scene on the Canadian National Railways

131 miles, was leased from the Drummond Counties Railway Company, and bought later on.

This completed the main line of the Intercolonial Railway, Montreal to Halifax, Moncton to St. John, and Truro to Sydney.

In 1913 the last spike was driven on November 17th on the National Transcontinental, between Moncton and Winnipeg (with the exception of the Quebec Bridge).

In 1913-14 the National Transcontinental was operated, to a limited extent, between Moncton and Escourt, Quebec.

In 1914-15 operation was extended by the Intercolonial Railway between Moncton and Chaudiere, a distance of 455.15 miles.

On May 1st, 1915, the National Transcontinental Railway from Quebec to Winnipeg, a distance of 1,355.95 miles, was taken over for operation as part of the Canadian Government Railway System, and was put in operation on June 1st, 1915.

On July 1st, 1915, the Lake Superior branch, between Lake Superior Junction on the National Transcontinental and Fort William (191 miles), was taken over for operation by the Canadian Government Railways, having been leased by the Government from the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company.

Meantime, the Canadian Northern Railway, which is now the main artery of the Government system, began in 1896 to build northward from Gladstone, Manitoba. The following year 123 miles was opened for traffic, and building was carried on every year, until by the end of 1905 they had 2,846 miles in operation. The chronology is too long to be given in detail here, but it is of interest to know that the last spike in the line in the west was driven at Basque, British Columbia, in 1915.

THE TIDE NOW RUNNING

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

IT is to Brutus that Shakespeare gives credit for the aphorism "There is a tide in the affairs of men". Woodrow Wilson, giving credit to no man, utters an equally suggestive phrase—"The tide now running in the hearts of men". Lloyd George, speaking with less figure, says that the whole world must be remade. Newton Rowell, with characteristic faith in the upward tendency of humanity, asserts that we cannot go back to old conditions and that we ought not to, even if we could. While there may be much truth in these observations, we should hold to the fact throughout all the so-called reconstruction period that man never goes back to former conditions, that he is ever evolving, and that while human nature may be intensified by war, war does not change it. Values will change, as they have changed, and the currents of trade will shift. Forms of government will change, as they always have changed, and the voice of the people will be heard, as it always has been heard, with increasing force and determination. But human nature will not change. It will be just as grasping, just as selfish, just as keen to get on at the cost of others as it ever has been. Although we may have peace in so far as we are not at war with another nation, we will have social unrest, class differences, even here in Canada, and racial and religious grieving.

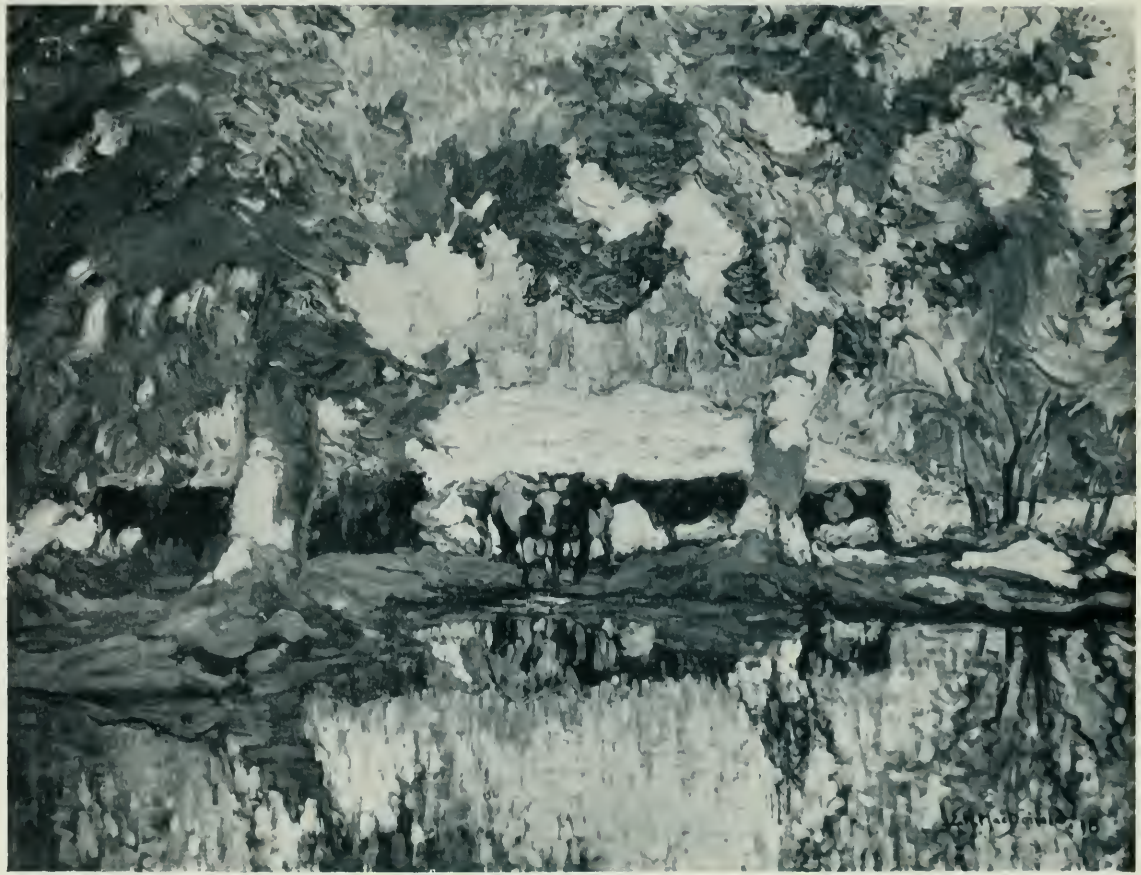
These social problems are the things that give the Government alarm just now, and we in Canada, where there is no concern about territorial aggression, should try to establish a decent public attitude towards the foreigner who is here and desires to hold his job, towards the soldier who has returned and desires the foreigner's job, towards the trades unions who have both as members, towards the employers who are threatened, first by unions, then by soldiers and, lastly, by their contracts for the delivery of goods. Among these several classes the Government must inflict itself as mediator, and the Government cannot do right unless the people acknowledge what is right. The Government will get the soldiers back again to Canada, and more will be done for them than in any other country. But will the public be satisfied? Will the soldiers who have returned be satisfied? Will the shifting thousands who are sure to be out of employment realize that until the period of readjustment is over, no matter what may be the extent of that period, it will be impossible to find work for everybody, especially work that everybody is willing to undertake. Here are two good reasons: A firm of brokers, we'll say, employed in 1914 a dozen clerks, four of whom went to the war. During the absence of the four the work of the office was carried on by the eight who remained. The employers saw that eight were doing the work formerly done by twelve, and the only difference was that they were obliged to pay, say, an average salary of twenty-five dollars a week instead of fifteen or twenty under former conditions. Does anyone think that this firm of brokers will readily take back into their employ at an advance in salary of from five to ten dollars or more a week men who have been out of touch with the business for two, three or four years and who as a result have deteriorated in value to them as a firm of brokers? Would it confirm the average opinion of human nature if they should offer to take them back? It is not a question of what they ought to do. It is a question of what they find it expedient to do, of what they find they can do while they are competing successfully against others and making as much profit as they think they should make. The same condition is revealed in a study of the problem of domestic help. In many city households where two servants were employed formerly at twenty dollars a month, one is employed now at forty dollars, and in many instances that one is a Chinaman. Then if Chinamen at forty to sixty dollars a month are taking the places of maids, what is to become of the maids? It is a fact that Chinamen are taking their places. And if the maids have found employment in factories, banks, and other places where formerly men only were employed, what is to become of the men? Thousands of young women have gone into banks, and in banks they will remain. Will the young men whom they have replaced go on the land? Will the men who have had a taste or a good sampling of town or city life be willing to take to farming under any conditions? The answer of most persons to that would be, "Not on your life". And that answer would be about right.

The land, therefore, becomes the crux of the whole situation. We have the land, but many difficulties have to be overcome before the Dominion Government can offer it in a form sufficiently attractive to the average man. Much of the desirable unsettled land is held by speculators or controlled by the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, and these Provinces would not hand over eagerly to the Dominion Government one of their greatest assets. This is a situation that displays the foolishness of ever allowing Crown lands to slip into Provincial control. It is true that some of the Provincial Governments have shown a disposition to conform to the needs of the Dominion Government, but everyone knows how hard it is to adjust such conditions and how long it takes. Meantime the Dominion Government has undertaken to give financial assistance on a plan similar to the one applied in Ireland. As a matter of fact, the plan offers wonderful opportunities to serious men who would undertake farming as a serious and highly absorbing business. But you hear everyone saying that the men will not leave the cities and that there were 30,000 unemployed in Toronto in the month of February. Statistics show that there are about twenty-two thousand aliens in the same city and more than eighty thousand aliens of enemy nationality in the whole Dominion. That number, together with an enlarging body of unemployed, is enough to cause the Government to take extraordinary precautions to prevent trouble. And extraordinary precautions it is taking, not only in view of the returning soldiers, but in view also of the unrest and chafing and socialistic machinations that seem to flourish in such a time as the present.

One precaution that the Dominion Government has taken is the establishment of employment offices throughout the country. That on its face looks like a simple undertaking, but it has been fraught with confusing and embarrassing situations. The idea at first was to close all private employment offices, but that could not be done because they were licensed by the Provinces, and some of the Provinces, especially Ontario, had undertaken schemes of their own to cope with unemployment. Some, on the other hand, Nova Scotia, for instance, readily gave over to the Dominion Government full control of employment in their territories. These conditions are cited merely as an indication of the difficulties that confront the committees that are trying to solve what undoubtedly is one of the greatest problems this country has ever faced.

In treating this problem of repatriation and employment the Cabinet at Ottawa already has taken an appreciable forward step in democratic government. Not only has it appointed committees of men irrespective of party affiliations, but it has succeeded in having departmental executives meet almost daily to confer with one another, outline plans and make suggestions. The great questions of how the returned soldier should be treated and of how conditions following the cessation of war should be controlled have not been decided at haphazard, nor has any one department been permitted to go ahead on its own account. Manufacturers, business men, representatives of labour, veterans of the war, educationists, journalists, heads of religious organizations and others whose advice has been regarded as of value have been summoned to Ottawa to say plainly to the Cabinet, through the Repatriation Committee and the departmental executives, just what they think should be done by the Government for the country at this crisis. That, surely, is an advance step in democratic government—citizens advising the Government through its executives. Certainly it is a new method at Ottawa.

Advice, like drugs, is a thing that should be taken with discretion. Some there are who advise the Government to plunge into public works. That at best is the policy of taking from Peter to pay Peter, but it is a policy nevertheless that is to be commended just now, inasmuch as the prosecution of public works would absorb much manual labour, the class that is most likely to cause disturbance in the event of unemployment. But it is a fallacy to suppose that good times can be maintained by spending money on public works. Money expended on manufacturing, agriculture and industrial enterprises of all kinds usually results in gain or at least in production. But when it is expended on public works it becomes a dead loss and never can be recovered. During the last four years the Government and municipalities have not found it necessary to build new bridges, new docks and wharves, new post-offices and customs offices, or to dig sewers or construct canals. But the Government itself has been the chief contractor of the country, the chief employer of labour, the chief purchaser of raw materials, the chief paymaster. It arrogated to itself, owing the the urgency of the situation, great dictatorial powers, and in order to attain its ends quickly it seemed at times as if money actually was being squandered. Raw materials were hoarded like a miser's gold. The markets shifted. Prices of commodities rose until the Government in several instances had to impose control and limit consumption. Then, suddenly, all restrictions were removed, and business men everywhere found themselves face to face with a baffling situation as to values. They were, and still are, face to face with a world whose generation of changes had been compressed into four short years. They were, and still are, face to face with new markets, with great foreign possibilities, but with the huge problem of shifting values to give them pause. That pause will increase the ranks of the unemployed unless the Government can find some means of opening the channels of foreign trade so as to admit Canadian goods and of finding the capital at home wherewith the goods can be produced. Our banking system should be such that every dollar of Canadian money would be kept in Canada and used in Canada. If the Government could begin at the bottom and make sure that capital is available to all worthy men who would pay wages if they had money to pay them with, just as they offer money to the soldier who will engage in farming, there would not be with us any longer the problem of the unemployed.



CATTLE

From the Painting by
J. E. H. Macdonald,
Exhibited by
Royal Canadian Academy

THE EASTERN CHRISTIAN CHURCHES

BY W. L. SCOTT

ORIGINALLY there was but one church to which all Christians belonged. Now there are many. These fall naturally into three great divisions—the Catholic Church, the Protestant Churches, and the Eastern Churches. The first and last of these overlap in as much as there are many Eastern churches which, though autonomous, are in communion with Rome or, in other words, form part of the Catholic Church.

It will be desirable at the outset to say something regarding "rites", a correct understanding of which is essential to any study, however brief, of Eastern Christianity. The primary meaning of the word "rite" is, to quote the New English Dictionary, "a formal procedure or act in a religious or other solemn function". There is, however, another and wider meaning which is less generally understood. A rite in this wider sense means the whole complex of the services of any church or group of churches together with the body of local customs and local canon law. The differences between rites are not therefore differences of essentials or of faith such as separate one religion from another. It follows that, on the one hand, one religion may include many different rites, and that on the other hand, the same rite may be practised by those of different religions. In other words, rite and religion are two quite different things.

The origin of the Christian rites takes us back to the very dawn of Christianity. During the first three centuries there was used in the services of the church in the various Christian communities a fluid ritual founded on the Scriptural account of the Last Supper, combined with a Christianized synagogue service, showing, however, a certain uniformity of type and gradually crystallizing into set forms. By the fourth century this indeterminate ritual had settled into three great fixed forms, associated respectively with the three original patriarchates of Rome, Alexandria and Antioch. All others are modifications of one or other of these three. Together with these several forms of ritual grew up local customs and disciplinary rules which further differentiated the various local churches from each other, and all of which united in time to constitute the several rites as they now exist.

A liturgical language is a language in which the liturgy of a Church is composed and its formal services conducted. All but a very few of the languages so used are now no longer spoken, though they were all, of course, spoken languages when first adopted for the liturgy. The same liturgical language is often used in quite different rites and, on the other hand, more than one liturgical language is sometimes employed within the same rite.

It must, therefore, be carefully borne in mind that rite, liturgical language and religion are three different things, which may occur in almost every possible combination. In fact, in the East you can never determine a man's rite by the language in which it is expressed nor his religion by his rite. People of the same rite, as I have said may, and frequently do, belong to totally different religions. Nevertheless, the tie of a common rite is very strong. A Catholic Armenian, for instance, is just as much a Catholic as anyone of the Latin rite and feels about his religion just as any other Catholic does. He knows perfectly well that he is one with Latins, Chaldees and Maronites and has nothing whatever to do with Gregorian Armenians. Yet he would feel more at home in a Gregorian Armenian Church of his own rite than in a Chaldee, a Maronite, or even a Latin Church of his own religion. Outwardly the bond of a common rite is often more apparent than what they all realize perfectly well to be the essential difference between two different religions, one of which recognizes the Pope as Christ's divinely appointed vice-gerent on earth, and the other of which totally rejects the Papal claims.

What is an Eastern Christian Church? This question again takes us back to the earliest days of church history. Immediately succeeding the Apostles we find the bishops at the head of the local Christian communities. The office of bishop was, and still is, the highest in the hierarchy of orders. But in the hierarchy of jurisdiction there are higher steps. Some bishops are known as metropolitans or archbishops, and have jurisdiction over the bishops of a province. Some are primates and preside over the metropolitans of a nation. Three of these latter very early stand out from all others as the three first bishops of Christendom. These were the bishops of Rome, Alexandria and Antioch. In this larger jurisdiction they were known as patriarchs, and every portion of the Christian world fell under the authority of one or other of them. At the first General Council, that of Nicaea in 325, this patriarchal jurisdiction was accepted as "ancient custom". At the fourth General Council, that of Chalcedon in 451, two further patriarchates, Jerusalem and Constantinople, were created. The Roman patriarch had jurisdiction over his fellows. In other words, besides being patriarch of the West, he was also head of the Universal Church. Moreover, his patriarchate was always enormously the greatest. Western Christendom may be defined as the Roman patriarchate, and all those churches that have broken away from it. With those we are not at present concerned. Eastern Christendom, on the other hand, comprises the other two (or, later, four) ancient patriarchates. These do not, however, now form in any sense one church. To find a time when there was but one Eastern Church we must go back to the centuries before the Council of Ephesus in 431. Since then there have from time to time been schisms which have resulted in the formation of numerous independent churches, and reunions with Rome from time to time of portions of these have still further added to the number. These Eastern churches are divided into four main groups: the Nestorian Church, the Monophysite Churches, the Orthodox Eastern Church, and the Uniate Churches.

The Nestorian is now but a broken remnant of what was once a great church which spread over Persia, India and even China, until almost wiped out of existence by Timur Leng and his hordes.

The Monophisites form two separate communions. One is made up of the Copts of Egypt, the Abyssinians, the Jacobites of Syria and a section of the Malabar Christians. These are identical in belief and are in entire communion, forming, in fact, one religion, although the four rites differ widely from each other. The Gregorian Armenians are a separate communion. It will be observed that there are two Armenian churches, the Gregorian Armenian, which is Monophysite and independent, and the Catholic Armenian, which is in communion with Rome.

The Orthodox Eastern Church, often incorrectly called the Greek Church, with its one hundred million adherents, is, next to the Catholic, the largest single Christian denomination. It consists of seventeen separate independent bodies who profess the same faith, belong to the same rite, the Byzantine, and are all (with one exception, the Bulgarian) in communion with each other and with the patriarch of Constantinople, their titular head, whose position, however, is purely honourary and does not carry with it any authority over the divisions other than his own particular one, which is known as the Great Church, or the Patriarchate of Constantinople, and which now covers only European Turkey and a portion of Asia Minor. The only respect in which these bodies differ from one another, when they do differ, is in liturgical language. These seventeen churches are the Great Church, the Patriarchates of Alexandria, Antioch and Jerusalem, the Churches of Russia, Cyprus, Montenegro, Greece, Bulgaria, Serbia, Roumania and Georgia, the Monastry of Mount Sinai, the Churches of Carlowitz for Serbs in Hungary, of Hermannstadt for Roumanians in Hungary, of Bukowina for all Orthodox in Austria, and of Bosnia and Herzgovina for all Orthodox in those provinces.

The Greek quarter of Constantinople in which the patriarch lives is called the Phanar, and this name is commonly applied to the patriarch's government just as the Papal Court is referred to as the Vatican. Prior to the wars of independence the patriarch was something like a Pope. But the Christians in time came to identify the Phanar with the hated Turkish rule, and as soon as a state secured its independence it made its church independent of the patriarch. It has always been a principle with the Phanar that the Orthodox Church should be Greek, and accordingly Greeks have uniformly been appointed as bishops over Slav and other non-Greek populations, much to their exasperation. This Hellenizing of the church, in which the Phanar has the active support of the Church of Greece, was a powerful factor in causing the separation of the Churches of Serbia, Bulgaria and Roumania. Nevertheless, it was persisted in even after their separation. Liturgical language is the burning question in the Balkans. While they are all Orthodox and all of the Byzantine rite, there are Bulgarians, Roumanians, Serbs and Greeks who, even within the patriarchate of Constantinople, aim at being separate churches, the bond of union in each case being nationality as well as the languages used in the liturgy.

The Church of Russia is immensely the largest of the Orthodox divisions, its adherents prior to the war numbering from eighty to eighty-five millions, or nearly eight times the number of all of the other Orthodox bodies put together. Peter the Great abolished the office of Patriarch of Moscow and brought the church under the absolute control of the State, a condition in which it continued until the fall of the Imperial Government, when the Patriarchate was restored and the church regained its independence. It is at present suffering most bitter persecution at the hands of the Bolsheviki, but signs are not wanting that the church will emerge triumphant from the struggle and eventually prove to be the force destined to rescue Russia from the anarchy in which she is now engulphed.

The relations of the Bulgarian Church, which has broken away from the Phanar, to the other Orthodox churches, is the most important question to-day in the Orthodox world. From the ninth to the eleventh centuries the Bulgars set up a great independent kingdom with an independent church, which both the Pope and the Patriarch of Constantinople recognized. The primate reigned at Ochrida in Macedonia. When in the eleventh century the Bulgars lost their independence and became part of the Greek Empire, the Church of Ochrida was allowed to continue. It also survived the Turkish conquest; but eventually in 1767 it was, on the advice of the Phanar, suppressed and all Bulgars were brought forcibly under the immediate jurisdiction of the Phanar. From that time began a bitter persecution of the Bulgars, bitterly resented by them. Of all the rivalries between Balkan peoples, that between the Greeks and the Bulgars has always been by far the most bitter. The Greeks hate a Serb, a Roumanian, an Albanian—anyone who has a nationality to oppose to their dream of a Greater Hellas, but they hate a Bulgar most of all. In 1860 the Bulgars determined at all hazards to break away from the Patriarch and in 1870, through the active intervention of Russia, the Turkish Government recognized their church. What has made the quarrel especially bitter is that the Bulgars were not content that their autocephalus church should cover merely their own territory as the Serbs, Greeks and Roumanians were. They insisted that, like the Armenians, all Bulgars wherever they might live should belong to their church. So they established their exarch, not at Sofia, but at Constantinople, with bishops all over Turkey as well as Bulgaria. This the Phanar could not forgive. He excommunicated the Bulgars and they are out of communion with the Orthodox Churches, with the important exception of the Church of Russia, which has all along remained in communion with both sides. Mr. Brailsford, in his book on Macedonia, mentions an incident which aptly illustrates the feeling of the Greeks towards the Bulgarians. After the rising of 1903, being in charge of a British relief expedition, he asked the Archbishop of Monastir for permission to make use of two vacant floors in the Greek hospital for the purpose of caring for certain sick and wounded Bulgarian women and children whose villages had been destroyed by the Turks. The Archbishop appeared genuinely astonished that so unreasonable a request should be made of him. "These people are our enemies," he said, and he added: "I would rather they all perished than admit one of them to the hospital."

Both the Serbs and the Roumanians have had experiences similar to those of the Bulgars. Each at one time formed an independent nation with a great national church, which later retained its autonomy for centuries under the Turks, but which in the eighteenth century fell a victim to the Hellenizing policy of the Phanar, was suppressed and its members included in the Roman millet or "nation" under the Patriarch. Then came, as usual, the Greek bishops and Greek priests and the substitution of Greek for church Slavonic or Roumanian as a liturgical language. With the subsequent attainment of civil independence, in each case came at last ecclesiastical independence eventually acquiesced in by the Phanar; but the old wrongs are not forgotten and the memory of them does not tend to promote good-will towards either the Greeks or the Phanar. The Roumanian is one of the very few liturgical languages which is also the vernacular.

We now come to the last of the four groups of Eastern Churches, the Uniates. A Uniate Church is an Eastern Church which is in communion with Rome, or which, in other words, forms part of the Catholic Church. Uniate means united—united to Rome. All of these bodies are absolutely identical in belief with the Latin Church, and all, in particular, look to the Pope as the head of the church. They are therefore all undoubtedly "Roman Catholics" in the sense in which that term is used in Canada. Yet confusion is sometimes caused by the fact that when asked they will often deny that they are "Roman" Catholics. Strictly speaking "Roman Catholic" means a Catholic of the Roman or Latin rite, and it is so understood throughout the East. On the other hand, "Catholic" in the East, at all events in common parlance, is applied exclusively to those who are in communion with Rome. A Gregorian Armenian, a Copt, a Jacobite, or even an Orthodox would never refer to himself as a "Catholic". But every Uniate will answer to that name. Usually the Uniate churches are autonomous, under the rule of their own Patriarch or other ecclesiastical head, who is subject only to the papal authority. No bishop or patriarch of a rite different to their own has usually any jurisdiction over them. The position of these Uniate Churches is often much misunderstood and is thought to be anomalous. It is, in fact, quite simple and logical. From the beginning there has never been a time when the Latin was the only rite followed in the Catholic Church. Prior to the separation of the Orthodox Church from the Universal Church this was obviously so. The Italo-Greeks, who follow a rite closely akin to the Byzantine, did not join in the schism and have never been out of communion with Rome. The whole of the Maronite Church has been in communion with Rome since the twelfth century. The Catholic Armenian Church dates from the same period. It was not until the twelfth century that the Bulgarian Church separated from Rome. Consequently there has never been a time when there have not been churches bearing precisely the same relations to Rome that the Uniates now do. At present there are fourteen such churches, making, with the Latin, fifteen rites represented in the Catholic Church. These comprise all rites that are not obsolete. Two rites, the Latin and the Maronite, do not exist outside the Catholic Church. The other thirteen include a representative of every independent rite; excepting in the case of the Byzantine, which is represented by seven variants. These Uniate Churches are the Chaldean, corresponding to the Nestorian, the Uniate Coptic, the Uniate Abyssinian, the Catholic Syrian, corresponding to the Jacobite, the Catholic Armenian, the Uniate Malabar, the Maronite, and the seven variants of the Byzantine which are the Pure Greek, the Italo-Greek, the Uniate Georgian, the Melchite (Syria and Egypt), the Ruthenian, the Uniate Bulgarian, and the Catholic Roumanian.

The rule of the Catholic Church strictly forbids anyone leaving his rite without good reason and special permission, which must be obtained from Rome. As a consequence if, for instance, a Copt desires to become a member of the Catholic Church, he cannot become a Latin or a Melchite, but must join the Uniate Coptic Church. In view of the tenacity with which an Eastern Christian holds to his rite, such a rule is scarcely necessary. And indeed the object of it is to emphasize the fact that Rome, far from desiring to Latinize them, is prepared to do everything possible to preserve these ancient rites.

The Ruthenian is numerically the largest of the Uniate Churches and is moreover of special interest to us because of the fact that it is the only Eastern Church which has a substantial following and a permanent establishment in Canada. They number in Canada about 250,000, of whom about 10,000 are in Ontario. They are under a bishop of their own rite, who resides at Winnipeg. By a Dominion statute passed in 1913 he is a corporation sole under the name of "The Ruthenian Greek Catholic Episcopal Corporation of Canada". The Ruthenian rite is a variant of the Byzantine, and is therefore almost identical with the rite followed throughout the Orthodox Church. The Ruthenians are by nationality Ukrainians and are also sometimes known as Little Russians. Once an independent and powerful state, the Ukraine was later for nearly five centuries subject to Lithuania and Poland. At the partition of Poland, Galicia went to Austria and was thus separated from the bulk of the Ukraine. The Ruthenians are, of course, Slavs, and like the other Slav subjects of the Dual Monarchy they have always hated Austrian rule and are no more pro-German or pro-Austrian than the Poles or the Jugo-Slavs. It is therefore unfortunate that, ignoring history and ethnology, they have during the war been regarded in Canada as "Austrians" and "alien enemies" and treated as such. Their bishop and his clergy have been striving to make of them good Canadians, but such blunders on the part of the authorities and of the public are not calculated to assist towards this most desirable end. About nine-tenths of the Ukrainians of Austro-Hungary belong to the Uniate Ruthenian Church. The remaining one-tenth, chiefly those inhabiting Bukowina, are Orthodox. There were formerly 7,000,000 Ruthenian Uniates in the Ukraine, but as the result of a bitter persecution culminating in 1875 and following years they were all driven into the Russian Church. Up to the recent revolution the Russian Government would not permit a Ukrainian to be other than a member of the Orthodox Russian Church. When the Russians first occupied Galicia during the present war, the Archbishop of Lemberg, who is the head of the Uniate Ruthenian Church, together with some hundreds of his priests, were seized and sent to Siberia, and the work of forcing the people into the Russian Church was at once begun. Notwithstanding very strong representations which are said to have been privately made by the British Government, the Archbishop remained in captivity until the revolution, when he was at once released by the Provisional Government at the request of the Pope. Since the revolution the Ruthenian Church has secured a large number of adherents in the Ukraine. In common with other Uniates who belong to rites akin to the Byzantine, the Ruthenians call themselves "Greek Catholics" and, like all Uniates, deny that they are "Roman" Catholics. Yet as already explained they are undoubtedly "Roman Catholics" as that term is used in Canadian legislation. Their Act of Incorporation, chapter 191 of the Dominion statutes of 1913, makes this very clear. No one who is not a Uniate ever calls himself a "Greek Catholic". The only other "Greeks" are Orthodox and invariably answer to that name. The answer, therefore, to the question "Catholic or Orthodox?" will always indicate the religion of anyone of a Byzantine rite. There are, of course, married priests of the Ruthenian rite in Europe, but by a recent papal decree no priests other than celibates are permitted to come to Canada or the United States. The priests shave, contrary to the almost universal custom among Eastern Christians.

Much light is thrown on the position of the various Eastern Churches by a consideration of the circumstances under which they came into existence.

The separtaion of the Nestorians and of the Monophysites from the Universal Church arose out of the Christological controversies of the fifth century. Nestorius taught that there were two persons in Christ (1) the mere man, Jesus, who was born of Mary, and (2) the Word of God, who dwelled in him. He denied to Mary the title of Theotokos, mother of God, since in his view her son was not God, but a mere man. The Monophysites, on the other hand, not content with affirming that there was but one person in Christ, went further and asserted that there were in Him not two natures, the divine and the human, but only one. The humanity, they said, was absorbed in the divinity, Christ was not of the same nature as we are. He had, in effect, no human nature. Theotokos was, and still is, their great rallying cry. The Nestorian made of Christ a mere man in whom God dwelt; to the Monophysite He ceased altogether to be a man and was only God. To the disputants these views often seemed the only possible ones. A Nestorian considered all his opponents Monophysites, a Monophysite called his contradictor a Nestorian. At Chalcedon the Universal Church defined the true doctrine to be that Christ was a single person but with two natures, the divine and human; true God and true man.

It will be no surprise to learn that in neither case was the doctrinal difference the real, or at all events, the chief reason for the schism. The acceptance of Nestorianism in the East and in Persia was very largely a corollary of its rejection by the Empire, with which Persia was at constant war. Egypt rejected it because its chief opponent was St. Cyril, Patriarch of Alexandria, and its author was Nestorius, Patriarch of Constantinople, whom St. Cyril had succeeded in deposing. On the other hand, to reject Monophysism, the chief champion of which was Dioscor, St. Cyril's successor, and the chief opponent of which was Flavian, Patriarch of Constantinople, seemed like disloyalty to Egypt. The Empire was the champion of Orthodoxy. The decrees of Chalcedon were made part of the civil law and they were enforced by the Government sometimes very cruelly. But to Syria and Egypt the Roman Emperor was a foreign conqueror. So plainly was this a leading factor in the dispute that those who accepted Chalcedon in those countries were known as Melchites or Imperialists, as opposed to the Monophysites, who were the Nationalists. The term Melchite still survives as the name of an autonomous Uniate Church under its own Patriarch. There are congregations of Melchites in Montreal, Toronto and some other Canadian cities.

In Armenia also there was a political reason for the adoption of Monophysism. They meant to keep their nation independent of the Empire and they welcomed a difference in faith from the Greeks.

The separation of the Orthodox Eastern Church begun by Photius in 857 was only finally consummated by Cerularius in 1053. The occasion for the original breach was as follows:

Ignatius, Patriarch of Constantinople (846 to 857) was in the latter year deposed by the Emperor Michael III., known as Michael the Drunkard, whose displeasure he had incurred by rebuking the Emperor's shameless incest with his daughter-in-law Eudokia. In the place of Ignatius the Emperor appointed Photius, a man already famous for his learning and ability, but as yet a layman. Both Ignatius and Photius appealed to the Pope, Nicholas I. (858-867), who after full inquiry decided in favour of Ignatius. Thereupon Photius and his friends, backed by the Emperor, determined on a breach with Rome. They were a national church and in spite of their appeal to Rome, now that Rome had decided against them, they were not going to recognize the authority of any foreigner. The breach thus created was temporarily healed in 886. But the fire that Photius had kindled was not quenched. It only smouldered, and when the Patriarch Michael Cerularius (1043-1058) was minded to fan it into flame he had no difficulty in doing so and in bringing about a breach which proved permanent.

While the quarrel was primarily one between Rome and Constantinople the influence of the latter over Alexandria, Antioch and Jerusalem was so great as necessarily eventually to involve those three Patriarchates also.

Prior to the schism the faith of the Eastern Patriarchates was identical with that of Rome. The differences between them were differences of rite. And it was precisely on these differences of rite that the dispute turned. Both Photius and Cerularius took the ground that Rome, because of her failure to follow certain Byzantine customs, had become schismatical and was thereby excluded from the Universal Church. Far from questioning the appellate jurisdiction of the Pope, Photius, as we have seen, appealed to him in his dispute with his rival Ignatius and it was only when the Pope's decision was given in favour of Ignatius that the quarrel was precipitated. The five points of

Photius's indictment of the Latin Christians were that they fasted on Saturday, that they did not keep the first two days of Lent which in the East begins on Monday instead of Wednesday, that their priests did not marry, that they did not permit confirmation by a priest, but required a bishop, that they had changed and corrupted the creed by adding to it the *filioque*.

All these, even the last, were merely differences of rite, since the dogma of the double processsion of the Holy Ghost was not defined until much later. Michael Cerularius emphasized only one of the five points of Photius's complaint, that of fasting on Saturday, but based his objection to the Latins almost entirely on their use of unleavened or azyme bread for the Holy Eucharist, instead of leavened bread, as is the custom in most Eastern rites. Of the *filioque*, which has since become the chief dogma of the Orthodox Church, he said nothing.

It will be observed that the complaint of Photius and Cerularius was not that they were being asked to adopt any custom, formula or belief of which they disapproved. It was that the West, by differing in these respects from Constantinople, was thereby in schism, if not indeed in heresy also. Their point was that differences of rite were not permissible, but that there must be absolute uniformity in all respects. And this is the position of the Orthodox Church to this day. They said to the Pope and to the West and they say still, "We do these things and you do not—therefore you are in schism".

True, at that time Alexandria, Antioch and Jerusalem each followed its own peculiar rite, though these differed less from the Byzantine than did the Latin. But eventually these rites were in each case abaundoned in favour of the Byzantine, which thereupon became the only rite recognized by the Orthodox Church.

It can scarcely, I think, be doubted that in assuming such a position, one which had never previously been taken, Photius and Cerularius were but seeking an excuse for a breach with the West. The real causes of the schism lay much deeper. Rome and Constantinople spoke different languages. They were the inheritors of different civilizations and were in general unable to understand each other. The growing importance of Constantinople as the capital of the Empire, New Rome, made increasingly distasteful the superior ecclesiastical position of old Rome.

The two most outstanding characteristics of the Eastern Churches are their nationalism and their conservatism. In every one of the groups, including the Uniates, the church is the nation; the vehement and often intolerant ardour of what seems to be their religious conviction is very largely in reality national pride and national loyalty under the guise of theology.

In every case, as we have seen, the movement which brought about separation was political even more than theological. The separatists were nationalists. Later events tended to greatly accentuate this nationalism. The explanation of this is to be found in the attitude towards subject peoples of the Moslem, to whom sooner or later most of these Eastern Churches became subject. The Moslem has never distinguished between religion and politics. It is a distinction which he still cannot understand. All law and right come from God and His Prophet; and it makes no difference whether that law concern the hour of prayer or the payment of taxes. The Koran is both Bible and Code of Civil Law. The Khalifah is the head of both Church and State, or rather Church and State are the same thing. They divide conquered peoples into Kuffar, idolators or worshippers of false gods, on whom they have no mercy; they must accept Islam or die; and Kitabis, "People of the Book" or, as the Turks say, Rayahs. These latter, including Jews and Christians, follow older revelations which were inspired by God and were binding until superseded by the revelation contained in the Koran. These Kitabis or Rayahs are not to be persecuted. They must pay special taxes, wear a prescribed costume, limit the height of their houses and the number of their churches. Their evidence must not be accepted against a Moslem in a court of law. They must not ring bells, bear arms or ride a saddle-horse. To convert a Moslem, seduce a Moslem woman, speak openly against Islam, or make an alliance with those outside the Moslem Empire, is punishable with death. While these laws are obeyed, the Rayahs are to be free to practise their religion and are to retain all their customs. A Rayah may at any time accept Islam and thus enter the governing race. If he does it is death to go back. These were the terms imposed, but the Rayahs were at the mercy of tyrants who constantly overstepped their own laws, so that persecution was almost continuous. Moreover, from the rule of their masters they received no compensating benefits whatever. Their governing of them was confined to the exaction of a maximum of taxes, or rather tribute, and to the guarding against the possibility of revolt. For, in fact, no attempt was made or is yet made by the Moslem rulers to govern for the good of the governed. There are no terms in our language in which the system can be adequately described; for the feeble analogies within our experience convey no idea of anything so monstrous. It is not surprising therefore that the Rayahs have always been in revolt and the Moslems have always been massacring. What the conquerors omitted in the way of governmental functions their vassals had perforce to make shift to supply for themselves as best they could. And accordingly the Christian communities remained separate nations, with their own laws and living their own lives. And they were, and still are, organized by their masters according to those various "nations". By "nation" (millet) the Moslem means simply religion. To him the two terms are convertible. The Orthodox Church and all who belong to it are the Roman nation (rum millet). The Patriarch of Constantinople is its head and his jurisdiction is, or until recently was, civil as well as religious. Then there are the Armenian nation (the Gregorian Armenians), and the Armenian Catholic nation (Catholic Armenians), each under its Patriarch, the Jewish nation and the Latin nation, including Catholics of the Latin rite, and so on. It is not therefore to be wondered at that the most outstanding characteristic of the Eastern Churches is, as I have said, their intense nationalism. Hence it is that there are practically no conversions from one religion to another. A man keeps his millet and hotly defends it, as we do our country. For a Jacobite to turn Orthodox would be like a Frenchman turning German.

I said that their second chief characteristic was their intense conservatism. This is a corollary of the first. They cling to their rite, even to the smallest custom, because it is in these that the millet consists and by them that it is held together.

The belief of the Orthodox Church is, with a very few exceptions, identical with that of the Catholic Church. So great is the body of belief common to both that mentioning the exceptions tends unduly to emphasize the differences. They reject the Catholic doctrine regarding the papacy and the double procession of the Holy Ghost —the *filioque*. There is said to be a difference in belief with regard to purgatory, but the difference is perhaps more apparent than real. Finally they reject the doctrine of the immaculate conception. That is all.

Apart from their cardinal Nestorian or Monophysite doctrine, what has been said of the belief of the Orthodox Eastern Church applies in general, though perhaps with some limitations, to the other independent Eastern Churches. The sacrifice of the Mass, understood in the Catholic sense, is the central act of worship in every Eastern Church, but the term "mass" is not used. It is universally known among them as the Holy Liturgy. In the Nestorian and Armenian Churches the ritual begins with the baking of the bread. Sacramental confession is professed by all, but has fallen into disuse in one or two. The Nestorians seem to have inherited something from the Iconoclasts, for they abhor the idea of holy pictures and do not permit them, or even crucifixes, in their churches, though they have a profound veneration for the Cross. Yet in common with all Eastern Christians they constantly pray both to the Blessed Virgin and to the Saints. The other churches make great devotional use of holy pictures and raised carvings, but do not usually permit round statues.

The priests of the various Eastern Churches are as a rule married men, but if married their marriage must have taken place before ordination. Excepting in the Nestorian Church, marriage after ordination is never permitted. In all of the churches the bishops and higher clergy must be celibate and are in consequence drawn as a rule from the monasteries. These remarks apply equally to the Uniate Churches, excepting that with them the proportion of celibate priests is much greater.

Lack of education among the clergy is the chief defect in these churches. This is true even of the Orthodox, but is much more marked in the smaller bodies. It is not, however, true of the Uniates. Rome sees to it that the education of candidates for the priesthood of even the smaller Uniate bodies is placed on the same plane as it is in the Latin rite. As a consequence of this policy there are a large number of men eminent for learning among the Uniate clergy. The Patriarch of the Catholic Syrians, for instance, is a great scholar. So among the Chaldees there are several writers of international repute. Conspicuous among these was Bishop Addai Sher. I say "was" because in May, 1915, Djevdet Bey, the Turkish Military Governor, took him and a Gregorian Armenian bishop (Yeghishe-Vartabed) to the public square of Sairt and having soaked their clothing with oil, burned them to death.

The most wonderful fact about the Eastern Churches, or those of them at least who have been for centuries under Moslem rule, is how heroically they have kept the faith. They all have suffered bitter persecution, some of them, like the Copts, almost continuously for fourteen centuries. Moslem sovereigns, though sometimes humane, have often been fiendish tyrants. When it was not the ruler it was an excited mob that massacred the Christians, defiled their churches and robbed them of their property. They were constantly robbed of their children also, to be forcibly brought up as Moslems; and their women were never safe from the lust of their oppressors.

At any moment any one of them could purchase complete immunity from all this by denying his faith and embracing Islam. Immense numbers did from time to time apostatize. That is not surprising. The wonder is that so many remained faithful. Cut off from the West, forgotten by civilized Europe, ignorant and miserable, having every advantage to gain by turning Moslem, they yet kept their faith through those centuries of oppression. Vast multitudes of them sealed their convictions with their blood. Once a Christian embraced Mohammedenism it was death to return. Yet many did return and accepted death in expiation of their apostasy. It is said that there have been only extremely rare instances of the apostatizing of a Christian bishop. On the other hand, countless bishops and even Patriarchs have died martyrs for their faith. Nor can these persecutions be spoken of only in the past. The worst persecution of all has just taken place before our very eyes, one which Lord Bryce describes as "Without precedent even in the blood-stained annals of the East". The Armenians, who have perhaps suffered more than any others in the past, have been again the chief sufferers. The avowed object of the

Turkish Government was the extermination of that people. But with them have suffered vast numbers of adherents of many other Eastern Churches. The methods pursued have been almost unbelievably fiendish. Had the Government at once cut the throats of all, men, women and children, it would have been humane and merciful in the extreme compared to what was done. The record of the so-called "deportations", weeks of slow torture, with submission to every possible horror and indignity, ending in death by massacre, exhaustion or starvation, which was in the great majority of cases the fate of these people, would scarcely be credited of the savages of any age, and yet was the deliberate act of a European Government in the twentieth century. The Turks seemed to gloat over their victims, however young and helpless, and to take pleasure in prolonging the torture. For instance, when foreign residents endeavoured to save some of the children the Government forbade their doing so, announcing that the Government would itself establish institutions for the children. Some of these were opened and hundreds of children collected and housed in them. But after a week or so all the children suddenly disappeared, to be replaced by others, who in turn met the same mysterious fate. One often hears of those who fought at Gallipoli speaking in high terms of the chivalry of the Turk and intimating that he is a fine fellow and much maligned. I would recommend any such to procure a copy of the British Blue Book describing the massacres. They will find it ghastly reading, but it will leave them in no doubt as to the true character of the Turk. I cannot do better than quote, in conclusion, the words of Lord Bryce in the preface to the report:

> "The record of the rulers of Turkey for the past two or three centuries, from the Sultan on his throne down to the district Mutessarif, is, taken as a whole, an almost unbroken record of corruption, of injustice, of an oppression which often rises into hideous cruelty. The Young Turks, when they deposed Abdul-Hamid, came forward as the apostles of freedom, promising equal rights and equal treatment to all Ottoman subjects. The facts here recorded show how that promise was kept. Can anyone still continue to hope that the evils of such a Government are curable? Or does the evidence contained in this volume furnish the most terrible and convincing proof that it can no longer be permitted to rule over subjects of a different faith?"

Note:—On the subject of Eastern Christian Churches see further Dr. Adrian Fortescue's exhaustive words, "The Orthodox Eastern Church" and "The Lesser Eastern Churches", to which the writer acknowledges his indebtedness. A third, entitled "The Uniate Churches", which will complete the series, is understood to be in preparation.

A TOUCH OF "FEARFULNESS"

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

A QUIET, easy chap was Amos Burton—a man very well content to live and let live. In fact, the last man on earth that would have left his uncle's farm and gone for a soldier at any other time than this.

But left an orphan, he had been brought up by a clever aunt—one of the old sort with a streak of toughness in her—and seeing her nephew's fault was like to be that he'd sacrifice most anything for the sake of peace, she'd worked at his character in that matter and taught him that there were times when peace and self-respect couldn't drive in double harness. So it came about that when war broke upon us, Amos Burton found his aunt's teaching hold to him and he didn't wait to be called, but offered. Indeed, he was one of the first in all St. Tid parish to throw up the land and go in the army.

Of course, in those dark days of the year 1914—which seem as far away as Noah's flood now—we none of us knew the height and depth of what the nation was in for; and there was a lot of fun and chaff to the recruiting, and many thought by the time the boys were drilled and knew their job, the war would be over.

So there was plenty of laughter when we heard gentle Amos was going to the war—a chap, mind you, that even shirked sport, for his uncle, when speaking to a few of us at "The Green Man" one evening, declared he could never get his nephew to touch a gun, or kill anything bigger than a wasp.

"But his sense of duty has called him to the wars," said Matthew Burton, "and though 'tis vain to think Amos can ever shine as a soldier, yet we may be sure he'll do his duty to the best of his limited powers."

Amos was Matthew's heir, you must know, if he didn't forfeit his hopes in the future.

"Why didn't he go in the Ambulance Corps?" asked Tom Chick, whose own son had also enlisted.

"He was told that what the nation wanted was fighting foot-soldiers," explained Matthew, "so a foot-soldier he'll be; though seeing how skilled he is along with horses and what a clever touch he has to tame 'em, I think he'd be doing more good in the cavalry myself. I've never known one beat him," he said.

But Amos wasn't a hero in one pair of eyes by any means, and it came out presently that his sweetheart, Lucy Vale, felt a good bit put about when he joined up. She didn't wish it, and she reckoned Amos ought to have considered her feelings first. For people began to say that quite enough young men had volunteered for the new armies, and so Lucy, who knew Amos was a peaceful, soft-hearted chap by nature, felt he'd never shine at the Front, or be a credit to her, or anybody. So she felt he'd better far keep out of harm's way and continue to be his uncle's horseman and leave war to such as had a better stomach for it.

"Good powers!" she said to Amos. "What should a man like you do in battle? Your one thought would be to hurt nobody, and you'd stop to say you were sorry if you trod on anybody's toes, let alone run a bayonet into them. You'll only disgrace yourself, and if you hear a shot fired in anger, such a tender creature as you will lose your nerve altogether and very likely run away, or do something dangerous."

"I'm sorry you feel like that, Loo," said Amos to her, "and I hope you're mistaken. I hate the thoughts of war and I ain't ashamed to say it; but I don't think I should be frightened; because if a man's doing his duty, there's no room for him to be frightened that I can see."

She kept at him, however, and made it a bit painful for Amos; but she didn't change his mind and, once in khaki, of course, she could do nothing. The change dated from then, however, and there's no doubt Lucy Vale never felt quite the same to Amos after he joined the colours. She was a very fine figure of a girl, with red hair and a complexion like a wild rose, but she had no large ideas and couldn't look much farther ahead than her own interests. For that matter that's the limit of more eyes than Lucy's.

So when she'd made a rare good match for a poor widow's daughter and won Amos Burton, she little liked to think she might lose him again, and didn't give the man any credit for his sacrifice, but blamed him for it instead. And perhaps what troubled her as much as anything was that Amos withstood her; for he'd never denied her before, and she was already thinking in her heart that the gray mare would be the better horse when they came to wed.

However, she hid her mind, and I daresay it would have been all right, as more and more joined up. Indeed, before long Lucy might have been the first to grumble if she'd been called to go out walking with a civilian. But there was another in it, and when young Jacob Warner, the game-keeper, found that Lucy was a bit under the weather about Amos, he took very good care for his own ends to harp on it and make out a black case against the girl's betrothed.

He was a big, fine fellow, to the eye, but he hadn't no use whatever for the war, and he let his master apply for him, and the tribunal gave him six months, not for his own sake, but for Squire Trecarrow's. And when Amos was fairly off to France, Master Jacob began his game with Lucy and tried his very best to get her away from the absent man.

What went on between them nobody ever knew; but a game-keeper's a chap that can amuse himself out of sight of other people by reason of his calling, and there's no doubt Lucy often met Jacob by appointment and listened to his nonsense.

She was weak, but not wicked, and she didn't think she was doing wrong to listen to Jacob's love-making, more especially as she didn't feel none forgiving to Amos for joining up; but we couldn't believe that she meant more than to amuse herself, and so Tom Chick, who was a friend of Amos Burton, decided he'd speak to Lucy.

He was a middle-aged man and had got a good few daughters of his own, so he felt he could say the word in season.

But he found Lucy Vale in rather a haughty spirit. To be plain, she told him to mind his own business. And then came the amazing thing, for suddenly two matters fell out simultaneously and we heard that Lucy had thrown over Amos and was tokened to the game-keeper, and next we heard that Amos himself, who had now been in the trenches for six months, was getting a bit of leave and returning home to his uncle and aunt.

Leave comes along by chance when it can, you see, and a man don't know much beforehand when he is to get back; so it fell out that Lucy's letter to Amos, telling him she'd changed her mind, never reached him, and the first he heard about the adventure was at the railway station, where Tom Chick went to meet him.

He found Amos changed and yet the same. He was thinner, but a mighty lot harder; his gentle eyes had taken a different expression, and there'd come a sharp line between 'em. His voice was different, too, and him that had gone to the wars a kindly boy, came back a man and one that knew his own mind, be sure. He had come through without a scratch and seen some properly awful service. He'd killed men with his own weapons, and hoped to kill more, and weren't ashamed to say so. His outlook on life was altered by the horrors that life had showed him, and he told Tom that he'd never known the meaning of reality before he went to France.

That gave Tom his chance.

"There's a bit of reality waiting here for you all the same," he said, "and I'm very sorry to say it's in the shape of some proper bad news."

"Not aunt or uncle?" asked Amos.

"No, they're all right."

"Lucy, then? She ought to be here to meet me."

Then Tom told him that Lucy had gone over to Jacob Warner, that the thing had been done not a fortnight before, and that there was a letter waiting in France that minute with the fatal news. Knowing the gentle nature of Amos, Chick feared he'd be properly torn to pieces by this fearful mishap; but the outward change had crept to the inner man also, as it seemed. Anyway, Amos didn't take on much to the eye. When he heard who the other man was, he just gave a short laugh and bade Tom Chick come along with him to "The Green Man" and have a drink. He'd got a very fine German helmet as a trophy, and in ten minutes he was showing it to a dozen men in the bar of the inn and getting a lot of hearty congratulations from his old acquaintances.

They found the change in him, too, for the work his hand had been called to perform was reflected not only in his voice and his eyes, but in his manner of looking at things and in his opinions. He didn't show off or talk big, for nothing could have made him do that, but 'twas plain to the least observing that life had lifted Amos into a pretty keen blade. He didn't contradict nor argue about the war, but he just told 'em; and he made it exceedingly clear that the old world and the old interest and amusements—the farm work and the quarry work and the chapel teas and so on—had all took another place in his mind from what they did before the war. He didn't scorn nothing, or laugh at anybody; yet there was the far-reaching change in him, and the home-staying people who saw and heard, felt it and knew that Amos had got to be a leader of men and one whose word ought to be respected and obeyed. For that matter, he had risen from private to sergeant in six months, and the stripes were on his arm.

Nobody touched on the man's great misfortune, though it was common knowledge by now; and then by chance who should saunter into the bar, with his gun under his arm, but Jacob Warner, the keeper! And the people fairly held their breath, for Tom had already whispered to them that the murder was out and Amos knew what had happened.

And then they saw a very remarkable scene.

"Hullo, Jacob, how's yourself?" asked Amos.

"I'm all right," answered the other, but he showed an inclination to be off and away that instant moment.

"Shake hands, and don't you go. I want to speak to you," said Amos, and the other put a bold face on it and shook hands and set down his gun.

"Still shooting rabbits instead of Germans, I see," remarked Amos.

"The world's work can't stand still

for the war," answered Jacob, lofty like.

"'The world's work!' Are you a rabbit yourself? What is the world's work *but* the war? You're so bad as the neutrals, who sit still and whimper and see their ships sent to the bottom of the sea and bleat for peace, instead of giving the Allies a helping hand to win it. 'The world's work!' Much you know of the world's work, you hulking great zany!"

Jacob stood three inches taller than Amos, and was a broader, bigger, heavier man; but he looked a loose-built, shambling sort of figure against the soldier, his voice hadn't the same clear ring in it, and his words didn't carry weight like the smaller man's; which was natural because, of course, Jacob stood in the wrong and Amos had right behind him.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the keeper.

"I'll tell you," answered Amos. "The matter with me is that I've just heard my girl, in a passing fit of weak-mindedness, have thought that you was better like to suit her as a husband than what I shall. And that means that you've been messing about after her when you ought to have been doing your master's work. So you can't even be trusted to shoot rabbits seemingly. And now you're up against it, and I've got to knock this tomfoolery out of your head and out of hers afore I go to sleep to-night."

"How?" asked Jacob. But he'd got his tail down already, and he knew by the other man's voice and straight eye that he was in for a bad time.

"I'll show you how. When you're a soldier you learn to make up your mind double quick, for your life often hangs on it. And my life hangs on Lucy Vale, for that matter, as the baggage very well knows. So now you drink your beer and come along with me."

"And if I don't?"

"There's no don't about it. I've had to handle your sort a dozen times under enemy's fire, Jacob Warner, and if I could do it there, I can do it here. You're dust to me—dust, I tell you—in will and strength and everything. I'm ashamed to waste words on a slack-twisted, good-for-nothing lout like you. You've got to march along with me to Widow Vale's house and tell Lucy you've been a wicked young fool. And you can take off that cap and put on this German helmet. It came off the head of a braver man than you, so you needn't be ashamed of it!"

Jacob threw his eyes around to find a friend, but of the dozen men in the bar at that minute, not one was his side. He blustered and cursed a good bit; but Amos was hard as a rock and, as Tom Chick said after, that you felt he'd got a bit of the tiger-tamer in him at that moment and was good to handle man or beast. There weren't much of the tiger in Jacob Warner, whether or no, and before you could rub your eyes the battle of wills was over and there stood the keeper with a dead German's helmet on his head.

"Shoulder arms!" said Amos, and Jacob had to put his gun over his shoulder, though he'd like to have emptied both barrels into his enemy if he'd dared.

But he was a lost man before the other, and there was a proper terrified look in his face as he went out and down the street. He pretended afterwards he thought Amos was mad. Burton let up a little then, and as we crowded to the door to see 'em go, we marked that he didn't drive the keeper in front of him, as if he'd took a prisoner, but just walked in a friendly way by his side and talked as if there weren't a shadow between them. Leastways he did the talking, for Jacob was dumb.

Then they went to Widow Vale's cottage, and it was Lucy's turn.

She came out to the door when Amos knocked, and before she knew it, was in his arms with a kiss on each cheek. Then he spoke afore she'd time to faint.

"Here I am, you see, never better, and in the pink, my dear. And I'm sorry to find that you and Jacob here have been playing at some sort of naughty pretence behind my back, like a couple of silly children. But I forgive you, because it's all make-believe here at home, and your betters are just as bad as you. But I've woke Jacob up, and he's come to say he's sorry for his sins: and I'll hope you'll forgive him as you'd wish to be forgiven yourself by me for such bad conduct. Now speak, Jacob, and then you can sling your hook."

He talked as calmly as ever, but the pair knew there was a force behind far beyond their power to cope with.

And Jacob cut a poor show before Lucy. He couldn't bluff and he couldn't talk big with a dead German's helmet on his head and a dozen school children peeping over the garden wall, so he did the wisest thing and threw up the sponge and felt "least said, soonest mended".

"You hear, Amos," said Jacob, "and that's all there is to it, Lucy. He's come home like a regiment of soldiers all in one man, and he will be obeyed, and he don't regard our engagement as binding and—"

Lucy looked at him and then at Amos, standing there like the figure of Doom, and she saw the new power that had cast Jacob in the dust. For a moment she thought of putting her will against his, and perhaps if Jacob had put up a fight she'd have helped him: but seeing him down and out, as you may say, and the other so calm and resolute, she felt in a flash what a cruel mistake she'd made.

Then Amos took his helmet off Jacob's head and bade him be gone; but all quite pleasant without a spark of anger: and when the game-keeper had disappeared, the steadfast soldier went into Lucy Vale's house. Her mother was out and they had it to themselves, and then she got a taste of the new Amos Burton. He listened to her shame-faced talk, like a father listens to a child caught out in a naughty deed, and he pardoned her, and then he said his say.

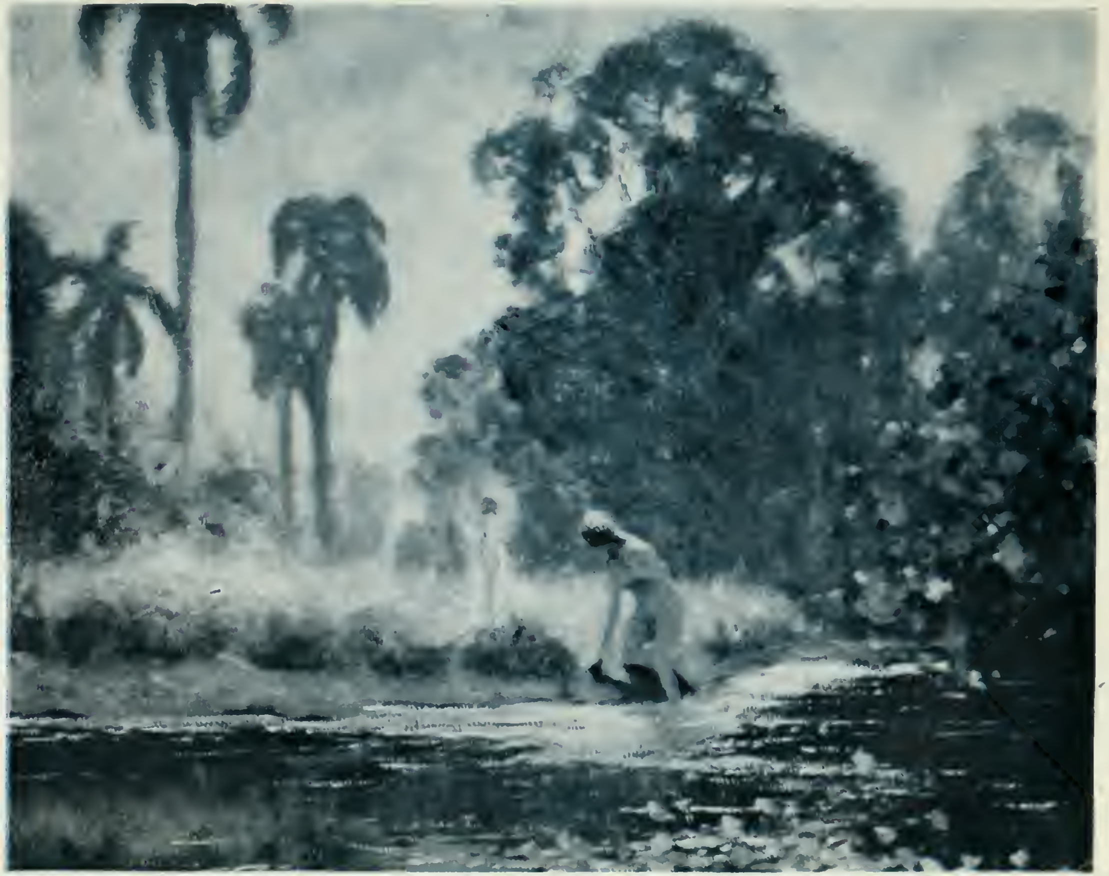
"I forgive you very willing, Lucy, but a thing like this have got to leave its mark and 'tis no good your crying out, because I shouldn't hear you if you did. My ears don't take no account of much less than a 'Jack Johnson' now-a-days. Jacob couldn't have been wicked if you hadn't helped him, and now you're going to catch it, too."

She doted on his firmness and felt like kneeling down and kissing his boots by that time. But with all the will to pleasure him and the thankfulness to be forgiven, she was more than a bit shaken up when she heard what he said next.

"On Sunday next we'll go to chapel as usual, my dear, and sit side by side and sing out of the same book. And you'll wear this here helmet instead of your go-to-meeting hat. 'Tis an officer's helmet and will look very fine on your brave red hair. And that's not all, neither. I've got a fortnight before I return to France. And during that fortnight two things will happen to me. I shall receive the Distingushed Conduct Medal, known as the D.C.M. for shortness, and I shall marry Lucy Vale. That's where we stand. And now you can give me a kiss and sit on my knee for a bit and tell me you feel thankful that you're going to marry a man after all."

He stopped with her for half an hour, and such was the potent force of him, and the look in his eyes, and the way he held her to him and rubbed his lean cheek against her round one, that Lucy never even argued about it. She'd not seen or felt such a driving power in her life, of course.

He went off to his relations presently and never even reminded Lucy about the helmet. But he let her choose the wedding-day, and when he came to fetch her to worship the next Sunday, she was wearing the helmet all right. But she'd softened it down with a bit of flimsy, and he made no objection to that. In fact, he never mentioned the subject again, either then or ever after.



THE BATHERS

From the Painting by W. H. Clapp,
Exhibited by
the Royal Canadian Academy

FRIENDS

BY BEATRICE REDPATH

IT was the dream realized. Out there in the trenches, when he could not sleep for the cold and intense discomfort of those nights, the dream would come to him as a picture projected on a screen. He would visualize it just as it was to-day, hot summer, with the hollyhocks drooping a little in the heat and the sun greedy to suck the last drop of moisture from the earth. He would think how cool was the house, throwing a thin purple shadow from the doorway up which you could walk into the dim white interior, where furnishings and draperies were white with a spotlessness that appeared incredible from the reeking dirt of the trenches. He remembered how the old porch with the queer pointed roof dominated the picture, and how the hum of bullets merged into a dim sense of humming bees. And he had waited for the sudden shattering of it. He would think, in a vague unconsciousness, of how a stray bullet might suddenly shatter the dream, and the pity of it that such should be broken. It was always the dream that he held precious, never the heart nor the mind of him who visualized it.

And now the dream realized and he in the midst of it, stretched on a long canvas chair taking a sensuous delight in the heat of the sun and in the breeze that cooled his flesh. It was all delicious down to the tiny tinkle of ice in the tall glass that stood at his elbow. He twisted in his chair and spoke lazy, indolent words to the man sitting reading half in the shade of the porch.

"Think of them out there," he said, "can't you feel how they are sweltering this afternoon? God, how glad I am to be out of it—the flies and the stench of the trenches—if one could only forget. But there are one or two things that are burnt in on my brain, that have left scars there for all time. Even all this can't wipe them away."

David Winfield nodded, stirring slightly beneath the light rug which was thrown over him and which fell in pitifully on one side where the limb was missing, while one sleeve hung slack and empty.

"Yes," he said, "yes," and his long lean face appeared gray in the shadow, "there was that little drummer chap—I seem to hear him still sometimes—but, oh, let's forget—let's at least try to forget. Here comes Hester," and he put his hand on the crutch that lay beside him and rose clumsily with an apparent effort which he strove in vain to conceal.

Hester Lawrence, watching him from the shadowed doorway as she came forward with a tray of tea-things in her hands, was about to protest against his rising, and then suddenly caught her lip sharply beneath her firm white teeth, as though seeing her mistake in time. Instead, she allowed him to make pretence of helping her with the wicker table, while Ted Lawrence brought her a chair.

As Winfield sat down again he turned with a sigh of satisfaction to the sunlit garden. He loved the slope of it, the patch of green lawn, the hollyhocks and tall larkspur, a blue flame in the sun. After the bleeding land of the trenches, the torn and ravished desolation of France, the beauty and peace of England was unbelievable.

"You don't know how good it all seems," he said. "It's more than good of you to keep me here all this time. A helpless incumbrance—" he began, striving to laugh, to say it lightly, but with an undercurrent of pain in his voice.

Hester Lawrence broke in sharply:

"Don't! Good of us—I don't know what Ted would have done with himself if you hadn't been here."

"I should say so," said Ted Lawrence cheerfully, helping himself to some buttered toast, "Hester would have found me impossible. I never could have convalesced so agreeably if you hadn't been here to have the benefit of my bad moods."

"I've never seen them," said Winfield, smiling; "if you had seen Ted out there, Hester. He was the little idol among the men. There was always some joke going on in his part of the trench. Larry, the old colour-sergeant, used to say—that Englishman must sure be an Irishman there's so much fun in him." Ted Lawrence laughed.

"Great old boy, Larry," he said, still smiling as he rose to put down his cup. He stood for a moment, the sun shining on his bronzed face and burning redder the little scar above his temple where a piece of shrapnel had left its mark. Winfield glanced up at him as he stood there, outlined against the garden, his khaki, which he still wore, emphasizing his large, well-proportioned frame. He liked to look at him, so much he liked his clear, keen gaze, the line of his chin which denoted the strength of character which Winfield knew so well that he possessed. But he was conscious of pain in his thoughts and he looked quickly away into the heart of the sun.

"Well, I'm off for a walk before dinner," Lawrence said; "I'm getting too soft lying about here making an invalid of myself. I want to remain one that's the trouble," and as he spoke his eyes rested on Hester's smooth brown hair and the long line of her limbs underneath the white dress she wore. She sat with her hands busy over some work while Lawrence looked down upon her with pride in his eyes.

Never had her vitality, her robust strength and strong, reliant nature appealed to him more than now, after so long being surfeited with the sight of physical suffering. He had often thought she was almost too complete in herself, a little aloof from life, as though nothing could ever come quite close to her or touch her, so confident was she in her own strength. But lately he had seen her melt, he had watched her catch her breath painfully when Win had made any allusion to his missing limbs or had been especially clumsy in his movements. He had noted it with surprise and an added tenderness for her because it had touched her. He had sometimes thought of her as being a little hard like the petals of a white rose which in their extreme perfection of form appear as though crystallized. . . . .

After the wicket gate had clicked to as he passed through, the others sat silent, David Winfield's eyes resting on Hester's long fingers as she wound a ball of khaki wool preparatory to knitting a sock. At length she lifted her eyes and a faint blush covered her cheeks, fading away almost immediately. Winfield threw away his cigarette and remained silent.

"Curious, how even the garden is changed since you have come," she said, looking down into the hollow of the garden which held the sunlight as in a cup, "the leaves are softer, the colours less hard. I remember thinking those red geraniums were cruel in their intensity of colour. Now I feel that they are not vivid enough, they do not throb with enough colour to express the feeling in life as now I know it."

David Winfield's eyes narrowed and he rose clumsily on his crutch and stood looking down the path which Lawrence had taken.

"How ironical life is," he said, "what tricks it plays on us. When I lay in that hospital I prayed that I wouldn't pull through, for life appeared to be over, there was nothing more to come, I said. And if it hadn't been for Ted I never would have pulled through. He would come every day into my ward and sit for hours trying to make me laugh with some ridiculous story he had made up for the purpose. Oh, I felt at last that I owed it to him to get better—that I couldn't do less than make a try for it. And then he brings me down here—a man's never had a better friend than Ted. I could tell you things—" He broke off and then added bitterly, "and this is how I repay him for all he's done."

Hester sat watching him and then her eyes roved over the landscape, fixing on a point far away on the horizon. "You couldn't help it," she said, "neither could I. We didn't intend it. Ted and I are too much alike, both too strong, too self-reliant. He thinks it's love—so used I. It seemed real—but now just to see you put your hand on your crutch and I feel more than I could know in a lifetime lived with Ted."

"Yes," said Winfield, "it's too real. That's why I'm going away. There's a boat sailing for Australia. I've a sister out there, you know, and she's been writing for me to come."

"Oh, no," said Hester sharply. "What would I do? There's nothing but you any more. All the rest is blotted out. We're not hurting him, but just to see you every day—that's something."

"I can't look Ted in the face. Things will settle down when I go. They do, you know, they always do. You build again and you get along someway. Life leaves you enough to build with. It may frustrate your own design, it will scarcely ever be how you have planned it, it will be more or less of a makeshift, but it will suffice to see you through. And there comes an end even of living, it comes so soon it never seems worth while to do the thing that isn't square. You get such a few years, all told, you might as well play the game through. You couldn't do otherwise, Hester, think of Ted."

He was speaking for her, not for himself. Never for an instant would he have considered that there was any other way. Ted was his friend—the best friend a man had ever known, but Hester fought against this sacrifice of this love of theirs, she would have had it otherwise. It obscured in its brilliancy even the light of her reason, she saw nothing by the flame of it but the heat of her desire. He grieved for her pain and would strive to lessen it, but he could not compromise where Ted was concerned.

"I can't do with makeshifts," she said, "if you go I go. Ted can take care of himself, he hasn't lost a leg and an arm." She was almost brutal in the intensity of her passion, she felt she must follow it though it should lead to her shame and her ruin.

"Oh! you need me, dear," and now her voice broke on the softer note, "you can't go on alone."

"Yes, I need you," said Winfield, almost grudgingly, "but one can always go on alone."

*

Ted Lawrence returned from his walk in a flush of healthy exercise. He loved to walk along the roads between the hedges, noticing with keen pleasure the country so complete in each detail with the studied perfection of a small vignette, contrasting vividly with the bleeding havoc of that broken country across the Channel.

How would he feel to see this country devastated, those barns torn and shattered, the trees uprooted and each compact little cottage but a monument of ruin? Ah, how did they bear it over there, he wondered, those simple peasant folk of France? He could not endure it if the hills of Surrey echoed to the German gun. He had never appreciated with a keener sense his land of England than now after the cruel desolation of France. How content he was to be back here where all the lingering sweetness of the summer days was tugging at him, and yet even stronger was the cry of that land out there. This was the dream, out there was the reality, life, terrible, cruel, naked, but life in its essence. He could not continue solely to enjoy, he could not allow the dream to envelop him in all its deliciousness while that grim reality endured. It cried to him until his pleasure died and he counted the days till his return.

He hated to tell Hester that at the most he could only remain with her a week or so longer. It was hard on the women of England, of France, of all the countries that bled and suffered. They had loneliness to endure and the vague, formless fear that never left them and against which they were powerless. Theirs was a bravery for which he felt reverence—the bravery of the trenches was as nothing in comparison to the white-lipped bravery of the women of the tortured lands.

That evening Winfield told him of his intention to sail for Australia, but Lawrence protested vehemently, pleading with him for another week before they should make any plans, and finally Winfield grudgingly assented. It was true that he was not fit as yet for the journey, and seven more days could not make any great difference in the way things were, just seven more days of living before he dropped out into an endless nullity of existence.

But it was in the middle of the week that Lawrence received a telegram one night at dinner. He read it carefully through a second time before he looked across the table at Hester, between the thin candle flames.

"I'm going back, dear," he said; "this is from Colonel Wyatt, asking me to take a Staff position if I feel fit enough. And of course I'm perfectly fit. I had made up my mind to something like this—I couldn't have stayed. But it's not the trenches, so there's nothing for you to bother about. They need every one of us out there."

He glanced sharply and apologetically at Winfield. Poor old Win, he hadn't meant to emphasize his helplessness so brutally. But Win had done his share, more than done it, and there was no reason for him to fret about not going back. Of late he thought Win appeared quieter even than usual and he fancied that he was bothered because of his inabilities.

"You'll stay, Win," he said, "for Hester will need you. I don't want to leave her here again alone. I don't know how the women stand it. You'll promise to stay."

For an instant he wondered at the glance that flashed between them, but he was too busy with thoughts of the numerous things to be done before leaving to give it more than momentary consideration. Probably Win had some plans which Hester was aware of, but they could not be very pressing in his present invalid state. He left them early to go up and write some letters and they continued to sit on in the porch, scarcely speaking, Hester sitting in a low wicker chair where the shadow of a vine fell directly in line with her eyes. At length Winfield moved restlessly and rising stood staring out at the country which fell away in a gradual slope to the river, the fields whitened by moonlight as though thinly powdered.

"You'll stay," Hester said at last, in a voice so low that it scarcely reached him.

"No," he said, without turning, "no, of course not," and his voice was harsh and hard. He strove to make it so in awful fear of himself. He dared not look at her, for the first time in his life he was afraid. He feared her, feared that against the force of her will the time would come when he could no longer resist, when he would listen to her white-faced pleading and the physical in him would trample mercilessly down the spirit that upheld his resistance.

"You must," she said, in a sharp, strained voice, "you can't go. I couldn't stand it here alone."

She felt ruthless in the ache of her desire for him, she would fight against his indomitableness, she would almost strive to break down the fineness in him, with all the strength of which she was capable. He would hold out against her will, she knew, with all the force which he could summon, but she was strong and the whole cry of her heart, the whole need of her flesh was for him. Physically she knew that he was not strong enough as yet for any mental struggle, and she felt a pity for his lack of strength, for his great physical weakness which forced hot tears between her lids which she closed as against pain. But over all was her aching need of him, her desire which was stronger than all else, blinding her to his need of loyalty, of honour to his friend.

It was late at night when Lawrence had finished his letters, and he came downstairs to leave them on the hall table for the morning mail. A light was still burning in the library and he moved to the door to turn it out, when he saw Winfield sitting beside the table, his head down on his arm, while long shudders shook him. He was as a man caught in the grip of an overwhelming agony of mind and spirit.

Lawrence stood for a moment wondering whether he should go quietly away, for Winfield would not wish another to look on at his suffering, and yet he could not leave him like that, and he stood there held by his indecision. It was because of tonight, of course, the news of his going back which had brought before Win with such hideous force the fact of his great helplessness. To have to remain behind, a cripple, while everyone else was out there—God—he understood—he would feel the same himself, and his heart smote him for Winfield's suffering.

He stepped into the room.

"Win," he called softly, "Win, old man."

Winfield sat up with a startled suddenness, his face gray and lined with the mental suffering which he had been undergoing. He appeared to shrink as Lawrence came towards him.

"I thought everyone had gone to bed," he said, and Lawrence could see the effort he was making for control.

"I was writing some letters," Lawrence replied, feeling how inane it was to speak so, yet fearing to speak otherwise. Then suddenly he sat down on the edge of the wide library table and plunged straight into the heart of what he would say.

"There's plenty to do besides fight," he began earnestly, "with your brains, Win, your abilities, a man can do so much. England needs the man to direct, the man to stay at home and keep things going. Anyone can fight, but it's not everyone who has your mind. Can't you be satisfied that you have done your part, more than done it out there?" He paused, for Winfield's head had gone down on the table again and he was shuddering as though under an acute attack of nerves.

"You don't understand," he said in a muffled voice, "you don't know."

"I know, of course, I know," said Lawrence with a woman's tenderness in his voice, "but don't I know what you've given, don't I know what you've done, and how much I admire . . . . ."

"God—don't!" burst from Winfield sharply, throwing up his head, "it's not that—it's Hester—"

The words were wrung from him as in agony. He could not bear Lawrence's praise of him, his pity and tenderness, he could not bear it. He would tell him, so that he would go away and leave him alone. He felt as though he would break under another word of sympathy.

Lawrence stiffened. He leaned back against the stable, staring down at Winfield, who had again hidden his face on his arm. He tried to speak, but the words fell loose in his throat and choked him. He was afraid to ask the question that was in his mind.

At last he spoke.

"And what about—her?" he said between dry lips.

Winfield did not stir, he sat motionless with his head on his arm, while Lawrence waited.

"You don't need to tell me," he said at last, and the words fell heavily on Winfield as a blow. He could not trust himself to speak, he could not look up and face Lawrence. He longed desperately for his old strength, his old resistance when he could have faced this thing, when he could have fought and conquered, but it had come upon him when he was weakened by suffering, when he had no endurance left. He looked up at last and put his hand on a revolver that Lawrence noticed now for the first time lying on the table.

"I wanted to put an end to it," he said, "just so as to be sure of myself while you were out there. For I did not feel sure—but I haven't the nerve. I couldn't. I'm as poor a thing as that, Ted—I didn't have the nerve."

Ted Lawrence winced. Even through his own suffering his strongest feeling at that moment was perhaps his pity for Win. Physical suffering, physical weakness, had always pierced him as nothing else could.

"Don't be a fool, Win," he said, and started to walk slowly up and down the long space of the library. At length he spoke as though half to himself.

"I know," he said, "I can see it now, I've seen her wince when you stumbled. . . . I've seen her shrink when you reached for your crutch—and at the time I wondered. She had always seemed to me a little cold, she was so self-reliant, so strong in herself." He paused and then continued more slowly and more thoughtfully. "But just because she is so strong in herself she would love best where she pitied, where she heard the cry to her strength. Oh, I don't mean that she doesn't care for you for yourself, but I've seen her melt to a child who had fallen, to a dog with a wounded paw as she never melted to me. She could not pity me, you see, so she was always a little cold, a trifle aloof. It's pity that drew her to you, and it's pity that will hold her."

Winfield looked up with haggard eyes.

"You saved me for this, Ted, old man," he said brokenly, "to come between you and Hester. God, why didn't I die, or why didn't I have the nerve to end it? I didn't even have the strength of mind to lie about it."

"We don't lie, old man, you and I, even to save each other," Lawrence said quietly, and then he added in a tone of decision as though at length his vision had cleared:

"I'm going back," he said, "not on the Staff now, but back to the firing-line. And you—you're to stay here. Oh, yes," as Winfield raised his head in sharp protest, "it will be hard, devilish hard, for both of you, for I trust you—I trust you both. It won't be easy for either of us—but I feel that I can't leave her here alone, especially now, and she couldn't bear anyone else here, feeling as she will. There's not another man in the world, not one, that I'd trust in the same circumstances but you, Win—you—well, we're friends, that's all."

The silence fell thick and heavy as a cloak. It was hard to talk, the words seemed to be dragged from each of them by force, but they had to be spoken, and Lawrence was not the man to flinch because a hard thing was to be done.

He put his hand on Winfield's shoulder.

"Friendship is as big a thing to me as love," he said, "a man may love more than once, but he'll never have more than one friend, as you and I have been friends. We've chummed together at school, we've studied and played, we've worked and won, we've helped each other over the hard bits, and we've been glad of each other's successes. There's never been a time since I can remember that you didn't stand to me for what was best, for what I looked for in other men. There never was a time when I couldn't have come to you and you wouldn't have offered me all you had and all you were for my gain. You've been my gospel, Win, from the beginning, you're knit up with all the pleasures, most of the suffering and joys of my life; we've stood together under fire, we've gone down to hell together and we're not going to break now over what couldn't have been avoided, over what fate has chosen to serve us with."

He paused again and continued his slow pacing up and down.

"I'm giving you your chance the only way I can see it. I leave you here in trust till the end of the war—but there may come a bullet before that time to release you. I love life, all the fun and all the struggle, but I wouldn't be sorry for her sake, and I wouldn't be sorry for yours if it did. You couldn't take her any other way, Win, it's not in you or I'd step back now. But it wouldn't do. We have to take our chances same as we've done before—if I come back well, then you lose—if not—you win."

But Winfield would not have it so.

"No, no," he said decisively, "you're not going back to the trenches. No, Ted, it's just what you would say, it's just what you would do, but it can't be. You're bigger than anything I've ever known in life, you always have been, but I'm not going to accept your sacrifice. As you say, friendship is as big a thing as love, it may be a bit bigger even—I'm going away—things will straighten out—they must, they've got to."

But Lawrence over-ruled him.

"No, Win," he said, "it's got to be the way I've said. You're playing your bit of the game, and, frankly, I don't envy you. I'd rather be out there fighting the Germans, for I don't know that I could play your part. It won't be easy, but I'd stake my life on your playing it to the end."

He held out his hand abruptly.

"Till the end of the war," he said, and Winfield rose slowly on his crutch and stood looking into his friend's eyes.

"Till the end of the war," he repeated after him—"if you will have it that way."

It was the dream again! It was hot in the garden, so hot that the leaves drooped parched—and the sun was yellow on the gravel walk. There was the house with the thin purple shadow up which one could walk into the cool dim interior. It was white and cool inside—there was the tinkle of ice in a tall glass. He wished he could reach it, but it stood just bebeyond his reach, and he was too tired to move. There was a pain in his head, too—if only the bees would stop humming—God, how hot it was—but it was cool inside. He felt himself walking up that thin purple shadow—it seemed to stretch on and on—if only he could reach the doorway before the pain in his head grew so bad—and the bees—if they would stop humming.

SIR SAMUEL BENFIELD STEELE

BY R. G. MacBETH

AUTHOR OF "THE MAKING OF THE CANADIAN WEST", ETC.

IT is safe to say that by those who have known Major-General Sir Samuel Steele in the West as a Corporal in Wolseley's Red River expedition, as one of the Riders of the Plains, as a remarkable frontier administrator, as a peace-maker and counsellor for the white man and the red, he always will stand out against the background of history as Sam Steele, the bluff, warm-hearted friend and general all-round man. To them he was no carpet-knight. His recent death in England was widely lamented. His motto might have been that of the old Norman battle-axe, "I either find a way or make one", but one who knows the indomitable and painstaking efforts he made all through life to measure up to any duty he was called on to undertake rather saw in him an embodiment of the description in Proverbs, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men".

I first met Steele (he was then Major and in the Mounted Police) in that stormy spring of 1885, when a number of us cut out our studies to take a hand in the suppression of the Northwest Rebellion. Louis Riel, the megalomaniac, had kindled the fires of insurrection and was endeavouring to set the prairies aflame by calling on the Indians to rise up and drive out of the country "those two curses, the Hudson's Bay Company and the Canadian Government". Caron, Minister of Militia, had wired to General T. Bland Strange, a gallant veteran of the Mutiny, formerly Commandant at Quebec and the father of Canadian artillery, who was living on his ranch near Calgary, asking him to take charge of the campaign in Alberta, where the most warlike and dangerous Indians were located. General Strange, who saved Alberta and the North Country in that day, never received adequate recognition from the Government for his great services during the rebellion, but he won a reward in the respect and devotion of every man who served under him. He knew the country and the situation, and he lost no time in summoning Steele, who was then in the heart of the Rockies policing the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway on its way to the sea. What struck us about Steele on first sight was his colossal stature, powerful figure and grim though kindly, soldierly bearing. We did not then know that he had just recently passed through an attack of fever and that he had risen from a sick bed, grabbed a Winchester rifle and, with Sergeant Fury, Constables Walters, Craig, Fane and four others whose names I do not know, held a bridge and dispersed a vicious crowd of six

Major-General Sir Samuel Benfield Steele

hundred navvies who had gone on strike and were seeking to rush the railway property. The fact that eight mounted policemen could do such an almost incredible thing was a great tribute to the reputation of the Force under the intrepid Steele, on seeing whom in the front, the strikers, referring to his illness, cried out "Look at him, even his death-bed does not scare him". And that has been the record of the Mounted Police in the West for forty years. The question of the odds against them was never considered for a moment when there was duty to be done.

Steele, who was born in Simcoe County, Ontario, in 1849, came of a fighting family. His father was English, his mother was pure Highland from Argyleshire, and Steele has the qualities of both—the tenacity of the father and the chivalry and mysticism of the mother's Highland folk. He joined the Militia at the age of sixteen and when the call came for volunteers to repress the Riel outbreak on the Red River in 1870, he joined up at once and came West, where he was to find the main sphere for his life energies. It is interesting to note that Steele enlisted in a Company whose three commissioned officers became very prominent and popular men in the West. The Captain was Mr. D. H. McMillan (now Sir Daniel), who became Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, the Lieutenant was Mr. W. N. Kennedy, afterwards Mayor of Winnipeg and Colonel of the 90th Regiment there, who died in London on his way back from the Gordon Relief Expedition, and the Ensign was Mr. Stewart Mulvey, a noted Orangeman and a leading figure in public and educational life. The Captain in one of the other companies was Redvers Buller, an immense favourite with everybody.

In later years Buller and Steele met in South Africa, when Buller was in high command and Steele was Colonel of Strathcona's Horse. Buller spoke often of the Red River days and said that the Government of that time had asked him to go out over the Northwest with the proclamation stating that Canada was in possession. But Buller said, "I was recalled to my regiment back at home and so Butler went instead, which was just as well, because he wrote 'The Great Lone Land', which I couldn't have done". That was not disparaging to Buller, for few men could have written that splendid book. And if that same Butler had been listened to when, years afterwards, he reported on conditions in South Africa, it would never have presented the problems which Buller and Steele and others were then facing.

Steele's experiences in the Red River country were not startling, but when we study his life we find that his promotion during the years from a private to Major-General and to Knighthood were not accidental or by reason of what is known as pull, but came properly on account of his persistent hard work and his habit of picking up information that might be useful to him later. When he was in barracks at Fort Garry and the Lower Fort he let conventional social evenings go by and spent his leisure time in the company of the old settlers and plainsman, from whom he gleaned much knowledge that proved very useful in after days on the frontier. Later on, from one of his officers in the Police he got a great deal of information as to South Africa that stood him in good stead on the veldt, though at the several times he got this new knowledge he had neither the frontier nor South Africa in view.

For when the Red River troubles had subsided he went back East, but in 1874, when the new corps, called the North West Mounted Police, was being organized, he enlisted under Walsh, the famous leader who when occasion arose proved equal to the task of handling Sitting Bull, the Sioux Chief that had baffled and worried whole armies south of the line. And then for ten years Steele was in the land of the Blackfoot, the Bloods, the Piegans, the Sioux, the Stonies and the rest, south of the Red Deer, at a time when there was much war on between the Indians themselves. Whisky peddlers, horse-thieves, cattle-stealers and bootleggers were some of the interesting parties the police had to deal with in those days, besides being called on to counsel and protect the scattered settlers and ranchers who looked to the police patrol for general paternal oversight. No finer or more self-sacrificing work was ever done than by those policemen who, on a mere pittance, faced the summer heat and the winter cold over the vast plains, to keep the peace between the quarrelsome tribes and to suppress lawlessness at the constant risk of their own lives.

During those years Steele rose to the rank of major, and it was on account of his coolness, courage and administrative talents that he was sent to police the mountain sections of the C.P.R., whence he was called, as we have seen, by General Strange, at the outbreak of the Riel Rebellion in 1885. The whole immense prairie section from Fort Macleod, through Calgary and Edmonton northwards, was seething with the possibilities of an Indian uprising, which would have swept every white settler into the maelstrom. Already Big Bear, a rascal chief of the Crees, surrounded by a choice band of cutthroats, whose defiant sundance lodges we afterwards saw at several points, had massacred nine white men at Frog Lake, had looted Fort Victoria and was even then swooping down on Fort Pitt, where Inspector Dickens, son of the great novelist, with a handful of police, was in charge. Steele, during the campaign, headed a mixed body of the police and plainsmen, called Steele's Scouts. General Strange rushed our column through to Edmonton, repressing Indian bands by the way, relieving that city, which was in the midst of thousands of Indians, towards the North, and then on to Fort Pitt, which we found in flames. Mr. W. J. McLean, the Hudson's Bay Factor, had, with his family and employees, given himself up to Big Bear as the best way of avoiding bloodshed, and Inspector Dickens having then no reason for staying, dropped down the Saskatchewan in the night to Battleford. On April 27th, at midnight, Steele and a few of his men on the advance, had a hot brush with the enemy, killing Mamanook, their giant leader, and some others. For the next two days we were all in the skirmish, and I, who was a Lieutenant in the Winnipeg Light Infantry, have a vivid recollection of being advised by Steele to take cover when in an exposed position, while at the same time he was beside me, seated on his great bay horse seventeen hands high, and with his colossal figure, red-coated, clearly outlined against the sky-line. And when the Indians scattered as the result of that skirmish, Steel took his scouts and, making a dash for Loon Lake, without any transport except saddlebags, administered the knockout blow to the rebellion.

Following this he had many experiences before he was called to Ottawa at the outset of the Boer War and entrusted with the command of the famous Strathcona's Horse, composed of Western men. Under their experienced leader they proved themselves to be an amazingly valuable regiment in scouting and fighting and were strongly commended by such forefront men as Buller, Dundonald and Kitchener himself. But it is quite possible that history may assign as Steele's greatest service on the veldt, the period of work in command of the South African Constabulary after the war had actually closed. For it was during that time that his sound judgment, his chivalry to a beaten foe, his keen sense of fair play, and his strong diplomatic ability, brought about amongst the Boers a change of attitude towards the British which deepened into the present loyal devotion to the flag. Everyone knows now that Germany had much to do with the Boer War, and it is interesting to find that Captain Kruger, who had been trained by German artillery-men, had been given to understand that the Germans were superior to all other soldiers, but he said to Steele, he was satisfied, after experience, that the British were more than a match for the Germans. He added that the brutality of German officers towards their men chilled the enthusiasm and destroyed the initiative of the German soldiers. History is bearing out Captain Kruger's opinion.

The last time I saw Steele and heard him speak was in Vancouver, just before he left for England in the present war. He addressed the Canadian Club, disclaiming the right to be called a public speaker, but giving a speech of thrilling human interest, holding up a lofty ideal of conduct for the soldier. There was a fine eulogy of Kitchener, under whose personal direction he had worked in South Africa. And there was a strong appeal for chivalrous treatment of women and children. An old elder of the Puritan type, who had come with me, said on the way home, "I had no idea that a man who was necessarily engrossed with material things in war, would strike such a high spiritual note." And one of the staff officers said to me: "The General would have made a great preacher."

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE VOCATIONAL EDUCATION OF GIRLS

By Albert H. Leake. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

IT is a noteworthy thing borne in upon the reader of this book that its author, for his facts concerning theories advanced, experiments tried, and progress made, has had, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred to go outside Canada. This fact makes his book specially welcome, for its publication is significant of the beginnings of a specific Canadian interest in what is becoming a specific and urgent Canadian problem. We are in the initial stages of taking thought for ourselves as a nation in many departments of interest. The stirring up the war has brought about in the world is meaning in Canada not a renaissance as is the case in some of the older lands; it is meaning for us an emergence. We are just coming up into things. As Mackenzie King's book is symptomatic so is this book of Albert H. Leake's.

Vocational training has long been a modifying consideration in the theorizing and practice alike of "quack educators'', so called, and of conservative leaders of the teaching profession in countries that have passed the period of their adolescence. As we Canadians are now passing out of our adolescence we come into an interest in the question. Many good citizens have been feeling vaguely that "something is wrong with education". The public schools, the high schools, the universities have all been found fault with in one way and another. The notion has developed that too many good Canadian hearts and brains are going to waste. The other day a broad-minded and co-operatively inclined manufacturer in a small Ontario town talked about his employees. "What's wrong?" he said. "What's wrong? I want to know what's wrong. The schools of this town haven't done a thing for the fellows who come into my factory to earn a living, not a thing." It is a common cry. The nation is organizing herself industrially and commercially. But the boys and girls of the nation are not being made ready to go ahead with the movement as the intelligent co-workers in it. Mr. Leake's book deals with just one department of the problem. In effect he asks: What is to be done with girls from fourteen to sixteen years of age? How is our educational system really going to help them to enter intelligently and therefore practically into the nation's practical life? In other words, how is the nation going to produce skilled and intelligent saleswomen, dressmakers, household assistants, business women, factory workers, tea and lunch-room workers, etc.? That the potentiality that is in the generations of girls from fourteen to sixteen as they come along can be developed, shaped and contributed to the national life as a whole is the optimistic implication of Mr. Leake's fine book. He cites methods adopted in other countries in the way of "pre-vocational schools", vocational schools, night schools, organized undertakings of various sorts, all to one end, to offer to the girls the help and encouragement they need in choosing a life work, in making that life work intelligent and efficient and satisfying. Parents with a daughter "on their hands" in these strenuous and momentous days of change could do no better than present her with a copy of this book and study it with her. It is a book of vision.

The chapter on the problem of domestic service should be in the hands of every woman who employs household assistance. The problem is a problem of the employer as well as of the employee. Mr. Leake suggests this very clearly. Intelligent co-operation on this matter might produce among us a new and dignified vocation for women and girls, that of "household assistant", with hours, pay, overtime pay and efficient service. In Denmark there is a Housemaids' Union and a training school. The result seems to be satisfactory all round.

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THE FIGHTING MEN OF CANADA

By Douglas Leader Durkin. Songs of an Airman and Other Poems. By Hartley Munro Thomas, with an introduction by S. W. Dyde, D.Sc., LL.D., D.D. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart. The Little Marshal. By Owen E. McGillicuddy. Toronto: Frederick Goodchild.

THERE were those who, amid all the chaos and disaster when the war broke out, were able to note at least one gratifying circumstance. They were the more or less literary people who deplored the tawdry plethora of fifth-rate work which, between artistic covers and printed upon good paper, was being cast at the public. "This cheap stuff," such persons said, "will now be eliminated. The economic rigours of war-time conditions will sift our authors and all their works; only the best will survive; only the best will surmount the difficulties of publication and be worth people's scarce money."

Strange delusion! War conditions have brought about no wholesale elimination from our published output passing as literature. With pennies as plenty as pebbles, with a public still hungry, the printers of books have cast aside all the traces of restraint and decorum. They have shrieked for the public's attention to the most weird wares and the public has rushed up to spend its pennies with the abandon of children at a circus. A fresh swing of the economic wheel, with an attendant sobering and deepening of emotion and awakening of a critical sense, may indeed result in a general uprising of opinion which will cast thousands of books to the discard as empty and unavailing. But in the meantime the thousands of books are coming off our presses and they are a phenomenon of the times. Today a man does not wait and watch for the careful purchase of the one worthy book that will feed his soul for half a year; instead, he carries ten books home in a month and they please his palate and weaken his stomach like fantastic cereal. To-day little writers can publish little books to their little minds' content. It is true that great books that are worth while are still being written, but the little books are so ubiquitous that the significance of the great ones is often overwhelmed. Especially when almost every publisher in his anxiety for business employs his adjectival hirelings to give to mediocrity the praise due only to excellence.

All this is a sort of preliminary to the remark that under rigorous economic conditions books like these three would scarcely come before the general public. The best of their contents would probably stand the test of private reading to groups of interested friends, but in a time when people could buy but few books and then those few only after the utmost of discriminating consideration, publishers could afford to offer only what they also had considered with discrimination. Discrimination would likely omit such books as these from the list of publications. Not that the books are thoroughly bad and unworthy. They are in their way good enough books, pleasing and wholesome and interesting. But if paper were ten times dearer than it is, and if money were ten times scarcer than it is we should not think them worth bothering about publicly, that is all. At present, however, in Canada mediocrity in books is worth bothering about.

Artistic expression, to justify itself, should be fundamental and necessary. The fundamental and necessary note is struck but seldom in any of these three books. Yet they pass current. They are in what one supposes we should call our department of arts and letters. They are part of what we consider our native artistic tradition. Of the three books, Durkin's is much the best. If anyone wants to spend a pleasant hour let him buy one or other or all of them. He will read good, bad and indifferent verse. But he will not read any really great verse.

The following citations are representative of the best the books contain.

THE TALE OF THE YEARS

Summer and winter and spring,
Heat and the cold and the rain—
This is the tale the years bring,
Blessing and bane.
Labour and reaping that's sweet,
Twilight and day and the night,
Seed and the soil and the wheat,
Darkness and light.
God made His earth for man,
Home for a little span.

Sowing and gleaning and rest,
Sorrow and mirth and a smile,
Glow in the East—in the West,
Day for awhile.
Flowers to garland the earth,
Flowers to lay o'er the dead:
Tears and some sighs and some mirth,
Earth for a bed.
God gives His call to man
After a little span.

—Owen E. McGillicuddy.

AT CAMBRAI

He flew—and has not flown back,
Like birds in the autumn he went—
Oh, when the winter is spent
Will he return in their track?

Yea, come, when the flowers are out?
Oh! when will his music be heard?
Oh! would he come like a bird
Back home in spring—dare we doubt?

—Hartley Munro Thomas.

THE MONUMENT

She stood in a city square;
Haggard she was, and worn and pale,
A thing of pity who once was fair;
Weeping about her, her children stood,
Voicing their wants in mournful wail—
Fatherless, homeless, starveling brood!

Above her an image of stone,
Stolid and chill, with rayless eyes
Looked down on the woman wan and lone—
Symbol of honour and vaunted deed
Such as a king triumphant buys,
Paying his price in hearts that bleed!

A poet who saw the two from a-far
Looked and passed and wondered alone
Which was the symbol of savage war—
Woman and brood, or image of stone!

—Douglas Leader Durkin.

⁂

GO, GET 'EM

By William M. Wellman. Boston: The Page Company.

THIS is a record of the wonderful experiences of a *marechal des logis* of the Layfayette Flying Corps, a young American who joined the historic Foreign Legion of France and fought in the air against the Huns until he was hit when flying at a great height and compelled to land. As a convincing, straightforward account of what fighting with the French air forces meant this book can be commended.

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THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE AND THE RED CROSS

By June Richardson Lucas. Toronto: F. D. Goodchild.

THIS is one of those books which justifies itself because it comes fresh out of intimate contact with affairs and happenings in which the world is inevitably interested. What happened in the lives of children in France during the past four years is of tragic and momentous interest to all humanity. The story should make the world very much in earnest about any means that will really make another war impossible. Because Mrs. Lucas tells her story naturally and illustrates it vividly her book is of real worth.

THE TWENTIETH PLANE

A Psychic Revelation Reported by Albert Durrant Watson, M.D. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

SAMUEL BUTLER, in that book of his, "The Way of all Flesh", which has so much stimulus for the careful believer, says somewhere that he imagines people would be as much scandalized at the practice of Christianity as they are at the denial of it. Perhaps that is a possible key to the hostility and indignation with which so many people receive a book like "The Twentieth Plane". It is so—if one might use the word—brazen about immortality. Dr. Watson will say, "As Elbert Hubbard remarked to me the other day . . .", or, "Coleridge thought I'd better include my own comment in the book". Such talk makes of survival a real and practical thing to be taken for granted in the familiar way we take for granted plough-handles and dollar bills and street cars. Incidentally, of course, it knocks many of our ideas about Heaven and Hell into a cocked hat. Of course, one doesn't mean the authoritively established Christian ideas about Heaven and Hell, but the ideas that we have nursed and hugged and bandied without cherishing. The Christion ideas about Heaven and Hell that men really cherish are, as a matter of fact, very few, and very austere, and very splendid. And yet one cannot see where Dr. Watson's book is necessarily a contradiction of any of them, or a blasphemous or irrevent disregard of any of them. Nevertheless, explain it how we will, the religious hostility to Dr. Watson's books and books like it is a patent fact. That it is sincere hostility erected by sincere and good-minded people no one can properly deny.

This hostility should not go without considerate analysis at the hands of any propagandist for particular theorizings on the basis of the results of psychic research. Its source may lie in reverence which the iconoclasts and the reformers sometimes forget is a good thing. Its source may lie in humility, which, again, is a thing the iconoclast and the reformer must not be too casual about. For if psychic research has anything vital to offer it is, after all, only humility and reverence that will properly incorporate it into the vast scheme of man's knowledge. Dr. Watson has performed a certain amount of this analysis of his public; he doesn't send his book out with a chip on its shoulder as a sort of incipient insult to all and sundry of differing opinion. I have it in my mind that Dr. Watson would have so co-operated with the reverence and humility of the congregation already referred to as to have won its confidence and even approval. One does not know, but one imagines that would have been the case. For Dr. Watson's prefaces and comments are really very cool-headed. They haven't the flare and colour of fanaticism or even the fire of the reformer. It is only when he turns from saying:

> "The most fatal enemies of all newly-acquired knowledge are those who, regarding themselves as its friends, formulate a new generalization from insufficient data",

to saying:

> "The whole volume is arranged in harmony with a plan prepared by the committee. This publication committee consi ts of Abraham Lincoln, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Walt Whitman and Robert G. Ingersoll",

that we get the shock. Even then he makes the transition so neatly and smoothly that we have turned with him and read on quite naturally before our old inhibitions bring up the tardy gasp.

Yet there is a standpoint from which one could justify much more truculence on Dr. Watson's part in making demands for a hearing for his book. It is all very well to talk about the hostility grounded in reverence and humility, and to compromise with it, but what of the hostility grounded in the age-old intolerance to new truth which so long has held up the progress of the world, in the conservatism (not restricted to any one party, more's the pity; if one party held it all how soon the world would get rid of it!) which has been the despair of the initiator, the discoverer, the experimenter, the pioneer, in all generations? If one regards Dr. Watson and his confrères in any sense as pioneers in this particular department of investigation one is apt to lose patience with an excess of stubbornness manifested in those who are hostile. There is too much history on the side of the pioneer. What if this exasperating, amusing, silly, inconsequential, serious and pompous book is as significant as the first sputterings that came over the first crude wireless instrument, opening up new possibilities in communication, adding another achievement to the realm of life? If so, it is quite conceivable that, years hence, Watson's book will be preserved with others as the record of the earliest efforts at a then accomplished and established inter-communication between the planes of psychic being. In that day we could sing, "O grave, where is thy sting?" with new gusto if we ever wanted to bother singing it at all then. Death, in the sense of its necessitating the relinquishment of the beauties and joys of the physical earth, would not, of course, lose its elements of regret. spirit would have been more fully revealed, like a distant landscape made more visible and real by field-glasses.

Time was when all this "psychic stuff" was regarded as inconscionable tommy-rot, the maudlin ravings of frothy fanatics. But not so to-day. There is something in it. A revelation, an addition to the stock of human knowledge, is imminent. Whether it be along the lines of present theorizings concerning the future life or not may be for some minds still a question. In the meantime, one is prone to regard as all alike insufficient the indignant resentment of the sincerely religious, the airy dismissal of certain psychologists and the smiling tolerance of those who say, "Benjamin is a fake, that's all; he has fooled Watson".

It might be well here to say "The Twentieth Plane" is a book containing a stenographic report of what Louis Benjamin, a commercial traveller, by using a Ouija board, or in trance, communicated at gatherings in Dr. Watson's home at 10 Euclid Avenue, Toronto. The words Mr. Benjamin uttered or spelled out purport to be the words of Wordsworth, Dorothy Wordsworth, Burke, Coleridge, Emerson, George Meredith, Lincoln, Voltaire, Stevenson, Hugo and others.

The method pursued was the question and answer method. Someone in the room, generally Dr. Watson, would put the questions as if direct to the communicating personality. The recorded conversations are fascinating reading, even for the sceptic who reads that he may ridicule. For the reader of more serious intention there is much in the book that is arresting, if not convincing. If from no other standpoint than that of a sort of quizzical curiosity which may regard it the greatest fake of a generation or the first glimmering futilities of authentic revelation, the book is well worth the two dollars which will purchase it.

The flippant probably would suggest that Dr. Watson has tapped, through Mr. Benjamin, a rich vein of the hereafter. And the really frivolous person likely would add that he supposed it would depend on the sale of the volume whether it turns out to be a good pay streak or not.

The serious-minded person will probably venture the opinion that all this flare-up of interest in psychic phenomena will mean, sooner or later, the achievement of universally accepted data as to individual survival after death or a final surrender of the idea of survival altogether.

AN APRIL MORNING

From the Painting by Bouguereau,
in the Art Association Gallery,
Montreal

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THE TIMELESS TRAVELLERS

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER"

IT was rather cheery, as the Imperial Limited steamed out, to find that nothing had been forgotten save a time table.

"And a time table," I said, "can always be obtained from the porter."

"It can," agreed Una, "but let's not obtain it. Let us be timeless—'timeless and content', that's a quotation from something."

It sounded restful.

"Besides," continued Una, "I see already, half-way down the car, my old friend the Obliging Traveller. Wherever I have been I have never yet failed to meet him. His pockets gape with guide books and his lips with smiles. If I am not mistaken we shall not only achieve information, but have much information thrust upon us."

"As a perfect stranger he can't—"

"But he can. Also he can talk about the scenery. He will talk about it in a loud voice. Did I tell you that I do not intend to look at the scenery? I hope you don't mind my telling you just how I feel about it."

"Why should I? It's not *my* scenery."

"There! I knew you would be huffy. For, of course, it's your scenery. Your own beautiful made-in-B.C. scenery. That's why I am not to look at it. The doctor has ordered me to avoid all excitement."

"Then perhaps you will move and let me sit next the window."

"No. I can't do that—sorry! I need a good light for my knitting. Besides, I may be able to allow myself to glance up occasionally."

"In that case I shall retire to the observation car——"

"And I can put my work-bag on your seat, thanks so much. As for berths, I will take the upper one, because—well, just because."

"You may take the upper one," I agreed kindly, "but not because you are slimmer. You are not slimmer, don't dream it!"

Along the Trail to Lake Agnes

It may be guessed from the foregoing that Una and I, in setting out across the continent, had decided to ignore the more hampering courtesies. We had agreed to be cheerfully selfish. Unselfishness en route is a strain under which any companionship may crumble. I have Una's word for this. She says she tried it once.

The observation car was not yet full and, thoughtfully avoiding the Obliging Traveller, who had preceded me, I sat down beside a pleasant elderly woman—the comfortable kind which still wear bonnets and black silk. We smiled at each other; that smile which is the beginning of one of those traveller's-sample friendships which belong to the pleasant chances of the road. Mrs. Smith (we found later that she belonged to the goodly fellowship of the Smiths) was knitting a sock, and at once I noticed that it was different from the sock knitted by Una. I noticed too that, while it occupied her fingers, her eyes were free to follow the swiftly passing beauty beyond the windows. "A new system," I thought, "like touch typewriting." She used steel needles, too, which clicked. I noticed the click even through the swinging rhythm of the train and wondered as it grew faster and faster, furiously fast, until presently the knitter let the sock fall in her lap and laughed.

"I will get the rheumatism if I go on that way," she confided, "but I can't help it when I look at the river. Did you ever see a river run so fast? It gets me all breathless, I keep trying to catch up."

I nodded. "It is like that all the way. Even at the very mouth the ferries need all the pull of their engines to keep their course. And once I saw it away up north—it turns you dizzy there. It's like some great live thing tearing at the barges fastened to the wharves. They load them up and let them go, like chips on a torrent, with a bargeman or two, absurdly small and human, to ward off destruction."

"And they tow them back?"

"They don't come back. It is strictly one-way on the Upper Fraser."

Mirror Lake—"In its fringing trees quite hidden and aloof"

"I would like to see that." Mrs. Smith's eyes were reminiscent. "I remember—but here comes your friend. It looks like she's had some trouble with her knitting."

"I don't know what's wrong with it, I am sure," sighed Una, holding up a sock which was certainly not blameless. "I just glanced up once or twice to watch the river and now it's all crooked."

With her true instinct for getting what she wants, Una spoke to me, but glanced at my companion, a glance which lingered wistfully on the well-ordered sock upon her lap. Nothing more was necessary. Mrs. Smith held out a kindly hand.

"If you'll just let me see it for a moment, my dear, I think I can put it right for you. Yes. We'll only need to rip an inch or so. You've been knitting backwards instead of around. It's an easy thing to do."

"Fatally easy!" Una sank into a chair with a relieved sigh. "But do you know I don't believe I want to knit. I am going to take a chance on getting excited. It seems worth it. Did you ever see anything so fascinating as that tinted hill over there? And to think that I never realized before that B.C. wears colours! Somehow, I've always thought of her as clad in fadeless green; but out here she has taken to russet and wears red shoes."

I saw at once that she was right about the shoes. It put into words a difference which had often puzzled me. In the East the autumn turns red from the top, while here it grows red from the bottom. There the gorgeous maples flame against the sky, but here the colour is lower almost on the ground. Low bushes, trailing vines, brown rocks around which creep little flames of pure bright yellow; while above and behind rise the solid, unchanging green of the British Columbia forest.

The impalpable veil of autumn lay between us and the more distant hills, a veil which might well have been woven of the far blue spirals of mist which rose like fairy fires from the mountains' unseen hollows.

Moraine Lake

"Snow lay almost at the base of its farther slape"

"Injun fires," said Ma Smith, dreamily. (She told us afterwards that "up where she came from," everyone called her "Ma".) "It doesn't take a very big effort of imagination to believe that they are still there with their signal smoke curling up so straight and blue—with not a white man's foot upon the hills and the river rushing on just like it is now."

Una and I moved our chairs a little closer. Ma picked up some stitches in Una's sock and went on. "I hope we don't go for to spoil the country when we get right holt of it. But it will take a whole lot of spoiling. Nature's seen to that. Now, farming country and grazing land she don't take much trouble over. She lets them lie like they be, because she knows man will come and plough them up and build on them. But when she wants a bit of the world for her own, she just makes it so slippy that man can't sit on it and so rocky he can't dig. If he makes mines, they've mostly got to be underneath where they don't show."

"Somebody's been growing something over there," I said, nodding to a patch of lighter green which lay like a gay handkerchief in a hollow of the sloping hills."

"Cabbages!" Ma Smith's tone was the tone of an expert. "Do you know, I'd kind of like to live up there."

One facet of Lake Louise
"The topmost jewel in this mountain diadem"

We looked at the tiny home, hanging like a bird's nest by its patch of man-made green, and from it up to the flying clouds and down to the plunging river. Even as we looked, we left it far behind. Who lived there, we wondered, and did they find the mountains good company?

"There's plenty like it," said our companion, smiling at our doubt, "how else would countries ever be settled?"

A nervous-looking young woman with a high voice came through the car at that moment and paused to glance over the backs of our chairs.

"Can you tell me," she asked, "whether these mountains are the Selkirks or the Rockies?"

She addressed Una, probably on account of her eyeglasses. I don't know why one who is short of sight should be supposed to be long on knowledge.

"Both, I think," replied Una, not to be found lacking. The lady thanked her and passed on.

"Is it or aren't they?" asked Una fearfully. But Ma Smith was plainly shocked.

"Land, my dear, don't you know your geography? We won't be in the Rockies for a long time yet; though I never was one to set store by names," she added musingly. "It's all just mountains to me."

It was all just mountains to us also, but the face of them was rapidly changing. The forests were diminishing; bare brown shoulders of the hills were pushing through. The intimate, almost fairy-like beauty of gorge and wooded slope was being left behind. It was as if nature in a sterner mood were casting off her fripperies. The hills were tumbled now; thrown here and there in curious masses; piled one upon another in vast confusion.

The day was one of flying clouds with bright sun behind them, and as the drifting shadows fell and lifted, strange shapes appeared and disappeared, half seen——

"A cinematograph of the gods!" said Una suddenly. "See, the shadow of a great hand! and there—a giant's face—don't you see it?"

We saw it plainly. For a moment it lay there against that fantastic medley of hills, clear-cut, the profile of a great strange face with blind eyes.

"Perhaps they played here sometime—the giants?" I ventured. "It looks like giants' country. That mass of rock so curiously round, it may well be a ball which one of them let drop. And see the huge pudding-bowl—surely Mrs. Giant may have stirred her porridge there, ages and years ago."

"Not so long, either," mused Una, "for one has left a footprint. Don't you see it there, high up, that foot-shaped hollow, big enough to hide a city? But how bare it all is—how stark. There is no 'Injun smoke' here. The giants have stamped all the camp fires out and scattered the embers."

But Ma Smith was nothing if not practical. "It isn't as barren as it looks," she told us. "There are orchards and fruit farms down in there, irrigated fruit; and the country around is fine for grazing. We will soon be into Kamloops. Don't tell me," sternly, "that you don't know anything about Kamloops."

It would have taken someone braver than Una to admit ignorance.

"It's a grand place for lungers," went on Ma Smith cheerfully. "Mr. Smith's second cousin on his mother's side got better here. The air's so dry and pure it tingles in your fingers."

"How high is it?" asked Una, and as the train stopped just at that moment, her voice was audible through the car.

"Now you've done it!" I muttered.

For immediately the Obliging Traveller looked up from his annotated guide and prepared to diffuse knowledge.

"This city," he said, with unction, "is just 1,151 feet above the sea. It is the most important city in the Valley of the Thompson. Its population is approximately 5,250——"

"Did you say '*and fifty*'?" asked Una, as if sincerely anxious about the odd number. "Thanks so much."

The thanks sounded final, so final that the Obliging Traveller, looking slightly dazed, moved on. And we turned our attention to the busy little station, with its masses of autumn flowers, until the train followed his example. It was getting towards sunset now. The shadows of the giants' hills fell sharp and dark. The broad, beautiful Thompson lay like an anklet of gold about their feet. The mountain air blew cool and sweet; and soon, almost startlingly soon, the long stretch of shining track behind us vanished into the blues and the grays of evening.

"We'll not see much more to-night," said Ma Smith regretfully. "But here is your knitting quite put to rights. You'll get on nicely now until you strike the heel."

" 'Strike' is good,' said Una, laughing, "but it does seem a shame to go to bed. I shall simply lie awake and think of what we're missing."

"Only scenery," I hinted slyly, "my scenery which you weren't going to look at."

In the offended pause which followed, the nervous lady from farther down the car passed by us again, and again she asked Una's eyeglasses for information.

"I suppose," she observed, tentatively, "it isn't quite as dangerous as it looks?"

But Ma Smith was not going to let Una prove a broken reed a second time.

"Don't you get to thinking of danger, my dear," she told the nervous one. "It's the dangerous places that are the safest always. This track is watched like a week-old baby. It's the places so safe that no one thinks of them where the accidents are. Mr. Smith's first cousin was like that," she confided to us, "terrible nervous. The time she came to visit us through the mountains she wouldn't look out of the window, just missed it all. And she sat up all night so as to be ready."

Una laughed. "It isn't because I'm afraid of dying in my nightie that I don't sleep," she said. "But did you ever notice how uncannily clever railroads are in arranging stops at night? It could only be done by experts, specialists who understand the laws governing sleep and know to a moment when the normal mind becomes dangerously drowsy and can put their finger unerringly on that magic interval between first and second sleep and that illusive second when the sleep curtain lifts a little just at dawn. If they cannot arrange for these and other moments by stops and stations, they can always test the wheels with sledge hammers and try experiments with the brakes. The last time I travelled from Buffalo to New York by night the perfection of the thing was diabolical.

" 'Porter,' I said, 'can you tell me what expert psychologist arranges the night traffic on this road?'

" 'Doan you go blamin' him, mam,' said the porter. 'Goven'ment's runnin' this road now and what it doan know about runnin' it is plenty.' "

We laughed at this, and Ma Smith, practical as ever, hastened to assure us that the 'gov'rment' wasn't running the C.P.R. yet. Also that kindly nature had provided that the stops were few. We would sleep, she assured us, like tops.

How a top sleeps, I don't know, but it could hardly do better than I did that night. The swaying of the long train, the mountain air through the open window of my berth, proved the best of sleep inducers. But just at dawn I woke with no desire for further slumber. The lights in the car still burned and no one stirred, but outside, pressing against the misty window, was a kind of light-soaked darkness through which great forms of solid darkness gloomed.

The train swung on, taking no account of these, but, as the light grew stronger, a curious feeling grew—a feeling that we had come far, very far, indeed. Things had happened in the night. While we slept the mountains had crept closer. They had closed in. They were behind, before—everywhere! We who had assayed the heart of their fastness, proceeded now at their pleasure. Uncaring and austere, they towered above our puny, puffing train, or bent with frowning tolerance to see it pass. How long would this indifference last? With stealthy pressure from behind they urged us forward, now engulfing us in black tunnels, now shouldering us along the edge of sheer destruction, now disdainfully permitting passage over some dizzy man-made bridge; but never for a moment letting go their hold or forgetting that we were there—crushable atoms of unparalleled audacity!

I had a feeling that if the train stopped—but when it did stop nothing happened. We were even permitted, those of us who were up and dressed, to promenade along the platform of the busy little station. I, for one, desired to go softly, but not so the Obliging Traveller. He was in great form, and his voice was louder than ever.

"You will soon see something very wonderful, ladies," he began. "We will presently enter a system of spiral tunnelling unsurpassed on this continent. The track doubles back upon itself twice, at an approximate cost of work one million five hundred thousand——"

"I wish he wouldn't be so cocky about tunnels," whispered Una uneasily. "The mountains may not like it."

"He might at least wait until we are safely out."

We edged away, but the booming voice followed us. "The amount of dynamite alone——"

"Well, let's get breakfast before they fall on us," said Una resignedly. "That big one over there looks distinctly annoyed."

But the Obliging Traveller wanted breakfast, too.

"You ladies stopping off at Louise?" he asked briskly.

"Yes," said Una, "but we don't feel that we know her well enough to call her by her first name."

"Pardon? Oh, I see. Your first trip, I suppose. Well, you won't be disappointed. That lake——"

"Please——" said Una, "we don't want to know about it beforehand. We want it to be a surprise."

"Well, that's just what I was going to say. That lake will be the surprise of your life. Height above sea level 5,032 feet, and the other two are higher still. The altitude of Mirror Lake——"

"I am sorry," interrupted Una firmly, "but my doctor has forbidden all excitement."

We left him looking cast down, but not destroyed. Unfortunately, we had to leave our coffee, too.

Now, for anyone who wants a description of the scenery between Field and Lake Louise (including the spiral tunnel), there are guide books available, and English is not the poor thing which some wordless ones would have us think it. But for us to see these unveiled splendours and then to write of them, would savour of indelicacy. We looked, but we said little. Always there seemed a danger that the mountains might hear. Why trade on their exhaustless patience? We were there on sufferance. Even those tunnels (marvels as they are of the skill and intrepidity of humans like ourselves) were there because the mountains did not yet forbid. And lest we boast a shade too loudly, we had but to look at the smoke of the engine as it curled in lazy circles from the tunnel's mouth, gone in an instant, lost in the blue mist-wraiths which rise eternally, the life-breath of the everlasting hills.

Lake Louise, too, found us silent. Can one describe sheer beauty? Convey, to one who who has not seen, the thrill, the warmth, the deep content of something so perfect that its loveliness sinks into the soul and forms a secret treasure there?

Lake Louise we saw, and from that moment some of the glory of the hills was ours.

When we left the open car which had brought us to this paradise, we did not go at once into the Chateau which obligingly received our travelling bags and most of our fellow-travellers. We scarcely noticed it, save to feel thankful that its flower-decked front and poppied lawns were part of the beauty and not foreign to it. Later, we were to appreciate the comfort of its charming rooms and careful service, but at first we had eyes for nothing save the gracious sweep of the lake shore, the lifting snow-covered mountains, the dazzling glacier, the lake that lay like a bit of mislaid heaven.

"Well, now, I never saw a lake like that," exclaimed a highly-pitched, familiar voice behind us. What a funny colour! Jim, just run and ask that man what makes the water that queer blue—"

"Hurry, hurry!" muttered Una, seizing my arm, and together we ran along the curving path, our one desire to escape the hearing of those fatal words of knowledge which would reduce to a formula that magic water of undreamed-of blue.

We did not pause until we were safe in a rustic summer house, where the only sound was the water lapping against the cedar logs. Along the bank behind us a sloping trail climbed gently—up, up into the green mystery of the trees. The breathlessness, the lightness of the air was a new surprise until we remembered that we were almost on the roof of a continent.

"And there are other lakes still higher!" Una quoted the Obliging Traveller musingly. "And the air will grow thinner and purer, and

"A mislaid bit of Heaven"—Lake Louise

sweet with a terrible sweetness, and, if we could climb high enough, presently there wouldn't be any air at all! I hope you realize what a worm you are."

We did, I think, feel very wormlike, but quite content. Una even declared generously that she didn't grudge mountains a bit of dignity. They have a position to keep up, she said, and it is necessary also to consider their age. Even at a conservative estimate, they must be getting on.

Ma Smith, to whom this remark was made, looked over the tops of her glasses and her mild eyes held rebuke.

"You're not really thinking of it, my dear, or you wouldn't be frivolous," said she. "I reckon it's the one thing that makes me sort of fidgety. I get looking back and back and—"

"Yes?" prompted Una.

"Well, I get so far back and so little that I lose aholt of myself. There doesn't seem to *be* any Ma Smith."

"Who's afraid?" cried Una. "I am going right down now to pick out a pony and to-morrow I am going as high and as far as I can go. I'll pick out ponies for you, too."

Una knows nothing of ponies, but she has plenty of confidence. Yet when she rejoined me later in our room her countenance was troubled.

"What," she asked, "does 'skookum' mean?"

"In what language?"

"Don't be silly. You've lived long enough in B.C. to know the meaning of a simple word like that."

"But it isn't a simple word," I protested. "It all depends on how it is used."

"It was used by a guide down there. A guide named Pedro: at least he should be named Pedro, for he's the most Pedro-like person I ever saw outside of a cigar box cover. He wears a beehive hat and a red handkerchief. He wouldn't let me choose my pony, or yours either. There was a white one I wanted called Stovepipe, a dear thing, but Pedro said, 'No, too skookum!' What is 'skookum'?"

"Was he—er—was he looking at you or at the pony?"

"At me—I suppose. Why?"

Now Una is really sensitive about her weight. To tell her the real meaning of "skookum" would have been most unkind.

"Oh," I said briskly. "In that case 'skookum' means—er—dangerous. The guide means that you—I mean that Stovepipe was too dangerous for you."

Una looked relieved and I hastened to close the subject with, "He probably knows best."

Nevertheless, she glanced somewhat doubtfully at Pedro next morning as he mounted her upon a stout brown pony very different from Stovepipe, who was given to the nervous lady, who was almost as thin as her voice.

"Isn't he too skookum for that lady?" asked Una anxiously. But luckily the guide did not hear.

We started off, a procession of six, headed by an arrival of the night before, a horsewoman evidently, and the only one of us all who had brought her own riding skirt.

"It's too annoying that I didn't dream I should need my habit," complained Stovepipe's rider languidly, and both Una and I tried to look as if we also owned a riding habit and had neglected to bring it.

The pace of the ponies was easy to a degree, and as we walked them—I mean as they walked us slowly along the level drive, we all felt what an absurd fuss is made about horse-back riding. Anyone, we felt, could ride a horse!

It was a little different when the trail narrowed and the slope began to ascend, but still the main thing seemed to be to stick on. Una's brooding eyes were on Stovepipe.

"He doesn't *look* dangerous!" she murmured. But again luck was to vindicate my rendering of a foreign language, for at that moment Stovepipe stopped. Anyone who has been behind anything which abruptly stops in the middle of a narrow trail knows what happens.

"Keep back!" cried Stovepipe's rider needlessly.

"But I can't keep back! My pony won't stop. Whoa!" Una tugged wildly at the rein.

"And mine won't go. Guide!"

"Slap him," I suggested helpfully.

Una suppressed a shriek. "No, don't slap him. He may not know what you mean. He may go backwards. Guide!"

A shrill whistle sounded from the rear. A whistle which miraculously restored Stovepipe's powers of locomotion. Once more we began our slow ascent. But from that on some of us had our doubts about horses.

"If we were elephants," said Una, "I mean, if the horses were elephants, they could hang on to each other's tails. It would feel safer. Do you suppose it's necessary for Bingo to walk right at the very edge and a little over? Does it make any difference to yours when you pull the rein to draw him in nearer?"

I tried and said that it didn't.

"They are creatures of experience," mused Una. "They don't want to scrape their sides against the rock. They have done it before and know that it is unpleasant. Their preference for the outside edge is based on ignorance. The experience of those who have fallen over," she added darkly, "is not available."

"Oh, *don't*," wailed the rider of Stovepipe. "I know it's perfectly safe. The guide said so. The ponies go up here twice a day every day all summer and never—oh, gracious heavens!"

The forward ponies had stopped again. This time they paused simultaneously because of a crook in the trail. Just ahead the narrow path grew suddenly steeper and turned upon itself as if wishing to look back to see how it was coming along.

The leading pony, after a moment

The Chateau, Lake Louise—"Part of the beauty and not foreign to it"

of thoughtful contemplation, began to twist itself around this angle, while the other ponies waited. The wait gave their riders time to admire the view. Far, far below lay the lake, far—far—I tried my best to forget how far. I tried to think only of what a capable looking person Pedro was and of all the travellers, still living, who had daily come up this delightful (and perfectly safe) trail, also of the undeniable fact that no corpses lay in the blueness of that far-off lake or hung in festoons upon the foliage which clothed its picturesque (and somewhat precipitous) sides. If previous adventurers had been borne around that angle in safety, why not we? The deduction seemed reasonable and I clung to it, and also to the saddle, as my pony moved forward in its turn.

"Guide!" called the shrill-voiced one. "I want to get out, down, I mean, and walk."

"You can't," said Una, with grim firmness. "There's nothing to walk on and if there is Bingo needs it all. If he should stumble over you, where would I be?"

The nervous lady didn't care where Una would be and said so, but Stovepipe seemed quite undisturbed by her evident distrust. With nose resting peacefully upon the tail of the pony preceding, he followed the direction of Pedro's whistle and took the angle with all the calm of a true fatalist.

We had turned aside from the lake now and our way wound through the mountain woods, a steady climb up an easy slope, till Pedro's voice, sounding cheerfully from the rear, announced Mirror Lake in the near distance.

Who found it first, I wonder, this wonderful mountain looking-glass, when no one knew the way save the birds and the mountain beasts who came to drink; when there were no trails, no ponies, no tourists? It is not blue like Lake Louise. Its waters are sadder, darker. It lies there in its fringing trees quite hidden and aloof. Beside it rises a domed mountain curiously like the bee-hive for which it is named. The trails wind up to the very summit of this, trails easily climbed by the sure-footed ponies, and providing the highest point on the continent reachable by pony travel. To our right hand the trail by which we had come sloped steeply up and, having allowed us a sufficiently long interval for breathing space, our leading pony turned resignedly to his unfinished task.

"I'm getting used to it, I think," said the nervous lady, "or else I feel safer because I can't see the bottom."

"Yes," agreed Una, "the most pressing danger now is that of sliding off backwards. The bridles seem strong. Let us hope the man who made them had a conscience."

He probably had, for even Una's weight did not trouble the good stout leather. The ponies bent to the stiff grade, heads down, disdainfully unheedful of the wriggling humans upon their backs; their twitching ears attentive only to the whistle of their guide. We were getting above the forest now and out upon the barer mountain-side. Gravel rattled under the ponies' hoofs and once in a while a larger stone rolled down with an echoing crash. The trail ascended in a leisurely zigzag and through that clear, still air the eye could follow other trails hanging like eyelashes on the mountain's face. The second part of our journey was the shorter and soon the sound of falling water told us that we neared the water-fall which is the overflow of Lake Agnes, the highest of these lakes in the clouds.

Pedro, who had appeared in front of us without anyone realizing just how he got there, explained that our small remaining climb must be made on foot.

"Ponies wait here," he said, pointing to the steps which would take the rest of us to the level of the small plateau above. "Steps very easy," he added patronizingly.

It was astonishing how safe and dependable one's own legs felt. We all tried to look as if we noticed no difference, but the manner of the whole party became perceptibly easier.

It was very pleasant on the plateau above the waterfall. Lake Agnes lay there, sun-steeped, open to the nearer sky, the top-most jewel in this mountain diadem. The trees were thinner here with open vistas through which the descending valleys lay spread out beneath us; Mirror Lake, dark and tiny now; the flash of blue so far below which was Lake Louise. Yet still the mountains held and shadowed us, their unreached peaks serene and distant through their drifting clouds.

There were other climbers here; climbers with perhaps more right to the name, since they had taken the trail without the aid of ponies. Very content they looked resting on the smooth and sun-warmed moss of the rocks, close to the pleasant music of the waterfall and with some of the most beautiful scenery of the world their own for the trouble of looking at it.

"It is lovely, lovely, lovely!" sighed Una. "And oh, see! a darling cloud—a tiny, baby cloud. Perhaps this is one of their nurseries? If we walk over there we can touch it. Fancy, shaking hands with a cloud!"

Unfortunately Una's voice carries well and the Obliging Traveller was just around the next rock. Very kindly he explained that what we beheld was more or less of an illusion. If we walked over there, he said, the cloud, as a cloud, would exist no longer. We would walk through a slight mist merely. "We are now," he declared, "at an altitude of 6,875 feet and mist of a cloud-like formation is to be expected. At a still higher altitude of—" but why bore you as we were bored.

As soon as we could we excused ourselves and walked sadly away, reflecting upon the limitations of civilization.

"I wonder," mused Una, "if when stout Cortez stood with eagle eye 'silent upon a peak in Darien' he had someone near to remind him of the altitude."

"If so," I answered, "knowing

"The highest point on the Continent reachable by pony trail"

Cortez as I do, I feel sure that no one would have regretted the altitude more than the man who mentioned it. But those good old days are gone."

"And now that the romance of the scene is dissipated," went on Una, "what really worries me is getting down again. If Bingo is as perpendicular downwards as he was upwards, what is to prevent me sliding gently off his neck? I can hardly embrace his tail. I feel it is not done in equestrian circles."

"Perhaps," hopefully, "they are trained to go down backwards."

But they weren't. One of our party was already engaged in a heated discussion with Pedro over just this point. Pedro smiled his flashing, yellow smile and was gently firm.

"Pony use to go down head first," he explained. "Very safe pony. No stumble, all *cushy*—yes."

"I wish I understood foreign languages, "fretted the nervous lady. "What is this guide supposed to be—Swiss?"

"The Swiss may speak like that in moments of excitement," said Una. "I've never heard them."

"Guide," called the lady, "I am going to walk."

Pedro was agreeable.

"You walk? You lead um pony? Very well, yes."

"Lead the pony? Certainly I shan't lead the pony. I—"

But perhaps Pedro didn't understand English.

"You lead um—very safe—all *cushy*, yes." And slipping Stovepipe's bridle into her reluctant hand, he whistled. The head pony started and with that further argument was impossible.

"If I were you I'd risk the pony," advised Una. "They must be safe. The danger is only apparent—mortal mind, you know. See how carefully they place their feet."

"I place my feet carefully, too, and I have fewer feet!"

We had passed the steepest parts of the trail now; passed Mirror Lake, darker with the dark of lengthening shadows; passed the angle where the trail looks back and passed the rustic summer house which is halfway down the lower slope. The light lay long and slanting; the coolness of the rocks stole out across our heated faces, and as if by common consent we had all grown silent. Even the guide-book man's brisk eye was fixed and dreamy. Not until we trotted up to the Chateau with dinner in the middle distance did we return to our accustomed and commonplace selves.

We told Ma Smith about it that night, sitting before a blazing log fire in the lounge; and while her clever fingers put Una's knitting straight for the seventieth time, she gave us another bit of her homely philosophy.

"It's clear you feel like I do," said Ma Smith. "There's something terrible religious about mountains. 'Twas the cities of the plain that got too wicked for the Lord to stand them—not but that He stands a lot. But mountain folk see clear and have steady hearts. There's a strength in them. 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills'—David knew."

"This isn't your first visit then, Mrs. Smith?"

"No, my dear, not by several. I've got the mountains in me, for my folks were mountain-born. But I've lived mostly in a flat country. When I come here it's like I was coming home. But I arrange not to come in the season. September's the loveliest month, you can see that."

We did see it. We saw it all through the dew-washed, sun-bright days that followed. Summer with its bluer skies and greater heat was gone; there was a tang, a crispness in the breeze, but all the more delightful for that were our drives and rambles; all the more cheering the fires in the softly lighted rooms at night, all the fresher and more intoxicating the heady air of early morning. We climbed, we rode, we drove, as desire took us, or, when weary, spent long afternoons doing nothing at all.

Ma Smith did not try the ponies, but she could outwalk both of us, and she enjoyed the tally-ho with the eager appreciation of a child. She came with us on our coach trip to Moraine Lake and the Valley-of-the-ten-peaks. She said she liked that drive particularly because it helped to restore her confidence in herself as a member of the human race. Men, she reminded us, who had planned and built the marvellous road could hardly be pygmies after all. Una, sitting beside an English Honourable, hastily agreed, while the two British officers between whom Ma Smith herself was placed looked slightly surprised. The pygmy idea was evidently new to them. My own coach neighbour, a smart looking American widow, gave it as her opinion that the engineers must have been "pretty bright".

The beautiful Bow Valley lay beneath and beyond us, gorgeous under its wealth of colour—colour for which our green-sated eyes were hungry. Every hollow in the circling hills sent to the sun its curling plume of incense. Bowls of blue mist stirred and eddied, spilling their blueness along the mountain side. The river sparkled or gloomed as the sun touched it. The Tower of Babel, strange, fantastic shape, provoked Ma Smith to Biblical references which appeared to greatly interest her military audience. Occasionally we paused, and everyone who had a kodak snapped and those who hadn't one thanked God that they were not as other men.

Una mislaid her camera and politely asked the Honourable if she were sitting on it. It was a tactless thing to do. Una might have remembered the story of the Princess and the Pea. But she didn't.

"Terribly stiff, aren't they?" confided the smart widow.

"Kodaks?" I ventured.

"No—Honourables. One would think they were afraid it would rub off."

"Perhaps it would in time."

"No chance! Say, I like your friend. She's right smart. Too bad she's so hefty. Did she ever try—"

"S-Ssh!" I ventured, and the widow obligingly changed the subject.

"This is a right pretty place, don't you think?" she resumed. "I've been through the mountains on our side, but I like these better. They're more laid out. I've been in Switzerland, too, and, of course, I was crazy about that. But that was different. It's neater over there—sort of trimmed around the edges. But for enjoying scenery I never knew the equal of Mr.

"With dinner in the middle distance"

Boggs, my late husband. He'd have been tickled to death with this. We always intended taking this trip together. But he could never get away. He couldn't get a man to replace him. In his profession personality counts for *so* much.''

''He was a clergyman?'' I suggested sympathetically.

''No, not exactly. Mr. Boggs was a mortician.''

''A—?''

''Mortician. You usually say undertaker over here. But mortician is smarter. Mr. Boggs was very progressive. He was one of the brightest men I ever knew.''

Such genuine regret gilded the memory of Mr. Boggs that one forbore to smile; and before further confidences were possible our coach drew up with a cheerful rattle of harness on the shore of our valley lake. Una's camera was discovered fitted into the small of the back of the stiffest of the British officers, and her stumbling apologies were made more painful by the awful courtesy with which they were received—a courtesy which Una assures me is utterly paralyzing to the repentant mind. ''I lived in England for a year and a half,'' she murmured, ''and I never got used to it, never!''

Moraine Lake lies in a valley so high that even now, in September, snow lay almost at the base of its further slope. The shadows of the great peaks keep it there, and its cool breath meets you in the breeze. The rock slips steeply into the water on one side, but along the nearer edge a path runs below a gentler slope. Along this path our party scattered and the horn had been blown many times and the Honourable was looking very bored before it gathered again for the homeward trip.

''It was a beautiful day,'' sighed Ma Smith when we met by the fire that night. ''I do enjoy talking to foreigners, not that British officers are exactly foreigners. But they're different. You feel that—don't you?''

Una said she did.

''Now, the one on my right, the red-faced one, was Scotch, but land! you'd never dream it. I asked him had he been brought up at home and he said he had. I asked him why he didn't talk Scotch like Harry Lauder, and he said he was afraid Harry might not like it. 'But,' he said, 'though I may talk like the hated Sassenach, I'm awfu', terrible, heilan' Scotch forby.' The other officer was English on both sides. (He was the one who was so nice about sitting on your camera, my dear.) He didn't talk much. No doubt he has the war very much on his mind. But they were both nice people, very nice. It's too bad you ladies are leaving in the morning. They would be such nice acquaintances for you!''

The day of our departure dawned earlier than other days. Days of departure always do. We were soon astir, eager to see our last sunrise steal upon the glacier, to watch once more the sacrificial incense of the hills ''in airy spiral seek the face of God'', and to see the morning bring back the blue to the depths of the night-filled lake.

''If it should be cloudy—'' fretted Una. But the sun did not disappoint us. He came gloriously.

''As if some giant of the air amid the
vapours drew
A sudden elemental sword.''

Now here, now there it flashed—lighting up the peaks—lighting up the valleys—lighting up the world!

We thought of all the mornings when this miracle would happen and we not there to see. Delightful melancholy enveloped us, a melancholy in which we seemed remote, strangers to each other and to our kind, tiny, tragic figures in face of a beautiful and uncaring world.

''But we will come again,'' said Una. ''When you have written a best seller and I have inherited a fortune from my lost uncle we will come again—''

And so to breakfast, and the ten-fifteen express!

THE BLIND MUSICIAN

From the Painting by Carl Larsson, in the Art Association Gallery, Montreal

BRITISH GUIANA

A LAND OF OPPORTUNITY—"OF BROOKS. OF WATER, OF FOUNTAINS AND DEPTHS"

BY MAUD GOING

THE traveller sailing southward through the Spanish Main hears many fearsome fictions regarding British Guiana. From the deck chair of the authority who has stopped three days in Georgetown, the whole of England's South American estate is arraigned, judged and condemned.

As the flying fish dart out of one incredibly blue wave into another, we hear of mosquitoes innumerable, insatiable and freighted with malaria. As the brief southern twilight dies a sudden death, the tale is of spiders with the circumference of coffee cups, and of centipedes as long as a man's hand. While the four jewels, which compose the Southern Cross, come sparkling out above the bow, we hear of the terror that flieth by night, when the authority reaches her horrescent climax and talks of vampires. And at all times we are liable to be depressed with superlatives regarding the beggary of a black and tan population.

"You can see all you want to see of Demerara," is the summing up, "in thirty-six hours." For the three days' visitor does not even give the colony its proper title, but persists in bestowing upon all British Guiana the name now properly belonging to a river and to a county, both contained therein.

In old maps it is still written "De Mirara", for to Shakespeare's contemporaries this was "a wonderful and mysterious country where lived anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," amazons, mermaids, dragons. Here legend placed the golden kingdom of El Dorado, with its glittering capital of Manoa, ruled by a bejewelled king. When English, French and Dutch strove together for Guiana, in the days of George the Third, the land was still thought of as a prize well worth a hard-fought fight, and the conviction to which these men set the seal of their blood is voiced again by a very recent traveller—"A country of almost unlimited opportunity. . . .and scarcely scratched."

At first acquaintance British Guiana is not winsome. Before its level, low shore appears above the horizon the traveller sees that a change has come over the ocean. The rich purple-blue, characteristic of tropical water, is gone; the sea has become opaque and tawny. It is thickened and coloured with mud carried along the coast by a great current sweeping northward from the mouth of the Amazon.

All down the chain of the West Indies are rugged peaks, whose apparent height is enhanced because the tropical clouds hang low and enfold them; but here is a littoral flat as the proverbial pancake. British Guiana has mountains of her own, and one among them, Roraima, towers higher than any North American peak east of the Rockies. But she does not glory in these. We learn to know and love her as a land of rivers and of forests.

Aboriginal Indian's House, British Guiana

Streams, which would be of great importance in Europe, occur at intervals of a few miles all up and down the coast. The chief of these is the Essequibo, six hundred miles long and wide enough, where it enters the sea, to embrace three great islands, the largest about twelve miles long. The Corentyne River, the second in size, is nearly as large as the Essequibo. Smaller streams, which would be rivers anywhere else, are merely "creeks" here. "Over a thousand of these," says one traveller, "have Indian names." How many there are in all, including those named by white men, he does not say.

These rivers, sweeping down with tremendous force from upland wildernesses, dominate all the land. They interlace and nurture the stupendous forests. They are, in most places, the only highways, for the combined length of all the three lines of railway is but ninety-four miles. Through innumerable ages these rivers have brought oceanward mud, sand and silt, enough to build the alluvial flats upon which the only settlements the land yet boasts are founded.

Cultivation so far has altered only a few strips on coasts and river shores. The interior is yet much as it was when Raleigh wrote: "Guiana is a country that hath yet her maidenhead: never sacked, turned nor wrought. The face of the earth hath not been torn, nor the virtue and salt of the soil spent."

The alluvial coast lands are rarely above high water mark, so that where the ground is not empoldered it is subject to the wash of the sea in front and to the rising of tide water behind. The sea is kept at bay and the land is drained by elaborate systems of sea defence and of drainage adopted from the Dutch founders of the colony. Long canals, many of them half covered with the great shining leaves and lovely blossoms of lily and lotus, stretch away to the limits of vision. Great gates, locally called "polders", are shut at high tide to exclude the

A Village on Barama River, British Guiana

sea, and opened at low water to allow the accumulated drainage from the fields to flow away.

The city of Georgetown, beautiful with wide avenues, blossoming trees, and garden spaces, lies so low that its very life depends upon the integrity of a sea-wall of solid granite.

Along the river shores in these coast lands, the forest turns traitor to the flowing water which has nourished her youth and helps man to restrain it. Everywhere there is some natural growth which withstands encroachments from the streams.

Where the water is quite salt grows the courida, with fascine-like roots binding loose sands together. A little farther up the rivers, but still in the flow of the tide, is the mangrove, here a medium-sized tree. Its trunk is mounted on a cluster of stilts, which catch and hold floating branches, till the force of the current is restrained, and its earthy treasures are deposited. Higher up stream still, where the water is nearly fresh, the wash is broken by a giant arum, the "mocca mocca", rising to a height of twenty feet, and crowned by a cluster of shining arrow-shaped leaves.

Every large river has many islands. These begin as banks of sand and silt and, by the help of the mangrove and courida, are gradually reinforced and made into habitable ground.

These alluvial flats contain some of the richest agricultural land in the world. Some coast plantations on the Demerara River have been under cultivation more than a century with one plant, the sugar cane, and only of late years has any attention been given to fertilizing or even to fallowing. When first empoldered and not quite freed from salt, these lands are ideal for cotton plantation; they are also well suited for banana growing, and lovely clusters of feathery crowns, rising here and there, show where cocoanut palms are prospering. Here on the coast lands, too, are large areas eminently suited to the cultivation of rice. The pioneers in this industry were the picturesque brown "coolies" who have been brought from Hindustan as indentured agricultural labourers. Thanks to their initiative, British Guiana has become undoubtedly the greatest rice-producing country in South America.

A few miles up stream the character of the country changes. Thus far the native forest has stood rooted in water, but now the trees rise from solid ground. Here sugar cultivation ceases, but cocoa and coffee yield good crops. The Imperial Commissioner of Agriculture is reported as saying that in no part of the world which he had visited did Arabian coffee grow and flourish as he saw it doing in British Guiana! Moreover, in these lands, from ten to thirty miles inland, oranges, especially Tangerine oranges, and other varieties of citrus trees yield excellently flavoured fruit in abundance, and government experiments have proved that Para rubber grows vigorously.

Farther on towards the river head the voyager comes to the "sand hills". One might suppose the fine quartz sands here to be beaches of a bygone age, but geology says the white piles are just the debris of rocks disintegrated *in situ*. In this region pineapples are so willing to grow that they come up of their own accord, like weeds, while guavas and sisal-hemp can be easily raised.

Where the sand banks and dunes appear the land begins to rise in low stairs, and the rivers are interrupted by rapids, and then by beautiful little cataracts, which stop navigation for all save very small boats that can be carried from one smooth stretch to another. The cataracts come to a glorious climax in the great fall of Kaieteur, where the Potaro River takes a sheer awful leap into a gorge five times as deep as that of Niagara. It is now possible for tourists to reach this unexploited wonder in a ten-day "exertion" from Georgetown.

All down these tumbling rivers untold power is running wild, pending the arrival of its master, the engineering talent that can bridle it and put it to work.

Above the first rapids the streams run clear of tidal mud, pouring their clear brown floods between walls of forest. The water-side trees rise to a height of from one to two hundred feet. Some are laden with flowers. Many are festooned and bound together with a riot of vines, which coil about one another, and dip into the ripples, making lustrous curtains of living green, richly adorned with flowers. The traveller through such forest must hew his way with a cutlass.

The few bridle paths which have been cut must be frequently re-cut, for nature constantly strives to weave her living curtains over them again. No one knows what precious plants may be in hiding here.

Georgetown boasts a superb collection of the insects of British Guiana, especially of the butterflies and moths. The birds of the land have been studied, though not exhaustively; but as regards the plant life of this "great South American rain forest", little has been done as yet. The excellent work of the Department of Science and Agriculture is largely economic and thoroughly practical. The greater portion of the colony is still untouched by man's hand, and it is doubtful whether more than one-third of its flora is known.

Two years ago a zoological station was established on the Mazaruni River, in the heart of the "rain forest", but this scientific investigation of tropical life is financed by American liberality and its staff, who find "occupation enough to keep ten men working their life long", have been sent out by the New York Zoological Society. It is a pity that Britain has as yet no share in this important work, carried on in her own colony; and it is highly desirable that the station be used as a field for botanic work also.

Some of the valuable trees in these forests are already finding their markets. As the land rises towards the river heads and all the forest growth is taller, great areas of greenheart

Para Rubber Trees at Dada-Mawa, British Guiana

occur. The timber of this tree has now become world-famous. The river traveller sees here and there long trunks of it lying in the shallows, taking the water treatment which fits it for its work. It is useful for all kinds of submerged timbering—wharves, piles and lock-gates.

The colony produces many valuable and handsome woods, but under present conditions the workable area of the forest is limited to the parts near streams. The timber travels by river to the settlements dotted all along the coast.

On the banks of the smaller creeks, or scattered throughout the forests, are the "balata" trees, yielding a gum which is in many respects an excellent substitute for rubber; and at river landings one may see a little gathering of the long, narrow native boats, and a group of "balata bleeders", strong, joyous negro men, equipped for their work with formidable cutlasses. By means of these they tap the trees, making a feather-stitch pattern all up the trunks. The precious juice runs zigzag down, from cut to cut, and into a vessel placed ready to receive it. It is

The Cattle Country of British Guiana

dried into sheets, and when the bleeding season closes, crews of singing negroes row down the rivers with their spoils, and are paid by results.

Balata collecting now ranks third among the industries of the colony, and the government is beginning to raise the trees in plantations. These, when they grow, can be bled in a small fraction of the time which must now be spent in getting through difficult forest tangle to visit widely scattered trees.

Some day, too, the precious timber trees can be produced, standing in exclusive societies, ready, like the French nobles of the Terror, to fall victims to the sharp steel together. Meantime, many of them are put well-nigh out of reach by the manner in which they elect to grow. The rain forest is what is technically called "mixed", and that to an extreme degree. It is but seldom that two tree neighbours are alike or even akin. After one is felled comes the problem of getting it out from among a dense assembly of neighbours which the woodcutter does not want.

In walking a mile or so along one of the gold-digger's trails, one can see a wild silvicultural show, a varied display of native woods. Some of the boughs high overhead are laden with blossoms and murmurous with humming birds. Great butterflies float by on languid, jewelled wings. Such a path might lead indeed to the dream cities of Raleigh or Balboa. In very truth, there is gold at the end thereof, and gold in many parts of the land.

Auriferous sand and gravel have been found in all the larger rivers except two, so it is evident that gold-bearing areas are numerous and widely spread.

As yet, most of the gold brought to light has been washed out of river soils by negroes locally called "pork knockers". Their methods and machinery are alike primitive. The supplies which they require have to be sent up or around the rapids and cataracts, taking sometimes two weeks to reach their destination. Even with all these disadvantages, rich finds have been made in each gold field, and dredging by modern methods has yielded excellent results. No doubt when the country is thoroughly explored, more gold fields will be discovered.

There is one thing at least which must have struck the casual observer in connection with the gold industry of British Guiana, and that is the rather extensive production in the absence of systematic mechanical appliances.

In the gold washings, diamonds have come to light. The stones, with a few exceptions, are small, but they are very pure and brilliant.

Above the gold-bearing gravels and sands, above the cataracts and low waterfalls, lie great undulating grass lands, stretches of high prairie, with here and there a few trees, growing in clumps, or shadowing river banks and pools.

At the very top of the land, on Roraima, the boundaries of Guiana, Venezuela and Brazil meet in a region of wonder, visited as yet only by explorers and orchid-hunters. Here "rocks and pinnacles of rocks, of seemingly impossible fantastic forms, stand in apparently impossible fantastic ways; sometimes placed one on the other in positions seeming to defy every possible principle of gravity; and between the rocks are level spaces of pure yellow sand, with streamlets and little waterfalls and shallow pools of pure water. Not a tree is there, but in some places there are little marshes filled with low, scanty and bristling vegetation. Look where one would, on every side, climb what high rock one liked, in every direction as far as the eye could see was this same widely extraordinary landscape." (Sir Everard Im Thurn, 1889.)

It is estimated that the colony contains six thousand square miles of the undulating prairie or "savannah" producing sweet grasses upon which stock thrives. Hundreds of thousands of cattle and horses could be raised

A Gold Mill in British Guiana

A Tow Canal in British Guiana

here. There is as yet, however, no satisfactory means of bringing them down to the settlements and to the sea. They are laboriously driven down over the Brazilian border and sold there.

In 1914 the project of a railroad connecting this rich hinterland with the coast was earnestly considered. Sir Walter Egerton, the Governor, gave it his enthusiastic support. The proposed line, before entering the great cattle country, would run for about two hundred miles through valuable timber forests. It sstarting point was to be Georgetown and its terminus at the Brazilian frontier, "as a pointer to the Southern Cross and the great cities of Rio Janeiro and Buenos Ayres lying under it."

The Governor pointed out that neighbouring countries, which have wisely used similar natural opportunities, have made rapid growth. "Do you realize," he said, in an address delivered at a meeting of the Royal Agricultural and Commercial Society, "how rapidly the Republics on the Atlantic watershed of South America are developing? Even Uruguay, a much smaller state, has a population of one million, seventeen hundred miles of railway and a capital (Monte Video) with 325,000 people."

Meantime British Guiana, with its magnificent possibilities and its area of ninety thousand square miles, has not this number of people in its entire territory. Its cultivated and settled portion is but a narrow strip along the coast. Its capital, with the best harbour on the mainland between Trinidad and the Amazon, has a population still below the sixty thousand mark.

Now why, with all its charms, resources, advantages and opportunities, does not the country grow?

"Of course," says one who has not been there, "its climate is its handicap." But the climate of British Guiana, even on its low coast lands, is scarcely hotter than that of Trinidad.

Yet the prosperity of Trinidad and its people is evident to the most transient and superficial observer. And the visitor to Georgetown, seeing the thriving alertness of various clubs—cricket, football, race, rowing and tennis—concludes that the climate is not too hot for vigorous outdoor sport.

"The trouble with us," said one resident, "is absenteeism and lack of interest in the colony. People who live in Trinidad call the island 'home', but people here call England 'home'. I know of but two families here who own their dwellings. People are saving their money instead of spending here in the colony—saving so that they can retire on incomes and go to England to end their days."

"The trouble," said another resident, thoughtful and informed, "is, and has always been, injudicious legislation. The country has had as many lives as a cat, but legislation has done its utmost to destroy them all. First, England made us sell our slaves for a third of their value. She sacrificed her own colonies to the theory of freedom. Then came difficult years while the planters were getting an adequate supply of free labour. We rose out of that depression and found our feet again. Thirty-five years ago sugar was making us all prosperous. Then bounty-fed beet-sugars from the continent of Europe took our markets and England would not save us. She sacrificed her own colonies to the theory (or principle) of free trade.

"Then gold was found, and then diamonds, and just when the war was breaking out, and the demand for diamonds falling off, our colonial government here nearly three-folded the rental of every claim. The result is that many of the claims have been abandoned. Legislation has simply 'killed the goose that laid the golden egg'."

This resident's arraignment is echoed in tone by an article in the *Journal* of the Colonial Board of Agriculture of July, 1915.

"As judicious expenditure is not always extravagance," says the *Journal*, "so the saving of money is not necessarily thrift. We have had an example recently. The Model Gardens, the result of a scheme suggested in 1903, and carefully developed since that date, were summarily abolished by a resolution of the Combined Court in March, 1915. These Gardens, which were visited by nearly 22,000 children in 1914, provided the children of Georgetown and New Amsterdam with practically their only opportunity for learning something of the elements of gardening, and for obtaining a liking for such pursuits; they were steadily undermining the prejudices of the children, and of their parents, against manual labour of the agricultural type; they afforded practical demonstration of school garden work to the primary schoolmaster and pupil teachers; and the nine of them cost the colony two thousand dollars a year; and in half an hour they and the steady work of years were destroyed." This, too, in a land which must always depend largely upon agriculture for its prosperity. In this case the colony's foes were those of her own household.

And now, crowning all, she seems likely to suffer heavily from legislation regarding "coolie" labour enacted by the Parliament of Hindustan. Long ago it was demonstrated that white men can not long endure physical labour under a tropical sun, and though it has been found feasible to gather the rice crop with modern American harvesting machinery, much of the labour connected with tropical agriculture must be done by hand.

In the early days of the colony slavery solved the problem and furnished the coerced negro as tiller of the soil; but when slavery was abolished by law in 1835, it was found that an acute labour problem confronted the community. The negro associated agriculture with bondage. The prediction of the anti-slavery party that "freed men would work all the harder when tempted by wages" was proved false. The negro is physically capable of more hard work than is any other tropical labourer, but when he is his own master he prefers to work by fits and starts. Higher wages will not steady him; they merely add to the length and frequency of his holidays.

When the free negro proved thus unsatisfactory, experiments were tried with men of various nationalities. Chinese were imported; but though they proved, in many respects, useful colonists, they did not find their *métier* as agricultural labourers. The Chinese have proved successful in carrying on little country shops, where profits are sufficient only for people content with a very small wage.

The native Indian was tried. He has been found useful as a guide, boatman, woodcutter, huntsman, gold-digger or balata-bleeder, but his sturdy independence prevents him from becoming a reliable servant or field labourer.

At last the ideal tiller of the soil was found — the East Indian indentured labourer or "coolie". "Sammy", as he is called, is not so strong as the negro, but one can depend on him. He is not very energetic, but he is ambitious for himself and for his dearly-loved children. He wants money, and will work and save to get it. His ancestors for untold generations have been tillers of the soil. He is a natural agriculturist, and is undisturbed by the great modern urge towards city life. His people are rapidly becoming the backbone of British Guiana. They make up nearly two-fifths of its population and are its most picturesque element.

Sammy's clothing is but a few yards of white cotton cloth, but it is swathed about him in graceful lines and worn with dignity. His wife's dress is beautiful, but not expensive. His first savings go into ornaments for her—necklaces, nose rings, bracelets and anklets made of beaten money, coin silver which can be passed in case of need or sold. Later he learns to bank his money.

The planter, to whom "Sammy" is bound for five years, must see that he is properly housed and doctored. Above everything, the coolie's wage must be forthcoming when due. At the least suspicion of stopping his pay, even for bad work, off he goes to the Immigration Officer. The planter is bound to submit to the official decision, otherwise his coolies might be removed, and this, in many cases, would mean ruin.

"Sammy," says one who knows, "is the real master of the sugar estate. His national customs and peculiar prejudices are not interfered with in the least. At the end of his five years indenture, he may settle in British Guiana as a landed proprietor on equal terms with the immigrant of any other race. His servitude has been a preparation for life in his new environment. The planter to whom he is indentured turns him out at the end of his term of servitude a trained agriculturist, able to farm the land, which he has now amassed means to purchase. His son may rise into commercial or even professional life. The Hindoo race has given to the colony doctors, lawyers and clergymen, a Bachelor of Arts (Cantab.) and a Fellow of Fowler's Phrenological Institute, London.

"Such has been the evolution of the East Indian race in British Guiana At the one end humble, illiterate immigrants, tillers of the canefields; at the other end property holders, cattle farmers, shopkeepers, doctors, lawyers and ministers, with a voice in the government of the country, and a hand in shaping its destinies. In fact, the East Indian in British Guiana is wanted and welcomed; and now, when all parties are satisfied, comes a "bolt out of the blue"—a decision of the Indian Parliament abolishing the coolie system. This is evidently prompted by the delusion that indentured labour is a form of slavery; but though the system binds the labourer to the estate for five years, he enjoys in British Guiana, even from the first, such liberty as he has never known in India. He is freed from the shackles of the caste system. Vistas of hope open before him."

"In India," says a venerable clergyman who has spent twenty-five years there, "the peasant is practically a serf. He cannot in a lifetime save enough to buy land. He cannot hope to give higher education to his children."

"And furthermore," he pursues, "India needs this outlet. Labour is the one thing of which she has a surplus. India is the one tropical country in which the population has a rapid increase. And the Hindoo must come as an indentured labourer if he comes at all. Unassisted, he could never make the sum required to bring him so far. The planter, on the other hand, would not advance the travelling expenses of labourers whose services could not be permanently depended on.''

Despite all these facts, the impression got abroad in India that ''Sammy'' was a slave. Consequently a Commission, consisting of one Hindoo and one Englishman, was sent to investigate the condition of the coolie in British Guiana. Its findings, after exhaustive inquiry, were favourable to the present system. They were published in 1915, and now the Parliament of India sets them aside. This is the most unkindest cut of all wherewith the colony has been wounded in the house of its friends. The diagnosis imputing British Guiana's arrested development to injudicious legislation seems well borne out by recent history.

For the law, as it now stands, forbids the importation of coolies from India.

Lastly, there is the crying need for a railroad to bring the lumber, ore, cattle, fruits and balata to the coast. A road from the flat coast to the high hinterland would help to establish the white population. It would do for this land what the road into the hills did for India, bringing the higher and cooler interior as near to Georgetown as the Maine coast is to Montreal.

The soil of the colony has great agricultural possibilities, but under present conditions it is impracticable to take workers up into the hinterland, and would be equally impracticable to get their produce to markets. Moreover, the shortest and quickest route from the interior of Brazil to the west coast of South America lies through British Guiana.

After the great war, when the world turns again to construction after destruction, many men coming back from the Front may find the counter and the desk unthinkable, and desire instead an outdoor life, spent in subduing the wilderness. Then Nature's hidden treasures and the answers to her unsolved riddles will become the victor's spoils, and then, let us hope, some of our leaders in the arts of peace—men of enterprise, initiative and capital—will bethink them of this rich and neglected estate of the Empire.

* * * * * *

And what of the mosquitoes, the scorpions, the vampires and the spiders with the circumference of coffee cups?

As to mosquitoes and vampires, the river Indian, who is presumably no less edible than other men, sleeps and lives in a house which is merely a roof of palm-thatch uplifted on four poles.

As to spiders and scorpions, we saw one of each, both very dead indeed and, in fact, embalmed in the Georgetown collections. Thus did the fictionist of the steamer chair ''fray us with things that be not''.

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT LAMPMAN

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD

I WANT to say, right away at the beginning, that this is to be only a "little talk". I don't want to be hampered by calling it a study or an article or even a *critique*. It is to be a rambling talk—an appreciation, if you will—of a poet whose name is and must be always dear to all lovers of Canadian literature.

When Lampman's first book, "Among the Millet," was published, it became one of this writer's most constant companions. It slept under my pillow; it went for long country walks with me; its back, its beautiful red back, became blistered with dew; its leaves were stained by book-marks of leaves and grass. I cannot open it now without loosing a whole summer's beautiful memories, memories associated with that book.

I remember, too, as vividly as if it were yesterday, the day when the news of Lampman's death came to us. I was at home then, in Fredericton, just recovering from a serious illness at the time. My youngest brother, Theodore Goodridge Roberts, came into the room looking like one who has received a great personal shock, and said: "Archie Lampman is dead!"

And it *was* a personal shock to us all, though we had not met this singer whom we so loved. It was then that Theodore wrote the "Lament" in his memory, which I quote:

His was not the glory of the shattering of spears;
He did not cross his sword with Death, where scarlet flags are hurled,
But death came to him softly, with his dark eyes dim with tears,
And broke a dream of woodland ways across a singing world.

So doff your hats, good poet-men!
No fingers lift the fallen pen,
The sun forgets to mark the time
Without the music of his rhyme.

His was not the glory of the thundering of wars;
His was not a nation's voice—are his a nation's tears?
To him the night-winds whispered all the secrets of the stars,
He was priest of all the joyous springs and of the dying years.

So doff your hats, good gentlemen,
For hearts were made to bleed again,
With Archie gone, and all his rhyme,
Who'll tell the world 'tis April-time?

I find this note of personal affection always used in connection with his name. Something of a most lovable personality has so expressed itself in his writings that his place in the hearts of Canadians is a niche both high and secure. He is truly *bien aimé*.

Archibald Lampman was born at Morpeth, Ontario, on the 17th of November, 1861. His father was Rev. Archibald Lampman, a clergyman of the Anglican Church; his mother, Susannah Gesner, of an old Nova Scotia family of Knickerbocker descent. Both parents being markedly intellectual and individual, and his mother exceedingly musical, Lampman's genius seems a natural development and one does not have to wonder, as in so many cases, how and whence came the gift.

For about seven years of his childhood, too, he lived among ideal scenery, for when he was six years old the family moved to Gore's Landing, Rice Lake — where, to quote the words of his fellow-poet and biographer, Duncan Campbell Scott, "the scenery seemed enchanted, the society was congenial, and many forces united to strengthen his love of nature and his powers of observation." From all descriptions, the country is very beautiful and Lampman's poetry is rich with the magic of those woods and shores. He suffered here a serious illness—an attack of rheumatic fever which left him lame for several years, and during this time he read omnivorously. As a small boy he devoured history —Tytler's "Universal History" was one of his early loves—and he used to compose original histories for his own amusement. In those early days he was an admirer of Napoleon; a singular choice of a hero in one so gentle and so tender-hearted as Lampman.

Later, the family moved to Cobourg, and Archibald went first to Trinity College School at Port Hope, and then to Trinity College, where he was graduated in 1882. His first essay at the grim business of earning a livelihood was made as a school-teacher, but as far as maintaining order went he seems to have failed as signally as Bliss Carman did when he tried the same avocation. (B. C. had not the gift of enforcing discipline without the use of the rod, and he refused to brutalize himself by resorting to that primitive method. I do not know if Archibald Lampman felt the same way on this subject, but it seems more than probable.) In 1883, however, he received a position at Ottawa, in the Post-Office Department of the Civil Service, and for the rest of his life his home was in that picturesque tree-embowered city. In 1887 he married Maud, daughter of Dr. Edward Playter, of Toronto.

His life in Ottawa was that of the student and author as far as his work in the Civil Service left him time for his favourite pursuits—varied by travel and camping-excursion in his all-too-brief holidays. Like that of many a poet, his life made up by richness of inner development and intellectual enjoyment for any lack of mere outward adventure. Some very wise person has said that "For every human being the way of escape from the tyranny of circumstances is spiritual and intellectual—*internum acternum*". It is a truth that proves more and more of a refuge the more one contemplates it.

Archibald Lampman's health had never been robust after his serious illness in childhood, and his love of strenuous camping and canoeing trips led him to undertake exercise too violent for his strength. In 1896 on one of these excursions his heart received a strain from which it never fully recovered. From that time his strength gradually failed, and on February 8th, 1899, an acute attack of illness came on. On the 10th he passed away, and not only his devoted family and friends were left sorrowful, but all lovers of the beautiful and sincere in Canadian song.

While Lampman's work is strongly individual and distinctive, one feels at once the influence of two poets,— Spenser and Keats. It is true, of course, that Keats was so strongly influenced and inspired by Spenser that he passes on the spirit of the earlier master; yet one can scarcely read Lampman without feeling that he too has dwelt much in the golden atmosphere of "The Faerie Queen," and that "the poets' poet" has set his seal upon him. Of course, Lampman's setting is almost entirely Canadian, and he looks upon our familiar fields and forests with close and clear observation, but through a mellow haze. From his landscape poems I give a few typical pictures:

All day across the ever-cloven soil
Strong horses labour, steaming in the sun
Down the long furrows with slow, straining toil,
Turning the clear brown layers; and one by one
The crows gloom over them till daylight done
Finds them asleep somewhere in duskéd lines
Beyond the wheatlands in the northern pines.
The old year's cloaking of brown leaves, that bind
The forest floor-ways, plaited close and true—
The last love's labour of the autumn wind—
Is broken with curled flower-buds white and blue
In all the matted hollows, and speared through
With thousand serpent-spotted blades upsprung,
Yet bloomless, of the slender adder-tongue.

Here is a bit from his delightful sonnet sequence, "The Frogs", which has almost the drowsy glamour of "The Lotus-Eaters".

All the day long, wherever pools might be
Among the golden meadows, where the air
Stood in a dream, as it were moored there
Forever in a noon-tide reverie,—

From "June" I take this stanza breathing warmth and light:

High in the hills the solitary thrush
Tunes magically his music of fine dreams,
In briary dells, by boulder-broken streams;
And wide and far on nebulous fields aflush
The mellow morning gleams.
The orange cone-flowers purple-bossed are there,
The meadow's bold-eyed gypsies deep of hue,
And slender hawkweed tall and softly fair,
And rosy tops of fleabane veiled with dew.

As Lampman gives us, in many of his nature poems, a large landscape with wide horizons and then fills in with the most minutely-wrought and perfect details, so it is with his observation and handling of sounds. We hear great gusts howl through desolate places; we hear from wind-beaten cities "the veering sound of bells"; he tells of "the thunder of wild waters", of the clamour and din of the city, the "rush and cry and strain"—and he gives us such gem-like reminiscences of nature's miniature sounds as these:

The grass-hoppers spin into mine ear
A small innumerable sound.

The crickets creak and through the noonday glow
That crazy fiddler of the hot mid-year,
The dry cicada, plies his wiry bow
In long-spun cadence, thin and dusty-sere.

The dry dead leaves flit by with thin weird tunes.

I could quote indefinitely from the nature-poems, but space forbids.

There is another type of poetry in which Lampman excels — the brief and poignant lyric. His first volume, "Among the Millet", is particularly rich in these. The tiny and perfect dedication, "To My Wife"; the poem which gives the book its title; that crystallization of a vision and a mood called "An Impression"; "Midnight", haunting in its eerie glamour; "One Day", tragic and sombre; the wonderful little "Unrest", and the song beginning "Songs that could span the Earth", in which he has voiced feelings familiar to every maker of song.

In his nature-poems Lampman has given a well-deserved niche in literature to the once-despised frog! Others of our writers, it is true, have done it honour. C. G. D. Roberts has a sonnet on this subject, and Isabella Valency Crawford has some rich lines celebrating these musicians of the swamp — but Lampman has written a sonnet-sequence called "The Frogs", and has cast over them such a charm of exquisite names and phrases that we feel these grotesque musicians must have an honoured place always in our fancy.

Breathers of wisdom won without a quest,

he calls them;

Quaint uncouth dreamers, voices high and strange;
Flutists of lands where beauty hath no change
And wintry grief is a frogotten guest;

And in "April" he speaks of their

Tremulous sweet voices, flute-like, answering
One to another, glorying in the spring.

Another way in which Lampman shows his close and seer-like observation of nature is in his wonderful characterizations of bird-voices. What could be lovelier and truer than this?—

The restless bobolink loiters and woos
Down in the hollows and over the swells,
Dropping in and out of the shadows,
Sprinkling his music about the meadows,
Whistles and little checks and coos
And the tinkle of glassy bells.

And here is a quatrain which gives us in the last line an unforgettable descriptive phrase:

The robin and sparrow awing in silver-throated accord;
The low soft breath of a flute and the deep short pick of a chord,
A golden chord and a flute, where the throat of the oriole swells
Fieldward, and out of the blue the passing of bobolink bells.

Lampman is said to have spoken of his sonnets as his best work. I cannot agree with this judgment, taking the sonnets altogether, but certainly some of his best work is among them. "Comfort" is full of understanding, and shows that he knew the very heart of sympathy. "In November" is a picture-sonnet—and gives us, too, the mood with which its author ends it, "wrapped round with thought, content to watch and dream". "The Railway Station" I quote in full; it is full of human appeal:

The darkness brings no quietness here, the light
No waking: ever on my blinded brain
The flare of lights, the rush and cry and strain
The engine's scream, the hiss and thunder smite;
I see the hurrying crowds, the clasp, the flight,
Faces that touch, eyes that are dim with pain;
I see the hoarse wheels turn, and the great train
Move labouring out into the bourneless night.
So many souls within its dim recesses,
So many bright, so many mournful eyes:
Mine eyes that watch grow fixed with dreams and guesses;
What threads of life, what hidden histories,
What sweet or passionate dreams and dark distresses,
What unknown thoughts, what various agonies!

"Music" and "The Piano" voice moods that music-lovers know; "Storm Voices" has somewhat in its sonorous harmony that recalls to one's minds cadences of De Quincy's haunting prose. His last poem was a sonnet—"Winter Uplands"—and it sparkles, like a lovely crystal, with the very air of wintry sunset, ending beautifully:

And then the golden moon to light me home,
The crunching snow-shoes and the stinging air,
And silence, frost and beauty everywhere.

It is Lampman's nature-poems, and his strangely haunting songs, that constitute to my mind his greatest and most individual contribution to literature. All his work repays reading; he has written nothing trivial, insincere, or undignified; and that alone constitutes no small claim on our admiration. But his classical and most of his narrative poems (always excepting, among the latter, that gem of a ballad, full of colour and music, "The Little Handmaiden") leave one somewhat cold. They do not thrill one, as most of his other work does, with the feeling that he rejoiced in writing them. Here and there a little grayness creeps over his golden mood, perhaps a shadow from the pessimism of Matthew Arnold, whom he read much, but whose outlook on life was so essentially different from his own. Archibald Lampman was one who had the joy of the inner vision: he studied life and nature with minute and loving observation, but he saw them in the light that is behind all outward resplendence, and shines in the very soul of man. I know nothing in literature, with the exception of some of Wordsworth's most inspired lines, that is more luminous with this inner vision than "Winter Hues Recalled". It is a long poem, and I shall quote a few lines only. He speaks of

The loveliness of forms and thoughts and colours
A moment marked and then as soon forgotten,

and goes on:

All things that ever touched us are stored up,
Growing more mellow like sealed wine with age;
We thought them dead, and they are but asleep.
In moments when the heart is most at rest
And least expectant, from the luminous doors
And sacred dwelling-place of things unfeared
They issue forth, and we who never knew
Till then how potent and how real they were,
Take them, and wonder, and so bless the hour.

In "Among the Timothy", which is a gallery of softly-tinted pictures of Canadian meadow-country, he speaks of

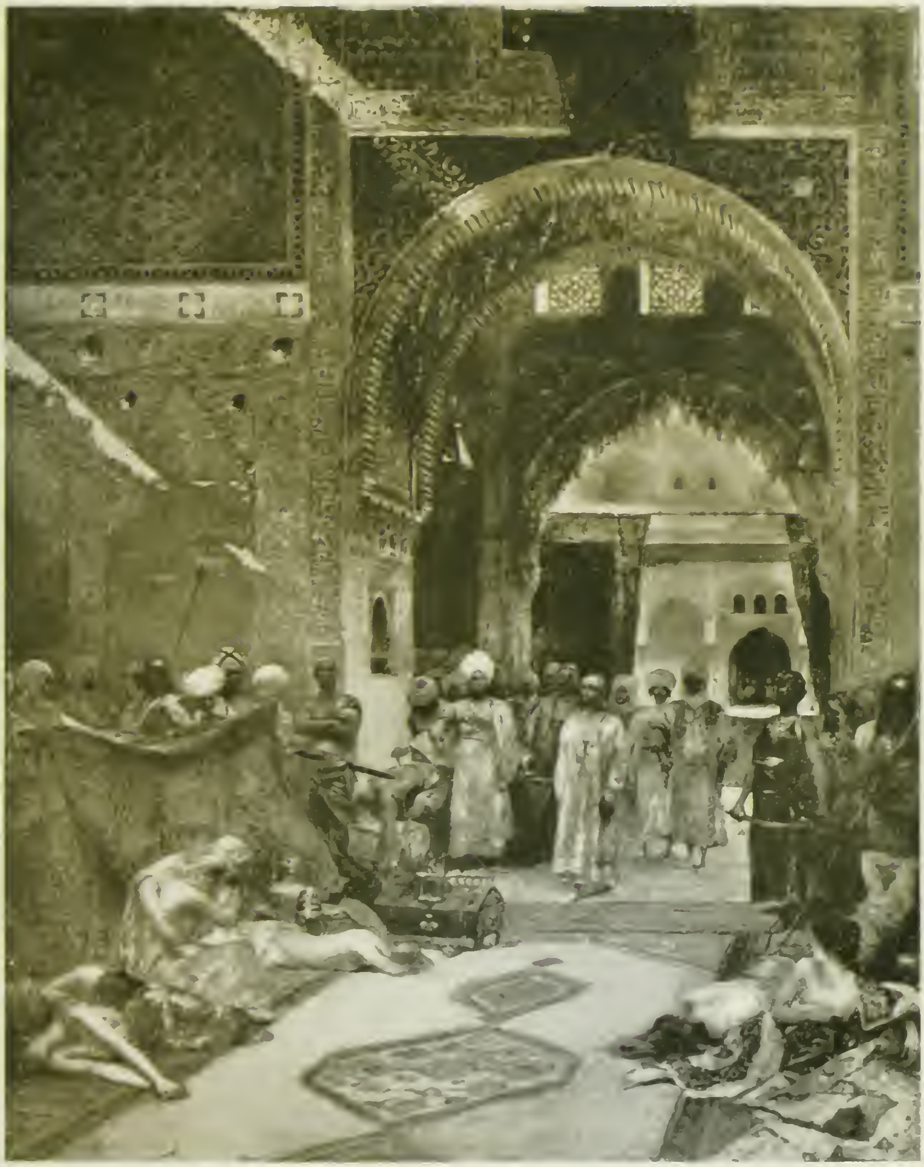
Those high moods of mine that sometimes made
My heart a heaven, opening like a flower,
A sweeter world where I in wonder strayed,
Begirt with shapes of beauty and the power
Of dreams that moved through that enchanted clime
With changing breaths of rhyme.

It is these "high moods," crystallized in words of rich colour and full-toned music, that make his best work a lasting joy and inspiration.

There is one poem I must speak of which is too long to give entire, as it should be read, but far too lovely to pass by. I shall not soon forget the first time I read "The Old House,"—how its magic caught and held me with a sort of joyful recognition and strange home-sickness; and every time I read it the charm grows stronger. It is "a house not made with hands," a serene abode of dream with all the beauty of day and night, of changing seasons and of lasting happiness. I wish, though, that he had not written the last verse, fine though it is; the poem is complete without it, and it brings a jarring note of mortality into an atmosphere that is otherwise all radiantly immortal, and above the assaults of change and time. Let me close this brief "appreciation" with the picture of that

. . . old house roofed with brown
  Rising gravely from its woodland ring,
Over all the valley, ford and town,
  Facing westward like an aged king;
And along the level west are lines
  Of pencilled hills and slender pines;
Bright its gardens are with pipe and carol,
  All its chambers fair with woven dyes,
Lovely forms and beautiful apparel,
  Gentle faces and the kindliest eyes!

To the May number Mrs. Macdonald will contribute an article entitled, "Trees and a Poet", which treats of the work of the Canadian poet Ethelwyn Wetherald.



AFTER THE VICTORY, ALHAMBRA

From the Painting by J. J. B. Constant,
in the Art Association Gallery,
Montreal

REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

XII.—OFFICE AND PATRONAGE

THERE is a touch of tragedy in the illusion of office. For a political party Opposition is a school of virtue. In office there is danger that ideals will lose their lustre and principles their rigidity and authority. The influences which control a party in Opposition are far less powerful when the party has assumed the responsibilities of government. There is all the difference between human nature tempted and human nature untempted. In Opposition, the idealists and reformers within a political party struggle for eradication of abuses, while all the forces which fatten upon patronage, contracts and subsidies beat upon the doors of Cabinets. As it is at the seat of Government, so it is in the constituencies. Those who sought office for their leaders in order to secure reforms in legislation and administration are thrust aside by those who are concerned with very practical objects. Honest, economical and efficient government comes only by the grace of God and the eternal vigilance of ministers.

The character of a political party is established and its standards determined not by the easy and irresponsible professions of Opposition, but by its power to resist evil influences and its fidelity to principles and convictions when its leaders control the Treasury and command a majority in Parliament. It will be clear if one goes back to Confederation, that neither Canadian party has had any peculiar reserve of virtue or any preeminence in evil. The vices of office have been as plainly revealed in one party as in the other. If this could be admitted and all the nauseous Pharisaical trumpeting of press and platform over degrees of corruption and relative standards of morals could be silenced, the corruptionists of one party would find less shelter behind the corruptionists of the other, and devotion to party would not require toleration of rascality, defence of moral treason and protection of public brigandage. In a free country men will divide, and should divide, on questions of policy and methods of administration, but the public judgment should fall as sternly and inflexibly upon ministers of the Crown and representatives of the people who subordinate the public interest to private or party advantage, as the sentences of the judges fall upon lesser criminals who rob private houses or swindle the shareholders in commercial companies.

In Canada the vicious notion has prevailed that the journalist associated with a political party was under peculiar obligation to defend dubious transactions and suspected ministers. If he faltered or hesitated, the whisper ran that he was disloyal to the party, afflicted with inconvenient scruples, and subject to dangerous moral impulses.

The press of Canada, however, like the press of Great Britain and the United States, now generally revolts against such unhappy servitude, and nothing is more certain than that administrative and electoral corruption become less common and less frequent if evil practices go undefended. What can be more humiliating and discreditable to any country than continuous attack upon the integrity of its political leaders? The effect is not to elevate, but to debase, public morals, to bring free instituitons into contempt, and to make a seat in Parliament, which should be the chief place to which a citizen may aspire, a dubious and equivocal distinction. For thirty years I have had a close relation to political leaders in Canada. I saw something of the inside of both the old national political organizations. Looking through the files of Canadian newspapers, one is distressed to find how much space has been devoted to charges of corruption and how closely the practices of one party in office resemble those of the other. Every species of offence of which Conservative Governments were guilty was committed by Liberal Governments. Liberals who were intolerant of corruption under Conservative Governments became submissive and placable when like methods were employed by Liberal Administrations. The masses of both parties hated corruption, but as between success in the constituencies and retention of office upon the one hand and decent electoral and administrative methods upon the other, the appeal of party often prevailed, political standards were debased and the nation defamed. It is true that there was gross exaggeration of the actual degree of corruption which prevailed alike under Conservative and Liberal Administrations; but it is just as true that for long periods in Canada we have had government for party rather than government for the country, and inevitably the moral and material consequences were represented in a devitalized public opinion and gross waste of public money.

When the Liberal party succeeded to office in 1896 there was expectation of a moral and political revival. One feels that the standards were set above the level of human nature. Among the achievements of the Laurier Government are many measures of enduring value to Canada. There was, too, a redistribution of constituencies distinguished by fair consideration for the political minority. For this example of decent equity Sir Wilfrid Laurier was greatly responsible. The example has been influential in subsequent revisions. One feels that the "Gerrymander" will never again be a tolerated instrument of political warfare in Canada. But there was no such regeneration of electoral methods nor any such fresh infusion of integrity in the administration of public affairs as a complete redemption of Liberal pledges in opposition required. All the literature of the Liberal party produced in Opposition could have been adopted by the Conservative party from 1896 to 1911, for there was a strange likeness between the methods of the men in office from the fall of the Mackenzie Government in 1878 down to the second restoration of the Conservatives a third of a century later. In the Mackenzie Government Cauchon was the object of pursuit, and he, indeed, was as strongly attacked by Liberals before he was taken into a Liberal Cabinet. Under Sir John Macdonald there was constant attack upon Caron and Langevin and Pope and Tupper, and the Conservative leader himself, as the chief pillar in the edifice of Tory corruption which Liberal writers erected with so much industry and enthusiasm. Under Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Tarte and Blair and Sifton and Prefontaine and Pugsley were denounced as "corruptionists". I single none of these out for attack or aspersion. I am thinking rather of public men who escaped attack, but through whose hands money poured into the constituencies as naturally and freely as water falls at Niagara. I am thinking, too, of those who received but did not collect. Possibly in the other world the balances will be adjusted. History makes George Brown a purist and Sir John Macdonald a corruptionist. But it was George Brown who suggested a "Big Push" and insisted that it was necessary to "Come down handsomely". Curiously, "Big Push" became an insignia of discredit to the Conservative politician who exposed George Brown's appeal for political subscriptions. Both Macdonald and Brown, however, stand high above their detractors, even though they used the political instruments of their own time with greater courage than conscience.

One has more respect for the bold front of the doer than for the feeble hypocrisy of the receiver. It is true, as Mr. Tarte said, that elections are not won by prayer. Even the legitimate cost of an election in Canada is heavy. When the allowances made out of the campaign fund for doubtful purposes are taken into account, the total runs into millions. A few men raise the money for elections. Too often candidates who gouge the last dollar out of the fund are the first to roll their eyes at the collectors. Next to these are the club patriots who defame "politicians" and deplore corruption, but never give a day of honest service to the country or a dollar of money to meet the necessary expenses of elections. The ward politician is often a nauseous and noisy nuisance, but he is a patriot compared with these obnoxious Pharisees. Nineteen out of every twenty men in the Parliaments and Legislatures of Canada are honest and anxious to advance and protect the public interest. No doubt they often betray excessive zeal for party, but they do not steal or get rich. Democracy is a shabby paymaster. We bleed members of Parliament for the churches, for sporting organizations, for social entertainments, for fairs, concerts and testimonials, and for a multitude of other projects by which busy people think they benefit the community. To some people the indemnity or the ministerial salary may look large, and with these it is useless to reason. But ask those who have had actual experience in politics and they will tell you what it means to go to Parliament. If they do not spend and give, they cannot be re-elected; if they do, in a few years they are beggared. Too many political tragedies prove the truth of these statements. The people of Canada get better government than they deserve. We can reduce the cost of elections. We can do something to compel publication of all campaign subscriptions. We can leave the courts no option but to sentence to imprisonment for giving or taking a bribe. We can imprison officers and directors of corporations and companies which make improper contributions for political purposes. But no laws will be effective unless the people themselves show unselfish patriotism and feel responsibility for the cost as well as for the result of elections. How few of the moral, social and commercial leaders ever appear at a ward meeting or interest themselves in the nomination of Parliamentary condidates. But the ward meetings and the party conventions do more to determine the standards of public life and the character of our institutions than the Canadian Clubs or those superior people who regard "politics" as mean and sordid.

In the trial of controverted elections the judges have been impartial and courageous. But we have much evidence that when they sit upon political commissions they are as human as other people. In so far as the general administration of justice is concerned, the Courts of Canada are beyond suspicion or reproach. But judges should not sit on commissions which determine issues between political parties. Judges, like ministers of the Crown, are underpaid. There is much public work that they can do, and they are peculiarly fitted for many public commissions. But they should be disqualified for service on commissions which have to give political judgments. At least they should only receive and report evidence, and should get no additional remuneration in such cases. The people will take law from the Bench, but on political questions they have no more respect for judges than they have for laymen. One thinks of many commissions of judges appointed and instructed to investigate charges of political corruption, but in very few cases was the truth revealed or a judgment delivered which satisfied either Parliament or the country. It is clear that no judge reporting against a Government by which he was appointed could hope to be re-employed. Moreover, there is the element of favour in judicial appointments and in judicial promotions. In the discharge of its regular functions there is high integrity in the Bench of Canada, and there should be emoluments adequate to sustain its dignity and exemption from all services which compromise its impartiality.

The evils of patronage have been as virulent in Canada as in any other country. For many years, however, we have had no absolute application of the spoils system. It is true that with every change of Government many office-holders were removed for political reasons, and down to twenty years ago public officials were so active in political contests that they received at least as much mercy as they deserved. But gradually civil servants ceased to be the organizing agents of party and their tenure of office become proportionately secure. Under successive Governments, however, there were dismissals which could not be defended, as there was a rigid reservation, as far as the regulations would permit, of all public places for supporters of the governing party. There were dismissals which could not be defended, as there was a rigid reservation, as far as the regulations would permit, of all public places for supporters of the governing party. There was, too, a system of purchase of public supplies and distribution of public contracts which effectually excluded political opponents from any profitable access to the public treasury. The evils of the system of patronage were illustrated again in the construction of public buildings, breakwaters, harbours, and local railways, not as the public interest required, but in calculating submission to the importunities of members of Parliament and the demands of favourable or doubtful constituencies. In all this there was much waste and not a little corruption. From the privileged dealers in supplies political subscriptions were taken, and from many contracts there was a generous return to the party fund. The whole system was venal and ugly, vicious in practice and demoralizing in results. But the tempest of war shook the fabric to its foundations and a public opinion seems to have been created which should make its restoration difficult. So if the people are alert the ascendancy of the traders in patronage and the civil service should never be re-established. To the inside service the competitive system with judicious modifications has been applied. Over the outside service the Civil Service Commission, subject to a preference for war veterans, has independent jurisdiction. There are, however, groups in Parliament and in the constituencies eager to recover control over supplies, contracts and appointments, and unless the Civil Service Commission displays energy, courage and wisdom and an active public opinion is maintained in the country the ground won by long and arduous fighting may be retaken by the mercenaries. The experience of other countries demonstrates that the forces which contend for patronage are never finally conquered. But if we are to have efficient and economical administration of the public services and control and operate a great national railway system, the independence of public servants must be maintained and the obligation to the State set high over any obligation to party.

The Senate is the great reserve of patronage for Canadian Governments. When Confederation was established three senatorial divisions were created, (1) Ontario, (2) Quebec, (3) the Atlantic Provinces. To each of these twenty-four representatives in the Senate were assigned. The object was to give a guarantee of constitutional stability and a proportionate balance of political power to the three great territorial sections. Later, as population warranted, senators from the West were appointed until a fourth division with twenty-four representatives was completed. Only once has the test of party been ignored in an appointment to the Senate. In that single instance Sir John Macdonald was the culprit, and it is believed that he was actuated by a feeling of personal gratitude. In connection with the Fenian Raid of 1866, the Conservative leader was charged with improperly using Secret Service money. It was a charge he could not absolutely disprove, in as much as he could not disclose the purposes for which the money was expended. Among the members of the Assembly was Mr. John Macdonald, one of the successful pioneer merchants of Canada, and a Liberal of moderate opinion. He condemned the attack on the Conservative Prime Minister as cruel and unjust, since he was not free to produce evidence in his own defence. It is known that Sir John Macdonald was grateful for this unexpected support, and it is suspected that his gratitude was expressed in Mr. John Macdonald's appointment to the Senate. But this violation of a sacred precedent stands alone. Never since has any Canadian Government admitted a man to the Senate who could not give the password of the party in office.

The Union Act of 1840 provided for an appointed Legislative Council and an elected Legislative Assembly. But from the first there was profound dissatisfaction with the constitution and character of the Second Chamber. There was indeed such constant and intemperate criticism of the Council that many of the members rarely appeared in the Chamber, and it was often impossible for the Speaker to obtain a quorum. In those days there was much of personal rancour in Canadian politics and a savagery both in press and platform of which we now have rare examples. In Lower Canada the Council was treated with angry and ferocious contempt. In Upper Canada criticism was only less immoderate. As was said during the Confederation Debates, "the nominative system was a standing grievance in Lower Canada as well as in Upper Canada". The system of nomination was abandoned in 1856 and an elective Council substituted. The act of 1856 defined the districts to be represented and provided electoral machinery, but there was no summary removal of life members. There was provision for an election every two years when twelve members were automatically retired. At Confederation the Legislative Council had twenty-one life members and forty-eight elected members. There is reason to think from a careful reading of the Confederation Debates that Parliament was not favourable to a nominated Senate. Over and over again it was represented that the decision in favour of nomination was a concession to the Maritime Provinces, and a necessary condition to the project of union. Sir John Macdonald, George Brown, and Alexander Mackenzie were resolute advocates of appointment. George Brown, indeed, had opposed the application of the elective principle to the old Legislative Council of the Canadas. They held that the Upper House could be valuable only as a court of revision. A body of equal jurisdiction with the House of Commons was not required. By the elective principle operating to fill both Houses the jurisdiction of both branches of the Legislature would be co-ordinate.

Sir John Macdonald admitted that the elective principle had not been a failure in Canada, but there were causes, not taken into consideration, when the system was adopted, why it did not so fully succeed as they had expected. "One great cause was the enormous extent of the constituencies and the immense labour which consequently devolved on those who sought the suffrages of the people for election to the Council. For the same reason the expense — the legitimate expense — was so enormous that men of standing in the country, eminently fitted for such a position, were prevented from coming forward. At first, I admit, men of the first standing did come forward, but we have seen that in every succeeding election in both Canadas there has been an increasing disinclination on the part of men of standing and political experience and weight in the country to become candidates; while, on the other hand, all the young men, the active politicians, those who have resolved to embrace the life of a statesman, have sought entrance to the House of Assembly." He argued that the independence of the Upper House would be preserved by limitation of the membership. It would be "a separate and distinct Chamber, having a legitimate and controlling influence on the legislation of the country." He did not believe that it was necessary to grant the right of unlimited appointment in order to prevent a deadlock between the two branches of the legislature. "There would be no use of an Upper House if it did not exercise, when it thought proper, the right of opposing or amending or postponing the legislation of the Lower House. It would be of no value whatever were it a mere Chamber for registering the decrees of the Lower House. It must be an independent House, having a free action of its own, for it is only valuable as being a regulating body, calmly considering the legislation initiated by the lower branch, and preventing any hasty or ill-considered legislation which may come from that body, but it will never set itself in opposition against the deliberate and understood wishes of the people." He held that there would be an infinitely greater chance of deadlock between the two branches of the Legislature should the elective principle be adopted than with a nominated Chamber chosen by the Crown and having "No mission from the people".

There was much contention to the contrary and much accurate prophecy of just what has happened. Mr. Sanborne, for example, during the debate in the Legislative Council pointed out that members of the Senate would be chosen not by the Sovereign or the Sovereign's representative, but by a party Government, that in the Commons Governments would be defeated, while the Upper House would have a far more permanent character, and since it would be the creation of party recurrence of deadlocks would be inevitable. This was the general reasoning of the opponents of the system of nomination, and, while we cannot know what results would have developed under an elective Senate, there is no doubt that throughout its whole history the nominated Upper Chamber has been at least as devoted to party as the House of Commons. Mr. Cardwell, the Colonial Secretary, foresaw the danger in a fixed membership. In a message to the Canadian ministers he said: "Her Majesty's Government appreciate the conditions which have influenced the Conference in determining the mode in which this body, so important to the constitution of the Legislature, should be composed. But it appears to them to require further consideration whether, if the members be appointed for life and their numbers be fixed, there will be any sufficient means of restoring harmony between the Legislative Council and the popular assembly, if it shall ever unfortunately happen that a decided difference of opinion shall arise between them.'' This and other similar representations and arguments were not wholly without effect. It is interesting to trace the proceedings of the Union Conference in Sir Joseph Pope's Confederation Documents until we discover evidences of uneasiness over the arbitrary limitation of appointments to the Senate. Finally it was provided that in the event of deadlock the Imperial Government, on application from the Government of Canada, could grant power to appoint six additional senators, but that these should fill succeeding vacancies in order to prevent any permanent increase of membership. No Government has obtained power to make these additional appointments, although the Mackenzie, Laurier and Borden Governments were temporarily embarrassed by a hostile Senate.

Senate reform has been on the lips of Canadian politicians for a generation. We had much violent criticism of the Upper Chamber by the Liberal press and the Liberal leaders during the long ascendancy of the Conservative party. At the National Liberal Convention of 1893 it was declared that ''the present constitution of the Senate is inconsistent with the federal principle in our system of government, and is in other respects defective, as it makes the Senate independent of the people and uncontrolled by the public opinion of the country and should be so amended as to bring it into harmony with the principles of popular government.'' But the Senate was not reformed by the Laurier Administration. There were attacks upon the Upper Chamber while it was destroying Liberal legislation and a proposal for joint sessions of the two Houses in cases of deadlock, but when death had done its work among Conservative Senators and a Liberal majority was secured in the Upper Chamber there was a great acquiescence among Liberals and soon a murmuring among Conservatives. In what has been called the Halifax platform of the Conservative party, Mr. Borden demanded ''such reform in the mode of selecting members of the Senate as will make that Chamber a more useful and representative legislative body''. Nor is it so easy to devise a Senate exactly adapted to the functions which such a body should exercise. We cannot turn to the system which the United States discarded a few years ago and perhaps the chief evil of which was to force national issues into State politics. Already we have instructive lessons from Australia in the incompatibility of two elective Chambers. Once there was a formidable feeling in Canada for total abolition of the Senate. But it is gravely doubtful if the country would have government by a single Chamber, and save by consent of all the Provinces the Senate could hardly be destroyed. It is not believed that Quebec would favour abolition, and possibly the three Atlantic Provinces would also be hostile.

If any revolutionary amendment of the constitution should be attempted, probably the balance of opinion in the country would substitute an elected Senate for the nominated Chamber. But as against the Senate popular feeling will not easily find effective expression. Nor can such a vital condition of the compact of union be rashly disturbed. To abolish the Senate by common appeal to the people would be as revolutionary as to abolish French as an official language or to repeal the guarantee of Protestant schools in Quebec or of Catholic schools in Ontario. Mirabeau said ''there is no tyranny like the tyranny of a single Chamber''. ''I protest,'' he declared, ''that I can conceive nothing more alarming than the despotic oligarchy of 600 individuals.'' Since all countries under responsible government maintain two Chambers, it is manifest that the wisest leaders of democracy distrust popular impulses and unregulated sovereignty. Parliament does not always express the sober judgment of the people, nor is it desirable that 235 citizens in the House of Commons should have final and absolute authority under all circumstances to impose measures upon millions of citizens outside as to which they have not been consulted. It may be said that any measure is subject to reversal by the people, but serious confusion and disaster might be produced before the reversal could be effected. In Canada the Senate itself, or those responsible for its character and performances, have furnished the strongest available argument for a single Chamber. Substantially, we have had a single Chamber ever since Confederation, except for those short periods when the majority in the Senate was out of accord with the majority in the Commons. In other words, when there was a Conservative majority in both Houses, the Senate was substantially the obedient echo of the Commons. So it was if there was a Liberal majority in both Houses. But when there was a Liberal majority in the Commons and a Conservative majority in the Senate, the Upper Chamber was the echo of the Conservative minority in the Lower Chamber. So with a Liberal minority in the Commons and a Liberal majority in the Senate, the Upper House was the agent and mouthpiece of the minority in the popular Chamber. This is only distinguishable from Government by a single Parliamentary body, because the system is more vexatious and cumbersome. If, therefore, the Senate should perish, political practice rather than constitutional defects will have wrought its destruction.

It is not a valid objection to the Senate that many members of the Commons receive promotion to the Upper Chamber. Such long political training and experience as many of these possess should be of value in the Senate. Moreover, the sacrifices inseparable from service in the Commons often constitute a sound claim for recognition. Through the Senate we have a system of superannuation, unrecognized in legislation, but in many cases justifiable if only as compensation for the losses entailed by a public career, or as a pension for those whose businesses and incomes have been sacrificed in the public service.

An enormous patronage is vested in ministers in Canada. If the President and Cabinet at Washington appointed all senators, all judges, local and federal, and all Governors of the States, one would not easily believe that the Republic could have free, responsible and responsive government. That, however, is exactly the situation in Canada. We are also organizing a national railway system, with an army of public employees. If these should have any close political relation to the Government probably no Administration could be defeated unless 65 or 70 per cent. of the unofficial electors could be consolidated against its candidates. This apprehension is not supported by the experience of Australia, which has a national railway system, and far more frequent changes of Government than we have in Canada. But the conditions of Australia are not reproduced in this country. In emphasizing these considerations, no attack upon national railways, direct or indirect, is intended. The only object is to establish the necessity for elimination of patronage from the public services and to illustrate the tremendous reserve of political power which a Government possesses under the Canadian constitution. In only a few instances has the country suffered when the Senate has acted as a revising or amending body. More often doubtful measures have been improved or rejected. But whether the Senate obstructed the measures of the Mackenzie, Laurier or Borden Governments, the country believed that the proposals amended or rejected would have been accepted if they had come down from an Administration in political sympathy with the majority in the Upper Chamber. For this unfortunate impression the Senate itself cannot escape responsibility. There is a curious assumption that the Senate should merely register the decrees of the Commons, but if that is the whole duty of the Senate, there is no reason that it should exist. If the Upper Chamber is open to criticism it is because it has not exercised its functions. It has a power to initiate legislation which it could afford to use more freely. Its constitutional right to reserve revolutionary legislation for the judgment of the people cannot be challenged.

There is a story that a senator, greatly anxious for the disappearance of the Liberal majority which embarrassed the Borden Government, was greeted by a friend in the lobby with the cheerful report that another Liberal senator had passed away. "Who," he asked, with anxious interest. But when the name was furnished, he said: "Oh h—, he died yesterday." Still the processes of decay were rapid—for the Senate.

In land policy and in railway policy in Canada we have been prodigally wasteful and grievously shortsighted. We had in the West such a landed estate as few countries have possessed. But we wasted with the irresponsibility of a graceless spendthrift, alternately fattened and impoverished speculators, squandered upon political favourites the heritage of a nation, and developed conditions and problems which even now perplex Governments and impose heavy obligations upon the public treasury. Probably the ultimate judgment of history will justify the original contract with the Canadian Pacific syndicate. For the builders of the pioneer transcontinental railway committed themselves to a tremendous undertaking. Great faith, signal resource and high courage were required to construct the road, to overcome reluctant money markets, and inveterate and incessant political attack, and to sustain the enterprise while settlers came slowly, local traffic was inconsiderable and neither sun nor stars in many days appeared. In 1895 two men in the West, one a Liberal and the other a Conservative, both of naturally confident temperament and extensive knowledge of Western conditions, and perhaps the very foremost of its political leaders, told me that they did not believe the Canadian Pacific Railway could ever earn a living revenue or the prairies ever be settled with people who would remain in the country. I like to think that they could not subdue my optimism, although I was fortified by faith rather than by knowledge. I declared my faith in a survey of Western conditions and prospects which filled two or three pages of *The Globe,* and of that issue Sir William Van Horne ordered 250,000 copies, and the Department of the Interior, under a Conservative minister, 200,000 copies. For some time afterward I regarded myself with considerable favour, but I have always suspected that Van Horne was behind the order from the Government. From that time Van Horne was my friend, and I had many evidences of his regard and good-will. But occasionally there were differences. Once *The Globe* had an article emphasizing the complaints of Western farmers over delay in moving the wheat crop to market. He pasted the editorial on a sheet of foolscap and wrote across the page: "Don't you know that God wouldn't let the farmers do their threshing until October."

But whether the first transcontinental railway project was wisely conceived or not, it is certain that the railway system of Canada is a remarkable product of individual courage, national confidence, sectional cupidity and political necessity. It was perhaps unfortunate that the federal Government ever undertook to subsidize local railways. There could be no other result than competition between provinces, between constituencies and between parliamentary candidates for largess from the treasury.

It is true that these evils would have appeared under a provincial system of subsidies, but there would have been more rigid selection of projects and more direct responsibility to the people. It is said that a Conservative member for a Nova Scotia constituency, pleading for a subsidy for a local railway, was told by Sir John Macdonald that he doubted if the road could develop any traffic if it was constructed. The answer of the member was, "Traffic be d—. I want the road to carry me back to Parliament." There was, however, a substantial advantage in assumption of local railways by the Dominion if otherwise the federal Commission could not have exercised control over the whole railway system of the country. The conflict between state and federal authority has made just and effective regulation of American railway charges exceedingly embarrassing and difficult.

In 1897 I wrote and printed a pamphlet on the Railway Question in Canada. I argued for effective regulation of freight charges and against unnecessary duplication of railways. "Canada," said the pamphlet, "is a country of enormous distances, of length rather than breadth, and trade between the provinces is difficult and transportation charges very heavy. In these facts we have conclusive arguments against the rash multiplication of through roads and the consequent maintenance of needless transportation facilities. In truth, to construct another great through road in Canada would be very like adopting a fiscal measure imposing a tax of fifteen or twenty per cent. on all interprovincial trade." I said: "We must not forget that freight rates are a form of taxation, and that if the tax bearers be few the burden must be heavy. If we divide the traffic between competing roads the load must be heavier still. If we increase and concentrate the traffic and multiply the population we have a right to reduction of charges and improvement in service. Railway monopoly under efficient regulation will give lower freight charges than any system of unregulated competition, or even a system of competition regulated by public authority." I believed that we should double-track the Canadian Pacific along Lake Superior and across the West as traffic should require, that branch roads should be constructed as population increased, that the system should be designed to effect compact settlement, and that traffic from all the branches and extensions should feed the through road, and freight rates be reduced by public authority as revenues should warrant. Possibly the proposals were impracticable. At least the country would not listen.

The common criticism was that I was a subsidized agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. If so, there never has been any recognition of the contract nor any payment on account. The pamphlet was written twenty-two years ago, and no doubt as settlement increased and population spread over greater areas a second transcontinental road became necessary. But there never was any justification for long stretches of duplication and three through systems. It was believed when the Grand Trunk Pacific was projected that an amalgamation with the Canadian Northern would be effected. But the rival interests could not be reconciled. Purely sectional and political considerations explain the duplication of the Intercolonial. We builded in Canada as the railway lobby demanded and as political exigencies dictated. It may be that as the country develops a great railway system built with cheap money may become a valuable national asset, but for the time the burden is heavy and we could have builded with greater wisdom even if we had had no other object than to endow future generations with an adequate system of transportation.

Sir John Willison's subject for the May number will be "Laurier and the Empire".

MUCH ADO ABOUT STOCKINGS

BY MABEL V. LANGWORTHY

HELLO, hello!" Mr. Ransome's voice was patiently weary as he answered the switchboard operator's call for the hundredth time that morning.

"Gee whizziker, Dewart!" he grumbled to the little city traveller, as he waited for the connection, "I've done nothing but answer this 'phone all morning, and every time for some little two-by-four order. But everybody insists on speaking to the manager—Hello, yes, this is Harris Hosiery. *Who* is it? Oh, yes, yes. What can we do for you this morning?" During the pause which followed Ross Dewart observed the manager's face brighten.

"A hundred and fifty thousand each?" he heard him say. "Very good. I'll have someone over there right away. What deliveries did you say? February? That will suit very nicely. Yes, I understand. Thank you, Mr. Pilkey—good-day."

The receiver clicked on its hook and the manager turned to Dewart. "That is Pilkey, of Crowfoot-Spayne's," he explained. "They'll take a hundred and fifty thousand each of our Ezipeke and Daintilim, if the prices are right." He pulled out a special basis-sheet from a pigeon-hole as he spoke and began to figure prices, tossing them to Dewart to be checked.

"Better take a contract-form," he cautioned, when they had finished, "and then if they close with you we'll have it down in black-and-white."

Dewart made a neat memorandum of the figures in his price-book, congratulating himself on getting an opportunity to make good at last. For almost two months he had been city representative for Harris Hosiery, Limited, coming in December after most of the Christmas orders had been booked, while at present business was suffering from the usual January slump. However, here was an order really worth while, and Dewart was eager to land it. As he prepared to leave the office, Mr. Ransome looked at him a little anxiously.

"Think you can handle it all right, Dewart?" he asked. "I'm pretty busy, but if I thought—" He broke off, catching the quick look of disappointment on the other's face. "All right, boy," he concluded, "go ahead, and good luck to you, only watch out for Maverty. He'll be Johnny-on-the-spot, and you *may* bump up against Arscott, of Brown & Potter, though not likely. They're usually a lap behind every time. But it's Maverty you'll need to watch—he's as slippery as a bar of wet soap."

As Dewart left the manager's office, Miss Hazledean entered it. Miss Hazledean was Mr. Ransome's private stenographer, and as she seated herself for dictation, the manager told her of the inquiry he had received. "I hated to disappoint the boy," he confided, "but I'm afraid I should have handled that matter myself. Pilkey's such a Jewsky, and as for Maverty, I wouldn't put anything past him."

Maverty represented the Johns Hosiery Company, having looked after the city trade for several years. Dewart had heard much about the versatile Irishman, and was not altogether displeased at the idea of bucking up against him. "I'm not afraid of him," he told himself with youthful arrogance, as he presently found himself in front of Crowfoot-Spayne's warehouse. "Just let him try any of his funny work on me."

At this psychological moment Maverty himself emerged from the building. Dewart recognized him instantly, partly from description, partly from instinct. The next moment the genial son of Erin stood before him, hand out-stretched, his good-looking face wreathed in smiles.

"Hello, Dewart!" he exclaimed heartily. "Guess I know you better than you know me, so I'll introduce myself. My name's Maverty—of course, you know the firm I represent, but maybe you didn't know we belonged to the same lodge."

"Sure," he continued, in answer to Dewart's look of surprise. "I was there the night you were initiated. Some fun—for us." He laughed reminiscently, and Dewart reddened. The latter did not reply, however, and Maverty rattled on.

"Coming to the dance to-morrow night? They've got a swell floor over there, and I hear there's going to be a big crowd."

"I don't know—I may," murmured Dewart, his mind in a turmoil. He felt that this was no time to talk about dances, and involuntarily drew out his watch.

Maverty noticed the action. "Listen, son," he said benignly, "don't you let on to that old geezer in there that you're green, or he'll chew you into mince-meat. He's an ignorant old skinflint and he'll hand you out all kinds of sauce."

This bit of advice was well-meant, but Dewart resented it. "The sooner it's over the better, then," he answered, turning away.

But Maverty stopped him. "Just a moment, Dewart," he said, a trifle hesitatingly. "Do you think there's any chance of Miss Hazledean being at that dance to-morrow night?"

Dewart stared at him in astonishment. "If you mean the young lady in our office," he answered coldly, "I'm sorry I cannot enlighten you as to her intentions."

"Oh, well, all right," said Maverty placatingly, "I just thought perhaps you'd heard her mention it. I hope she comes, though. She's a fine little girl, a spiff dancer, too."

With a wave of the hand he was off, leaving Dewart thoroughly disgusted. He had no time to ponder over the situation, however, and the next moment he was being ushered into the presence of Mr. Pilkey.

Dewart was small, but as he stepped into the buyer's office he felt like a giant. Mr. Pilkey was unusually short, being scarcely five feet high—and inclined to be fat. He was busy at his desk as Dewart entered, and appeared not to notice his visitor for a moment. Then he suddenly spun around in his revolving chair, his pudgy little legs dangling several inches above the floor.

"Well, what do *you* want?" he snarled.

"I'm representing Harris Hosiery, Limited," said Dewart. "You were good enough to give us an inquiry this morning."

"Yes, but I didn't ask them to send a baby over to see me. Where's Halliday?"

"Halliday went West in November to take charge of the new branch—"

"And they picked on *you* to fill his place?"

Dewart remembered that he was after a three-hundred-thousand order. "I applied for the position and got it, sir," he replied respectfully. "I'm really not as young as I look."

The pygmy stared at him for a moment, then said pettishly, "Well, come on with your prices. I have no time to waste."

Glad of the opportunity, Dewart whipped out his price-book and proffered his figures. They were out of line, so Mr. Pilkey assured him, by several dollars. No further information was to be gleaned, and a little flattened in spirit, but not discouraged, Dewart left the building. He knew his prices were reasonable, but, of course, Maverty had managed to under-quote him. Thinking of Maverty recalled the interview on the sidewalk, and Dewart burned with resentment. He might have overlooked the fellow's patronizing manner, but he could *not* forgive the flippant way in which he had spoken of Miss Hazledean. Now he regarded Maverty as his rival in a double sense.

As he entered the office of his firm he met Miss Hazledean in the vestibule. "Oh, Miss Hazledean," he said, obeying a sudden impulse, "I met a friend of yours down town this morning."

"A friend of mine?" repeated the girl inquiringly.

"Yes," replied Dewart, "a Mr. Maverty—he wanted to know if you were going to the Good Pals' dance to-morrow night." He regarded the girl keenly, dreading to see her colour, but she did not.

"I suppose you mean the traveller for the Johns people," she answered. "I know him slightly—he goes to all those lodge dances. He's a great friend of my brother and his wife. I'm going with them, you know."

She intended going, then. "Perhaps I'll see you there," said Dewart, "I thought of going myself, or," as a bright thought struck him, "maybe you'll keep a dance for me, will you? The first one, say?"

This time there was no mistaking the flush that rose to the girl's face. She answered him lightly, however, and a moment later they parted, Dewart feeling as though he trod on air. Given the first dance he would see to it that he secured others.

Mr. Ransome was not surprised to learn of his traveller's failure at Crowfoot-Spayne's. "That's just like Pilkey," he declared, "he'll dicker away for a week over a difference of five cents." He looked thoughtful, then once more pulled out the basis-sheet and did some figuring.

"There," he said presently, "I can't do anything better than these, Dewart. Go back at him again after lunch and if he turns up his nose this time we'll have to let the order go. I wish, though, that you could get a line on the other fellow's prices."

Dewart wished so, too, but his luck was against him. The next time he called on Pilkey the latter was out. He waited for about an hour, but when the pygmy finally appeared Dewart was curtly told to come back in the morning. He called the next morning, but Mr. Pilkey was closeted with a caller. Dewart hung around for another weary hour, dreading all the while to see the hated Maverty appear on the scene. He even wondered if it could be the red-headed drummer himself who was monopolizing the buyer's time. Finally he left, as gracefully as he could, to reappear half an hour afterwards. He found the caller gone, but after a contemptuous glance at Dewart's revised prices, Mr. Pilkey waved him out.

This time Mr. Ransome refused to consider the idea of a further reduction.

"We can't afford it, Dewart," he said. "I'm sorry, but we'll have to let it slide this time. There's no use taking it unless we can make a fairly decent margin on it."

"I guess it will go to Maverty, then," said Dewart regretfully. "I met Arscott this morning and he said they had not even received the inquiry."

"Well, if Maverty's people are working for the good of their health, I'm not," said the manager decidedly. "Just let it drop, Dewart, it won't break us to lose it for once. Of course, I know you're anxious to get the business, and it would be a nice little run for our machines just now, but we can't do the impossible."

Dewart was forced to abide by this decision, but he was greatly disappointed. He brooded over his hard luck until night came, then thoughts of the dance—and Miss Hazledean—drove his melancholy away and he felt more like himself.

His hoodoo still clung to him, however. The barber gashed him. His laundry had not returned from the Chinaman, forcing him to borrow some—a size too large—from a fellow-boarder. On the street-car, while on his way to the dance, he rose politely to give his seat to a stout lady, only to be rewarded by having her tread heavily on his new patent leathers. Dewart knew without looking that they were dented. Then suddenly there was a horrible jar, a grating, grinding sound, and the car was off the track. No one was hurt, but when the excitement had died down it was found that a wheel was broken. This meant a delay, the conductor unfeelingly explained, of half an hour or so before traffic could be resumed.

Dewart was already late, and as he pictured Miss Hazledean waiting, partnerless, during that first dance, his heart sank within him. How foolish he had been to ask for the first! Why hadn't he made it the third or fourth? Any one of a thousand things was liable to happen to prevent either getting there in time for the first. He fumed and fussed, trying to make up his mind whether to stay with the car or walk back to another line. Every taxi that passed was full to capacity.

But the repair gang arrived at last and after twenty precious moments of hard work the car was in running order once more. It whizzed along speedily, to make up for the delay, and Dewart began to have faint hopes of being in time for at least part of the first dance.

The music sounded superb, as with rapidly-beating heart he finally ascended the steps of the lodge building. Half a dozen or so other fellows were primping in the dressing-room, but they were strangers to Dewart and he lost no time in making his way to the dance-hall. He glanced somewhat anxiously around the room, his apology ready on his lips—then he saw that an apology was not required.

Gracefully gliding across the floor, in the arms of Maverty—big, red-headed, handsome Maverty—was Miss Hazledean. Just for a moment Dewart could scarcely realize that it was she. He had always thought her charming in her simple office gowns, but to-night in her dainty dance frock and fluffed-up hair she looked really beautiful. She seemed quite happy, too, floating around in her partner's arms. As for Maverty, it needed only a glance to discern that he was head over heels in love.

The music stopped, presently, and Dewart thought his opportunity had come. He made his way over to where Miss Hazledean was standing, still talking to Maverty, but just as he got within a few feet of them they turned and sauntered towards the balcony, which did duty as a conservatory on dance nights. Dewart almost ran after them, but checked himself in time. After all, how did he know that his intrusion would be welcome. He watched the retreating pair, hoping against hope that the girl would glance around the room, just once, to signify that she missed him. But no, she was utterly absorbed in her partner. Finally the two disappeared through the doorway and Dewart was left staring after them like one demented. He knew that he ought to wait and seek an opportunity later to apologize for his tardiness, but an intense longing seized him to get away from the lights, the flowers and the merry chatter. He slunk out of the ball-room, resolving to tender his apology to Miss Hazledean the next morning—she didn't care, anyway.

As he entered the dressing-room he found it deserted. Reaching for his coat and hat, he noticed a small black book lying on the floor, and remembered having seen it, subconsciously, when he had entered the dressing-room the first time. Now he picked it up, and was startled to find the name "R. T. Maverty" lettered in gold on the morocco cover. It was Maverty's price-book! Dewart's heart almost stood still for an instant, then, glancing around to make sure he was not observed, he opened the book and was rewarded by finding exactly what he wanted, Maverty's prices on the Crowfoot-Spayne inquiry! Underneath, in lead-pencil, had been jotted the words, "Rock-bottom. See Pilkey 9.30 Friday."

Dewart made a rapid copy of the figures on his cuff, in spite of his pricking conscience. "All's fair in love and war," he quoted grimly, thinking of the scene he had just witnessed. Then he replaced the book where he had found it and sallied forth, a sort of savage satisfaction filling his breast. "I'll fix him," he muttered. "He's put one over on me to-night, but I'll get back at him tomorrow, or my name isn't Ross Dewart. Friday always was my lucky day."

Shortly afterwards he had Mr. Ransome on the 'phone and was acquainting him with his good fortune in getting a line on Maverty's prices, omitting any superfluous details, of course, as to his method of obtaining the same. After a little discussion, Mr. Ransome agreed to telephone Mr. Pilkey, first thing in the morning, advising him that he had decided to make a further reduction and would have Dewart there as early as possible. Meantime, Maverty would be there at nine-thirty with his figures, and if Dewart walked in half-an-hour afterwards with a reduction of a dollar per thousand pairs still below Maverty's, there should be no difficulty in cleaning up the order.

This arrangement decided upon, Dewart went home almost happy. He reflected that as he might be late in reaching the office next morning, he had better write his apology that night so that Miss Hazledean would get it on the first delivery. It took him some time to frame up what he thought was a suitably-worded explanation, and he did not realize that it conveyed far more than a mere apology.

The next morning at ten o'clock found him in Mr. Pilkey's office once more.

"You don't mean to say *those* are the best you can do, young man?" was the pygmy's scornful greeting.

"Yes, sir, I do," replied Dewart, "and you're certainly getting a bargain—"

"You say they're absolutely rock-bottom?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then take them away. I have prices here two dollars under yours, and I'm closing the deal. Good morning."

Dewart found his way out of the building like one in a dream. What could it mean? Was Pilkey only bluffing him off, hoping for a further decrease? No, he reasoned, it could not be that, for the pompous little buyer had said he was closing the deal and his tone spoke finality. Maverty must have made a further cut, despite that memorandum in his price-book.

Dewart walked along, not knowing where and caring less. Suddenly he stopped up short and leaned against a building for support. Suppose—oh, heavens!—could it be possible that Maverty had set a trap for him? That price-book on the floor, those "rock-bottom" figures! It seemed incredible, but the more he allowed his mind to dwell on this phase of the matter, the more he felt convinced that it was all a scheme of Maverty's.

"Oh, the dirty, dirty cad!" he raged, "the miserable scoundrel, to play a trick like that. What a fool I was to think he would ever be so careless of his private property as to leave it lying around dance-halls. And that's the kind of fellow that *she*—"

Here his thoughts became too utterly painful, and realizing that he had walked several blocks out of his way he boarded a passing car. If it was up to him to confess, he thought, he might as well get it over with, for he knew that an explanation was due to Mr. Ransome. Somehow, with the glamour of success upon him he had not worried much over his part in the affair, but now things wore a different aspect and he began to feel that his actions had been very nearly on a par with Maverty's.

Between his disappointment at losing the order and the knowledge that he had made a first-class fool of himself, Dewart was in a very miserable frame of mind as he entered his manager's office, ready for a confession.

But Mr. Ransome was out, a note on his desk stating that he would not be back until after lunch.

The reaction was too much for Dewart. With a groan he dropped into a chair and buried his head in his arms.

Miss Hazledean had noticed him come in. She had learned from Mr. Ransome that the plucky little traveller was making another bid for the big order, and now she knew at a glance that he had lost it. She slipped into the manager's office after him very softly, so softly that Dewart did not even hear her. Something in his dejected attitude, so boyish in its utter discouragement, touched her, and tiptoeing over to where he was seated she did a most shocking and immodest thing—for her. She sat on the arm of his chair and gently patted his shoulder.

Dewart started up with a jerk that nearly unbalanced her, then caught her just in time. Keeping his arm about her, he drew her to him until her face touched his, and thus they sat for a full moment. It was a most unbusiness-like occurrence, but to neither of them did it seem at all incongruous. For love is love, regardless of place or circumstance, and the dauntless urchin of the bow-and-arrow can feel quite as much at home in a business office as is a ball-room conservatory.

It was the girl who broke the silence. "I have a confession to make, boy," she said straightening up and smoothing her rumpled hair. "I saw you come in last night, but I was so—so annoyed that—"

"Forget it, dear," interrupted Dewart gently, drawing her close to him again. "I know just how you must have felt, waiting for your ungallant partner. Why, I'm only glad that Maverty was there to fill in."

At this magnanimous statement the girl laughed merrily. "How awfully sweet of you," she teased. Then, suddenly changing the subject, she asked: "Did you get the Crowfoot-Spayne order?"

"No, I did not," said Dewart.

"Then thank your lucky stars that you didn't," was the reply. "We're much better off without it."

Dewart stared incredulously.

"I mean it," said Miss Hazledean. "I tried to get you on the 'phone at Crowfoot-Spayne's, but you had left." Reaching over, she picked up a cablegram from Mr. Ransome's desk. The code-words had been transcribed in pencil and the message read thus: "Strike developing. All prices cancelled. Market advanced twenty-five points. Going higher."

"That's from the silk mills," continued the girl quietly, "and it simply means that our present stock is worth thousands of dollars more than we thought it was worth an hour ago. Why, on three hundred thousand—"

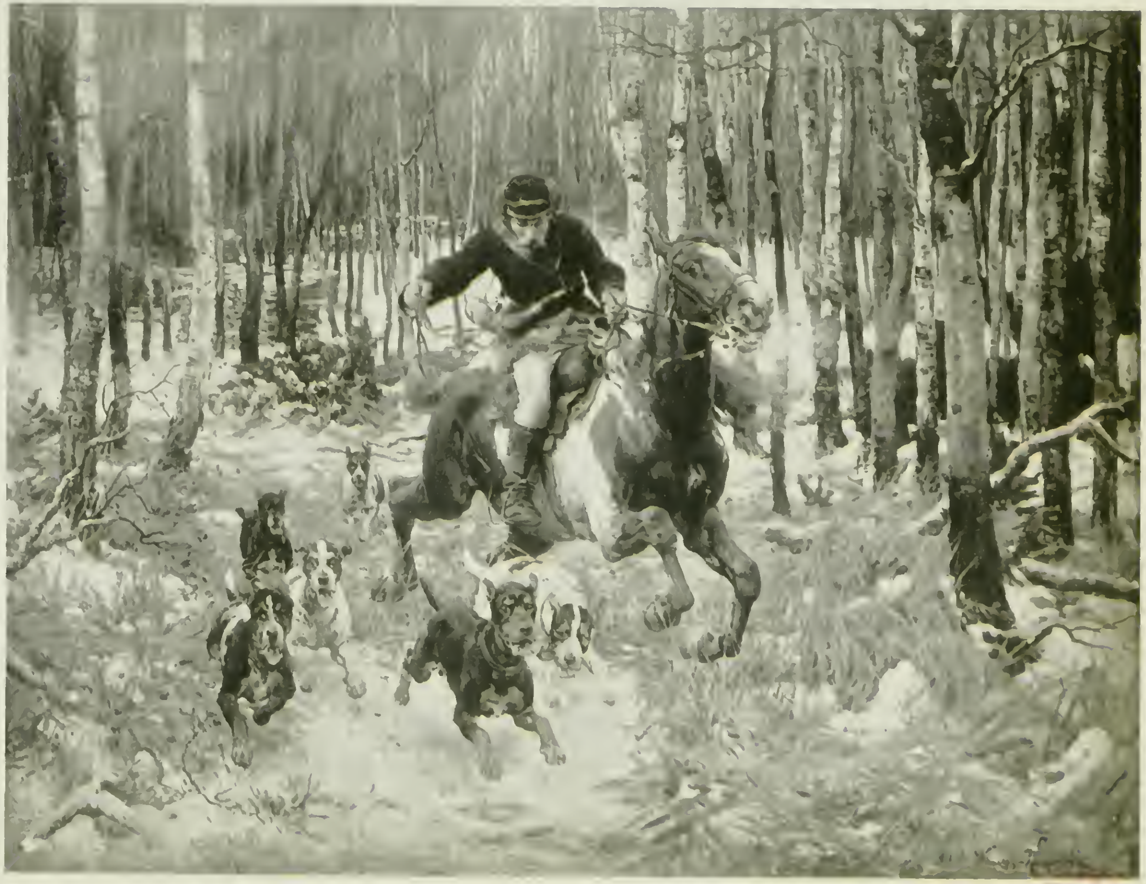
"Stop," said Dewart, "does this apply to everybody—the Johns people, and Brown & Potter and the others?"

"Of course, it does. They get their material from the same mills, and, anyway, a thing of this kind would affect the entire market—"

"Don't tell me any more," begged Dewart, pulling out his handkerchief and pretending to cry, "I can't bear it—my heart's breaking."

"Silly thing," laughed the girl, "why this tragic grief?"

"I'm weeping for Maverty," he sobbed.



THE HUNTSMAN

From the Painting by
Kowalski von Wieruz, in the
Art Association Gallery, Montreal

THE FIRST CANADIAN AGENT IN LONDON

BY W. S. WALLACE

THE recent decision of the British Government that the resident Ministers of the Dominions in London shall have henceforth direct access to the British Prime Minister, and shall have seats in the Imperial War Council, has opened up great possibilities of constitutional change. For one thing, so far as Canada is concerned, it is bound to withdraw a great deal of inter-imperial business from the Governor-General's office and the Colonial Secretariat, and to throw it into the hands of the Canadian High Commissioner, who is at present Canada's resident Minister in London.

The trend of events has been for some time in the direction of magnifying the position of the High Commissioners and Agents-General of the Dominions in the capital of the Empire. As long ago as 1879 the Agent-General for New Zealand pressed for the recognition of his status as Minister resident and virtual Ambassador; and at the Imperial Conference of 1911 the New Zealand Government proposed that the High Commissioners should be authorized to communicate directly with the Foreign Office, given seats on the Committee of Imperial Defence, and made the only channel of communication between the Home and Dominion Governments. This proposal did not at that time meet with approval; but the new status accorded the Dominion representatives in London, although the details are perhaps not yet fully worked out and the results are not yet fully evident, shows that the process of change is approaching completion.

The new importance thus attaching to Canada's High Commissioner lends interest to the history of the office, about which hitherto little has been written. The High Commissionership itself dates back only to 1879, when Sir A. T. Galt was appointed to the office by the Government of Sir John Macdonald. But long before that date it was customary for the colonies to appoint agents or representatives to transact business, partly commercial and partly political, for them at the heart of Empire. In the case of Canada, the practice dates back almost to the conquest. In 1764, General Murray, the first civil Governor of Quebec, wrote to the Secretary of State, strongly urging that Captain Cramahé, his secretary during the period of military rule, should be appointed agent for the province in London, with a view to keeping the British Government in touch with the situation in the colony. The length of time which it took then for dispatches to go from Canada to England, often as long as three or four months, made it reasonable for Murray to hope that his proposal would be adopted. Cramahé went to London, and remained there for nearly two years; but so far as can be ascertained, no definite appointment as agent was granted him. In 1765, however, largely as a counterblast to Murray's action, the English merchants of Quebec and Montreal sent two of their number to London with power to appoint an agent to represent them. These delegates appointed as their agent an English barrister named Fowler Walker; and Walker was therefore the first Canadian Agent in London, and the historical predecessor in some respects of the High Commissioners and Provincial Agents-General of to-day.

Little has been known hitherto about Fowler Walker, and careful research has not added very greatly to our knowledge. The following details, however, are established. Walker was born about the year 1732, probably at Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, where his father, whose name was also Fowler Walker, was a nonconformist minister. The elder Walker is mainly notable as the author of *A Defence of Infant Baptism,* published in London in 1732, both in English and Welsh. On October 9th, 1750, Fowler Walker matriculated at Magdalen College, Oxford, at the comparatively late age of twenty-eight; the following year he was admitted to the Inner Temple, and the year after that to Lincoln's Inn. At the same time, he was called to the bar; and Francis Masères, who must have known him at the Inns of Court, is authority for the statement that he practised in the Court of Chancery with considerable success. How he came to be selected by the merchants of Quebec and Montreal as their agent in 1765, is not clear. Many of the Canadian merchants were dissenters, and possibly Walker's nonconformist origin and connections had something to do with the appointment. In the Hardwicke Papers in the British Museum is preserved the correspondence relating to the appointment. On April 19th, 1765, Daniel Bayne and William Mackenzie, the two emissaries of the Canadian merchants, addressed the following letter to Walker:

"London, 19th April, 1765.

"Sir,

"The merchants, traders and principal inhabitants of the Citys of Quebec and Montreal, having by an instrument under their hands bearing date the 29 October, 1764, authorised us to appoint an Agent for the Province of Quebec. We therefore in pursuance of the power and authority wherewith we are invested, do hereby constitute and appoint you the Agent for the said province, not doubting but that you will give all due attention to the interests thereof.

"We are,
"Sir,
"Your most humble servts.,
"DAN: BAYNE
"WILL: MACKENZIE."

"To Fowler Walker, Esq're."

The terms of this letter were evidently not satisfactory to Walker, for the following day another letter was substituted:

"London, 20th April, 1765.

"Sir,

"A considerable number of the merchants of the Citys of Quebec and Montreal, having authorized us to engage on their behalf an Agent to solicit their affairs here, and promising to pay a sum not exceeding two hundred pounds to such person as we should appoint, for his service for one year certain—

"We have therefore thought proper to desire you to be retained, and by virtue of that authority, do hereby appoint you to be the Agent for the Merch'ts of the Province of Quebec, to solicit at the publick offices such business relative to that Province as may be recommended to you by the said Merchants, and in such a manner as you shall judge most conducive to their interests.

"And we do hereby promise to be accountable to you for the above mentioned sum of two hundred pounds for your services for one year. We Remain

"Sir,
"Your most hum: servants
"DAN: BAYNE
"WM: MACKENZIE.

"To Fowler Walker, Esq're,
"Lincoln's Inn."

How long Walker retained his position as agent for the merchants of Quebec is uncertain. In 1768, we know from letters written to him by Francis Masères, then Attorney-General at Quebec, he still retained his appointment, and even hoped that if an Assembly were constituted in the province, he might become London agent for the Assembly. As late as 1771, his name appears at the foot of a printed brief in the appeal from Quebec between Eleazar Levy and Daniel Robinson and others. But this is the last evidence of his connection with Canada. In November, 1773, when the British merchants in Canada had a petition for a General Assembly of Freeholders to present, they forwarded it through Francis Masères, who had returned to England in 1769. The probability is that Fowler Walker's appointment as agent terminated in 1769 or 1770, and that his appearance in the case of Levy v. Robinson and others was merely an aftermath of his appointment.

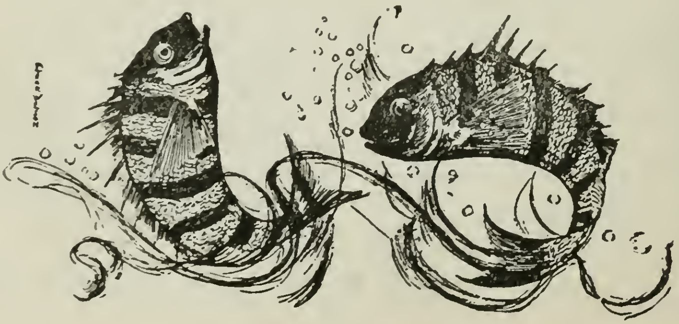
In his capacity as agent, Walker played a not unimportant part in the history of the early years of British rule in Canada. The first matter with which he had to deal was to draw up and present a petition to the Lords of Trade, "humbly praying that orders may be sent out to the Governor of the Province of Quebec to repeal the ordinance for quartering his Majesty's troops in private houses." This ordinance had been the cause of great dissatisfaction in the province, and had been the source of the conflict between the civil and military populations which had culminated in the famous attack on Thomas Walker of Montreal on the evening of December 6th, 1764. In the Hardwicke Papers in the British Museum there are some notes in Fowler Walker's hand-writing, evidently jotted down during conversation with Bayne and Mackenzie, with regard to the hardship and expense entailed by the billeting of troops. By these it appears that the additional expense of quartering an officer, taking into account the necessary supply of furniture, stoves, cordwood, and bed-linen, amounted to the sum of £50 or £60, no small sum in those days. Another grievance he was instructed to seek redress of was the granting of a monopoly by General Murray to the firm of Gray and Dunn of the Indian trade at the King's posts of Tadousac and Chicoutimi. The merchants held that the Royal Proclamation of 1763 had granted free trade to all parts of the province, and that this monopoly was an infringement of the terms of the Proclamation. Still another grievance which Walker had to urge was the collection by General Murray of duties on wines and spirits imported into the province, without direct authority either from the Crown or legislature of Great Britain. Murray's attitude was that these taxes had legally subsisted under the French régime, and were now merely transferred by right of conquest from the Crown of France to the Crown of Great Britain. The English merchants, however, regarded the imposition of the duties as a clear case of illegal taxation, just as the merchants of Boston later regarded the tax on tea as illegal taxation; and they ultimately brought action against Murray to recover the amount of these duties they had paid. In this action, in which Fowler Walker represented them, they were partially successful, obtaining the recovery of all amounts over and above the scale of duties charged during the French period. It will be seen that all these grievances bear a strong resemblance to those which shortly afterward brought about the revolt of the colonies to the south; and the law-abiding character of the agitation for their redress must have been partially due to the manner in which Fowler Walker discharged the duties of his office.

The most important business, however, with which Walker had to deal was his prosecution of the charges against General Murray which resulted in the latter's recall in 1766. Murray had wasted no love on the British merchants in Canada, whom he described as "four hundred and fifty contemptible sutlers and traders"; and the merchants retorted by petitioning for his recall, and supported their petition by a long series of complaints, which ranged from the failure of Murray to bring the assailants of Thomas Walker to justice to "an almost total neglect of the services of the church". It was Fowler Walker who drew up these complaints, and submitted them to the Secretary of State; and after Murray's recall, it was Walker who attended at the meetings of the Privy Council to represent the merchants of Canada when the charges were being investigated. The Privy Council dismissed the charges; but evidently they were urged with sufficient force to prevent at any rate Murray's return to Canada. Fowler Walker was instrumental also in obtaining for Thomas Walker a hearing from the Secretary of State when he came to England in the autumn of 1765 to obtain justice against his assailants; and probably had much to do with the notoriety that the Walker affair gained in England.

It is interesting to speculate whether or not Fowler Walker and Thomas Walker were related by blood. There is no evidence that they were; on the other hand, there is no evidence that they were not. They knew each other, and corresponded with each other; and Fowler Walker undoubtedly exerted himself strongly in Thomas Walker's behalf. If they were related, it is possible that Fowler Walker owed his appointment as agent in the first place to his namesake's influence. But until some genealogist has settled the question, it is not likely that we can be very certain either one way or the other.

Fowler Walker was undoubtedly an able man. He evidently obtained the confidence of Charles Yorke, the second son of Lord Hardwicke, who, as Attorney-General in the Rockingham Administration, had the whole question of the settlement of the problems of the future government of Canada thrust upon his shoulders; for it is impossible to explain on any other hypothesis the presence of so many of Walker's papers in the Hardwicke correspondence. Francis Masères, many years afterwards, in 1809, asserted that Fowler Walker was the best informed man, with regard to Canadian affairs, he had ever come across. And the fact that, in those turbulent times, Walker conducted the business of the Quebec merchants so vigorously, and yet incurred apparently so little animosity (for no adverse remarks upon him appear in all the voluminous documentary material relating to that time), argues well for his good sense and ability.

About Walker's later life not much can be discovered. In 1784 his name appeared on the back of a brief "on a scrutiny into the qualifications of persons who have voted for Right Honourable Charles James Fox in the late election of Members to serve in Parliament for the City and Liberty of Westminster". In January, 1800, he wrote from Bath, to which place he had evidently retired, urging upon Honourable John Yorke, the brother of Charles Yorke, the writing of a biography of the Earl of Hardwicke; and one gathers the impression that Walker would not have been averse to undertaking the task. But these meagre facts are all that the present writer at least has been able to discover. The death of Walker occurred at Bath on May 20th, 1804.



THE POETIC GIFT

BY ADAM HAROLD BROWN

"IF my great-aunt had written poems," declared Mrs. Honeyman, "I'd do the same, instead of mooning in a flour and feed store all day!"

"My dear," Mr. Honeyman replied with dignity, "the lady you refer to had that wonderful poetic gift; she was a genius——"

"Well, then," cut in his wife, "if she was so clever it's a pity her grandnephew doesn't take after her!"

"I'll have you know," began the aroused merchant, "that I consider myself——"

"Oh, that's always the way with you men; it's talk, talk, talk, all day long! But you've said it before. All I've got to say is that if you were any good you'd write something yourself to print for the papers. Then we'd see if there's anything in this poetic gift business."

The specific reason for this little outburst was caused by a local item in the city paper. Ezekiel Hornblow, a neighbour of the Honeymans, had got into print. True, his addition to the world of literature was but a brief statement that "prospective summer boarders would be welcome at the Hornblow homestead". But that was enough for Mrs. Honeyman.

After projecting this last shaft of rhetoric, Parthian like, she quickly retired to the kitchen.

Mr. Honeyman arose dazedly, and after a heated search for his hat, which he discovered in the same spot where he had left it, wended his way to the flour and feed emporium. His place of business was on Main Street, but that does not imply that business was brisk. On the contrary, much time was found for careful meditation. His ruminations ran on the non-sympathy of his better half, the question of paving Main Street, the alarming rise in bovine fodder, and ever brought up at the poetic gift. For many times the wife of his bosom had suggested that he prove himself a laudable descendant of his Great-Aunt Livina. And Mr. Honeyman wondered.

His wonderment reached such a stage that he sighed several times while serving Abner Pennypacker with a pound and a half of chicken feed. That worthy was put to much worry lest a mistake in weight should occur. And again, while conversing with Andrew McWhinney over a delayed bale of hay, the merchant stopped in the middle of a sentence, and was seen by the acute Andrew to stare intently at the opposite wall.

Mr. McWhinney's subsequent prophesy, at the post-office, of the coming insolvency of Honeyman & Co. caused quite a stir in Valleyford.

But the gentleman in question was thinking otherwise.

When he returned from dinner—which was not a particularly vivacious meal—he was decided on one point. He must write a poem! It shouldn't be difficult when one put one's mind to it, Mr. Honeyman told himself. Poets, as a rule, he remembered, didn't need to be very clever. But somehow it wasn't so easy to woo—er—whatever it was that poets wooed. Suddenly he knew what he wanted. He wanted an inspiration!

When decided on this he blocked the door with a convenient ledger, to exclude unlikely customers, and going to the back of the store, unlocked a large iron safe. From the second shelf he brought forth a dusty and venerable album. It was placed reverently on the rear counter, nigh to an onion seed catalogue. This treasure, on being opened, was found to contain nothing but carefully written poems. It was a veritable poem in itself.

The album was a relic inherited from Great-Aunt Livinia, of poetic memory. Its perusal always filled the present owner with delight.

His eyes fell approvingly on a verse, and he chanted it softly:

"A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt.
There rose a noise of striking clocks,
And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,
And barking dogs and crowing cocks."

"Fine," he murmured. "Great-Aunt Livinia must have been a wonderful genius. I wish," Mr. Honeyman continued, "I could do some myself."

Before further thought was possible an idea struck him. It struck him with violence. For a moment Mr. Honeyman blinked. "No, no," he whispered, "I could never use any of Aunt's poems. They are sacred."

But then, such is the reasoning of man, he glanced stealthily at the still closed door, and stood upon the other foot.

"I think it will be all right," he said to himself, "if I just copy out a little one. They are really mine, and quite likely I have inherited the gift, even if it hasn't shown yet. . . . Yes, I think I'll take the one I just read. It sounds good. I'll send it — let's see — why, there's Jimmy Lightfoot, the very man. That trade journal he works for would be likely to print it. Perhaps they'll pay me!"

From this you might deduce that he would soon entertain visions of pink automobiles and a trip to Europe. At any rate the priceless gem—the sender called it a gem—was safely posted, and Mr. Honeyman breathed again.

The missive was addressed to the writer's second cousin, one James Lightfoot, who held a modest position on an Agricultural journal in Flagg City.

This gentleman's reception of his relative's effusion was anything but gentle. In fact, he gave vent to several unchurched expletives. But though Mr. Lightfoot had no love for his second cousin, he did not wish to offend him. Moreover, life on an Agricultural journal makes for diplomacy. For this reason the editor, who was punctuating a volunteer article on "How to Etherize Potato Bugs," had a glance at the Honeyman manuscript. He read it without comment. Then he snorted violently.

"This is an Agricultural paper," he remarked, "not the official organ of an insane asylum."

"I'm not responsible for my relations," returned Mr. Lightfoot.

"But I'm responsible for this paper!"

"And I owe him fifteen dollars," replied young Lightfoot, thinking of his cousin. "Why couldn't you smuggle it in somewhere between the ad for green peas and 'How to Grow Spanish Onions?' "

"Please remember there are people dependant on me for support," snapped the editor.

"But couldn't you do it as a personal favour to me?"

"Oh, I suppose so," was the editorial judgment, "but keep the thing where I can't see it."

For two weeks Mr. Honeyman waited, torn by elation and apprehension. At meal times he answered his wife's pertinent reminders with a mysterious smile, which almost drove that lady frantic. Mrs. Honeyman was not used to such treatment.

Then the Agricultural journal arrived. Mr. Honeyman carried it home in triumph, with head thrown back and a consequential exhibition of waistcoat. His thoughts soared so far above that he tripped on the broken sidewalk in front of his own door, only saving himself by grasping the gatepost, which might have caused a severe scandal had there been witnesses. Entering the house he showed the open page to his wife. She read the poem in silence. Then she gasped.

"Horace Honeyman!" she ejaculated. "I never did!"

"You see, my dear Matilda," he remarked, "that I have some intelligence. The poetic gift which you so often sneered at is not lost—I am it!" This clincher, though rather ambiguous, was quite to the point.

The next morning, earlier than usual, Mr. Honeyman promenaded Main Street. He carried the Agricultural Journal clasped beneath his arm. At breakfast, he remembered with satisfaction, his wife's behaviour was pleasantly novel. Her wonted tactics had completely changed. But her thoughts on the subject were slightly different. If he could write a poem like that he could write others. If this continued, she reasoned, he might some day be a great man. And as she was his wife, ergo, she would some day be a great man's wife. Nothing, therefore, was too good for Horace Honeyman.

As he strolled along Main Street on that momentous morning, dreaming dreams of prospective greatness, he almost collided with Mr. Ed. Bingham, editor of the Valleyford *Clarion*.

"Ah," remarked Ed., scenting a possible news item. "Good morning, Mr. Honeyman. What's your opinion on the present price of——"

Without a word the other opened the journal. Then he pointed to a centre column.

The editor of the local weekly read the meteoric effort with the same intentness with which he would clip foreign news items from metropolitan papers and label them, "From Our Own Correspondent". Turning, he grasped the poet's hand. Mr. Bingham had once ridden in a Pullman car with a nephew of Longfellow's second wife.

Felicitations, congratulations, commendations, and praise spouted from the journalist's lips, like lava from a crater. Mr. Honeyman felt quite refreshed. Furthermore, the *Clarion's* office staff took the address of the now-famous Agricultural Journal and that same hour he sent for a "sample copy".

As the flour and feed business was not rushing that morning, Mr. Honeyman found time for necessary contemplation. Ed. Bingham's words were agreeable to the senses. He disliked flattery, he assured himself. All poets did; but then it was pleasant to feel oneself appreciated. He showed the poem to a favoured few, but they, not comprehending, failed to play up to the artistic temperament. Mr. Honeyman felt rather disappointed in his neighbours.

"Oh, well," he excused them. "they're not to blame for their ignorance. They haven't been educated up to the higher things of life."

In the afternoon, however, when he went to get his mail, his poetic fame was before him. Mrs. Honeyman had not been idle. For the ladies of Valleyford in themselves comprised a very efficient oral free delivery.

It was three days later when the sample copy "request" brought unalloyed bliss to Mr. Honeyman. When the *Clarion* appeared there flared in large type, on the front page, the poem from Aunt Livinia's album, "By our distinguished fellow-townsman, Mr. H. Honeyman". Furthermore, an inside editorial, written in Mr. Bingham's most Ciceronian style, hailed the flour and feed merchant as the credit, the hope and the joy of the nation. . . . Mr. Honeyman had "arrived". He basked in the delicious glow, as Omar Khayyam might have done had he received the candid applause of the foremost Persian editor. His wife enjoyed a reflected but none the less intoxicated lustre.

On Sunday afternoon Mr. Honeyman carried a copy of the historic *Clarion* into his place of business to re-read the modest editorial.

"Bingham's a clever chap," he murmured. "There's a man who's bound to make his mark."

But the editorial's end, which declaimed "we trust to see many more stars of poesy from the gifted pen of Mr. Honeyman", caused that gentleman to muse for several uncomfortable minutes. Then he turned to the album.

"No one has ever seen them before," he slowly observed, "and I ought to have a right, being her grand-nephew."

He ambled forthwith to the back of the store, unlocked the ancient safe, opened the same antiquated album. And for the next hour Mr. Honeyman's pen scratched ceaselessly.

Monday morning he posted no less than eight signed "gems" to the same number of magazines. The addresses were surreptitiously obtained from old issues of reliable periodicals in the doctor's waiting-room.

In a few days the replies began to come in. Three poems were accepted out of hand; two were returned "with thanks", while one arrived accompanied by a scatching letter from the editor of a certain "highbrow" monthly. This irate gentleman referred to Mr. Honeyman's effort as paltry stuff which could not be printed by a decent-minded publication.

The poet felt hurt by this brutal language, but the checks restored his equilibrium. These little slips of joy ranged from two to seven dollars, and their receipt made the recipient a man of importance in Valleyford. From now on, Mr. Honeyman's progress put to shame the proverbial flash of lightning. The inhabitants of Valleyford were beginning to appreciate a great man when they saw one. And more than this, the change in Mrs. Honeyman can only be described as revolutionary. Usually an attempted autocrat in her own household, she now seemed to favour democracy. And the reason, as the gentle bromide say, was not far to seek. In fact, you sought no farther than the important but unimposing person of Horace Honeyman. For he, with his poetic genius and a new knitted necktie, would inspire glory in any woman.

About a week later Mr. Honeyman announced his intention of proceeding to Flagg City, to cash his checks at the bank. He was accompanied to the station by half a dozen time-serving citizens, who did not want the popular poet to forget them when he returned. He was beginning to think his neighbours were not beyond hope after all.

Once at the city—which was a city only by courtesy—Mr. Honeyman, after lowering the bank's financial status by several points, looked up Jimmie Lightfoot, and invited that busy person to dinner.

They dined at the "Commercial Hotel". I need say no more.

Mr. Honeyman felt rather annoyed that the auburn-haired waitress—the one with the icy eye—treated him no better than the meanest drummer. But his feelings were calmed by Mr. Lightfoot's choice remarks.

"It's simply fine, the stuff you write," the young man observed. "You're a wonder, Cousin Horace; a regular genius. I don't want to flatter, but I've seen a good many poetry things in my day. Cousin Horace, yours beat them all."

Mr. Honeyman visibly expanded, and ordered two five-cent cigars.

Then Mr. Lightfoot with the deft art of a provincial bohemian "dead heading" a county fair, "borrowed" seven-fifty.

As Mr. Honeyman walked to the depot to catch the afternoon local, he passed the single book-store which Flagg City boasted. His glance sweeping the rows of books in the window, he acted on a sudden resolve. He would enter. He was now a great poet; he might as well see what his contemporaries had to say. It was only fair to them.

"Have you any books of poems?"

"Eh?" was the reply. "Poems? Oh, I know what you mean. There's some under the counter. There ain't much call for poems in this city, so we put 'em away. Here's a nice copy by a feller named Mill-ton."

"I don't know him," returned Mr. Honeyman. "He must be one of the moderns. What's this one? It's called Keats. And this? Tennyson. I've heard of him. H'm, Byron, too. I think I'll take these three. How much?"

Mr. Honeyman paid the clerk, and continued on his innocuous way.

That night Mr. Honeyman slept on his laurels; early the next morning he secured himself in the flour and feed store and opened his parcel of literature.

"Tennyson," he remarked, picking up the volume of that ornament to the peerage. "Name sounds something like mine." He opened the book——

"A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt.
There rose a noise of striking clocks."

Mr. Honeyman started. His eyes bulged. Word for word, and comma for comma, it was the identical poem in Great-Aunt Livinia's well remembered album.

"What can this mean?" breathed the sinking man.

As he recognized the next poem and the next, he dropped the book with a lost feeling. Without a word he picked up Keats.

The first verse was read with a gasp of relief. He had never seen it before.

But the next ones. Ah, it was terrible!

His hand shook as he reached for Byron. It was a forlorn hope!

They were there. Exactly as copied in that wretched album. And he had sold them to the magazines! His palace of fame was built of them!

Slowly the truth dawned on Mr. Honeyman. It was too true. The secret was out. Great-Aunt Livina had been a thief, a plagiarist! And he was a——

He was still pacing back and forth when the door was pushed open and a number of citizens entered. They appeared to be a committee, led by Messrs. Ed. Bingham and Abner Pennypacker. Also, they had the shifty look of men engaged on a serious business.

Then followed, last, but mentally determined not to be least, no less a person than Mrs. Matilda Honeyman. Her shiny, black alpaca glistened with self-possessed pride; the two cock's feathers in her bonnet thrust truculently skyward, and her eyes sparkled a restrained dignity. The flour and feed merchant, catching his wife's eye, quickly looked away.

"Mr. Honeyman," began the editor of *The Clarion,* as the merchant advanced, expecting every minute to hear the click of the handcuffs, "you see in us a representative delegation of the townspeople of Valleyford."

"Yes, that's right," encouraged Mr. Pennypacker, "and we be fixing to do you an honour, Horace——"

"The thing is, Mr. Honeyman," cut in the journalist, "as you know we intend building a new courthouse next spring, and we want it to be an event that will ring round the land. Honourable Jethro Wheeze, of Flagg City, will deliver the opening address."

"Yep, Horace," chimed in the other leader, "that's what we're here for."

"To offer you," hurried on Mr.

Bingham, who resented any interruption, "a chance to display your high poetic talents and add glory to our native city."

"Ed.'s got a wonderful smooth tongue," whispered a committeeman. "Pity he ain't married."

"And we want you, Mr. Honeyman," continued the admired editor, "we want you on that stirring occasion, you who are our greatest poet, we want you, Mr. Honeyman, to write a dedicatory ode!"

"Yep," endorsed Mr. Pennypacker with relish; "a ded-i-catory ode!"

And the Mother of the Gracchi, Hippolyte after a victory, or the Queen of Sheba visiting Jerusalem, looked small in comparison to the wife of the man thus honoured.

Still, the object of approval gaspingly clung to the counter for support.

"Friends, I thank you," he at last articulated. "But I can't do it."

"Eh! Eh?" shouted Mr. Pennypacker. "What d'ye mean?"

Mr. Honeyman pulled himself together. "I shall never write again!"

"Why, doggone it, why?" chorused the committee.

For answer the flour and feed merchant addressed the two leaders.

"Did you ever write poems?" he asked.

"No," they responded as one man.

"Did any of you?" Mr. Honeyman eyed the committee.

"Reckon not," the distinguished delegation cautiously allowed. "But ——"

"Do you realize where poetry comes from?" went on the catechist, gaining courage as he perceived the opposing weakness. Facing only doubtful glances he proceeded loftily. "It comes from above!"

"D'ye mean upstairs, Horace, where you keep the seeds?" inquired Mr. Pennypacker anxiously.

Mr. Honeyman sadly regarded his friend. Words failed him.

"Look here," Mr. Bingham put in sharply, "aren't you going to write that ode?"

"Gentlemen," the merchant admitted after a pause, "I cannot give my answer to-day. But I'm afraid the courthouse ode will never come from my pen." His head sank gloomily on his breast.

"It does not rest wtih me," he added vaguely.

Slowly the committee filed out, mystified, feeling as if they had witnessed some solemn ritual.

But Mrs. Honeyman remained in the flour and feed store.

Her mouth was firmly set and her feathers bristled more than ever.

"Horace Honeyman!" she burst out, while that solemn-eyed individual carefully rearranged a pile of last year's seed catalogues. "What makes you think you can't write that ode?"

The merchant's eyes wavered. He did not speak, but on the counter before his wife he opened the volume of Tennyson, the volume of Byron, and the volume of Keats. Beside them he placed the album of his oft-quoted but now exposed relative.

"Think, Horace," exclaimed Mrs. Honeyman; "think of your Great-Au——"

"That's just it", her husband cried, pointing at the book an indignantly shaking forefinger. "There! That's your Great-Aunt Livina!"

PUMPKIN

A RHOMBIC ODE*

By MAIN JOHNSON

PUMPKIN, thy very name is full and mellow,
Bringing fond mem'ries of rich years gone by.
Thou art, old friend, our Lares and Penates,
Our faithful Zeus and Buddha true.
In thee we worship still our ancestors,
Men of our band who've passed beyond the veil,
Whether in war or in the earlier days of peace.
With us thou wert when we were young,
With us thou art, when we are growing old,
With us thou shalt be, when our sons are here.
With us you saw the grim, sad years of war,
With us you beam in joy to-night,
Shining with yellow glow upon our face,
A rainbow glory after storm.

Pumpkin, thou art our vortex,
Our Wyndham Lewis, Ezra Pound;
In thee do focus all our arts:
Prose with Joyce and Anatole of France;
Verse with Brooke and priestess Lowell;
Painting with Brangwyn, Orpen, John;
Dancing with 'Jinsky and his Russian tribe;
Sound with Debussy and Scriabine afire;
Sculpture with Epstein and young Gaudier,
Who died for France while yet a boy;
Movies with Griffith and svelte Geraldine;
Drama with Barrie, Shaw, and Pinero;
Spirit with Russell and Dunsany, lord.

Within thy rounded form dwell all of these,
And more. For thou hast fused them,
Turned them to thy use, and made of them,
Enriched and deepened by thy native breath,
The Arts and Letters of our land.

Pumpkin, thou art the sign
Of past and future both.
Thou art at once
Our talisman and grail.

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*The pumpkin is a symbol of continuity in a Toronto club.

SOCIAL SERVICE AND THE STATE

BY RANDOLPH CARLYLE

THERE are many living to-day, by no means near the allotted span of three-score years and ten, who can remember when the injunction in the Anglican Catechism that we should order ourselves "lowly and reverently" to all our "betters" was regarded as an ineluctable argument against the rightfulness of social equality and an inspired impeachment of all democratic aspiration. To the psychologist it should be curiously interesting to trace the currents in the "stream of tendency" which in a comparatively short time have borne away this bourgeois notion from our social consciousness; but it is enough for the ordinary mind to realize clearly, and with no manner of doubt, that in the new order of civilization about to be reared upon the ashes of that destroyed in the fires of war, not only shall all artificial class distinctions be unknown, but there shall be set up a cosmopolitan equality based upon a common humanity the world over. When that is done the noble idea of a League of Nations will be transmuted from vision into reality.

There is more than mere epigram in the saying that having made the world safe for democracy, we must now make democracy safe for the world. At the present moment the "vested interests" are sedulously declaring that democracy has failed because Bolshevism has reared its hideous head. But Bolshevism is the spawn of tyranny, of the oppression of the many by the few, not of democracy. It is not surprising that in countries where the natural craving of men for liberty has been starved for centuries a welter of anarchy has supervened upon the sudden eviction of despotism. Just as in the individual man hysteria is apt to react from the attainment of an object which has cost him long and painful effort, so in the body-politic there can be produced what the French call *névrose nationale.*

How long this condition may persist in the latter case depends upon the temper and moral balance of the people affected; but that some portions of the world are temporarily discomposed by the gift of popular liberty, unexpectedly dropped from the lap of the gods, is no argument against the value of a democratic social order for the civilized world at large. There can be no doubt that among the English-speaking peoples democracy has come to stay. For them, at least, it has been an increasing purpose running through the ages —the purpose of history working through the processes of evolution. Let us not forget that the word "democracy" on our lips has no vague and confused meaning. For us it denotes a form of government; not a mere enthusiasm for a dispensation of right between men in society, nor yet an abstract political theory. True, in our system there is not a direct government of the State by the people such as obtained in the republics of antiquity, *i.e.*, democracy in its absolute form. But a State is no less democratic where the people govern indirectly through representative institutions. Bearing all this in mind, and not overlooking the fact that representative democracy has proved itself to be more exposed to the dangers of corruption and dishonesty than democracy which is absolute or direct, we must listen to the one clear call of the times, namely, to put our political house in order so that it may be a suitable habitation for the spirit of the New Age. So far as this young Canadian nation is concerned, we must make it impossible for anyone to say, as was not so long ago said of the United States, that political practice required an emendation of Lincoln's famous phrase so that it might read: "Government of the people, by the bosses, for the trusts." In short, we must do our part to make democracy safe for the world.

There is no doubt that the high hopes of democracy entertained by certain great political thinkers of the nineteenth century were not realized. The spirit of evil refused to be exorcised from the body-politic. Class hatred, corruption and its *âme damnée* the waste of public resources, bleak selfishness, all marshalled their forces to impede the progress of social betterment. True, democratic thinking had activated some small improvement in the lot of the common man; but it was necessary for the great war to come in the first quarter of our own century before the minds of men could be shocked into the consciousness that the principle of brotherhood must be set as the foundation of civilized society if it is to endure. It is, therefore, for us who have come out of great tribulation to translate the whole body of sound democratic theory into action. What is needed in order that the task confronting us shall be accomplished is, first, education in social problems for all classes of the community, so that they may be brought to know the *obligations* as clearly as they have already apprehended the *privileges* of democratic citizenship; secondly, leadership—in the measure that only true statesmen can yield—on the part of those who aspire to office in the active sphere of government. With such education we shall be able to understand the emotion of the late Mrs. Sage when she declared at the opening of the "Russell Sage Foundation" in 1907: "I am nearly eighty years old, and I feel as if I were just beginning to live"; and with such leadership we shall appreciate the difference in moral values between our age and that of the statesman Edmund Burke, who thought that "Politics and the Pulpit are terms that have little agreement".

The train of thought we have given expression to here was suggested by a reading of Honourable W. L. Mackenzie King's recently published work entitled "Industry and Humanity; a Study in the Principles underlying Industrial Reconstruction". We regard this book as one of prime importance in its field. The intimate knowledge that it discloses of the great post-bellum problems confronting civilization, the wisdom of its practical counsels, and the fine ethical spirit which infuses it throughout, demand for it a notable place in the literature of social polity. So far we have not seen it adequately reviewed. Only an expert in its domain could do it justice. The author was admirably equipped for his undertaking. Starting with a thorough University training in Social Science, both on this continent and abroad, he has been privileged to reinforce his technical acquirements with a long and varied experience as a man of affairs. When the Department of Labour for Canada was established in 1900 he was made Deputy-Minister, and directed the office with great success and ability for some eight years. During that period he acted as Government conciliator in the settlement of many important industrial strikes. In addition to this he served as a special commissioner of the Canadian Government in England to inquire into certain abuses connected with immigration. In the year 1909 he was chosen by the British Government as one of its delegates on the International Opium Commission, which sat at Shanghai. In the same year he was given the portfolio of the Canadian Minister of Labour, holding it until the defeat of the Laurier Administration in 1911. In 1914 he was selected by the Rockefeller Foundation to make a general investigation of industrial relations, and in this capacity he entered upon a personal study of the causes of industrial controversies in America with a view to working out improvements in the relations between Capital and Labour. His book embodies the results of his researches in that connection, hence its great value as an authority in the practice of social betterment.

Mr. King will permit us to observe that we find in Bloomfield's fine lines:

"Thine heart should feel, what thou mayest hourly see,
That Duty's basis is Humanity"—

a more appropriate motto than the one he has chosen for a book with so large a content of humanism in it. The key-note of this quality is struck in the following passages:

"For Industry and Nationality alike, the last word lies in the supremacy of humanity. 'Over all nations is humanity.' Of more worth than all else man can achieve is the well-being of mankind. The national or industrial economy based on a lesser vision, in the final analysis, is anti-social, and lacks the essentials of indefinite expansion and durability. The failure to look beyond the State, and beyond Industry as a revenue-producing process, has brought chaos instead of order. To glorify institutions, regardless of the men, women and children whose individual existences they were meant to serve, is to negative, not to promote, progress . . . Nations have failed through conflict to widen the circle of international good-will. In the co-operation of the parties to Industry along intelligent lines, they may yet be led to an application of principles which, governing in all human relations, will best promote the well-being of mankind . . . The problem of the nature of the universe is necessarily bound up with the parallel problem of human personality . . . Were spirit the same as matter, there would be no difference between the living and the dead. It is the fundamental difference between man and animal or plant life, expressed in co-operative effort based upon voluntary choice, that renders the biological analogy inapplicable to the condition of human progress . . . Industry may be a source of strength and vitality to the individuals it employs; or it may be a whited sepulchre, outwardly beautiful, fulfilling a seemingly exalted mission, but within a thing of rottenness and filled with the dying and the dead. The same is equally true of the State. In both cases it is a matter of standards based upon recognition of the fundamental distinction between material and human values."

All this is in high accord with what was said in the hearing of the writer of this article by a labour leader a short time before Mr. King's book was published. He told an audience of men, eager to know the more perfect way of citizenship in this tremendous period of social reconstruction, that if the great masters of Industry would learn to treat their workers as men of like passions with themselves and not as part of their industrial machinery, the desiderated harmony between Capital and Labour could be speedily and effectually attained.

We regret that space will not permit us to dilate upon the many practical counsels in Mr. King's book relating to Social Service; but we cannot omit a reference to some of his thoughts concerning a subject whose appearance in political philosophy synchronized with the coming of the evangel of democracy for the modern world, and was, indeed, claimed to be the logical goal of all democratic aspiration. We speak of Socialism. We all know that Socialism is not a blessed word whereby the spirit of disputation may be laid. It is a long time since Brissot de Warville uttered the oracle, *"La propriété exclusive c'est le vol"*; and a good deal of water has passed under the bridge since Proudhon proved himself so thoroughgoing a Socialist as to "appropriate" the phrase without acknowledging the source from which he got it. Now, while there has been much property acquired on this earth in a manner which goes far to justify this fierce generalization, yet we must reflect that the idea originally underlying the term "property" was that the State is under an obligation to the citizen to protect him in the enjoyment of the fruits of his own labour and thrift. That idea has as strong support in social ethics to-day as it had in the dawn of political history. The native instinct of man for an undisputed place for the sole of his foot is not satisfied by any recognition of the fact that he is a voiceless unit of an organic whole that owns the earth. Property is the means by which a man can make the most of himself and develop his personality according to his likes. It is nothing less than realized liberty. Can we expect the average man to surrender it for a theory or an ideal? But to the man whose sense of proportion is just and whose vision is clear, Socialism — notwithstanding its "unrealizable Utopias" — has a pragmatic value in so far as it voices the will to live of the working classes as against the will to power of the masters of Industry. It would seem, therefore, that the constructive achievement of Socialism in the New Age will emerge from its propaganda as a social sect rather than from its activities as a political party working on concrete lines.

Let us hear what Mr. King has to say on the subject:

> "The serviceableness of every form of Socialism as a solution of the problems of Industry, and, indeed, the value of any form of Industrial organization and government, is to be estimated finally by the fears it tends to eliminate and the degree of faith it helps to inspire between the several parties to Industry. Toward whatever begets the social spirit, which those who advocate Socialism believe it will evoke, there can be but one attitude. A community interest, where it is real and widely diffused, must prove a stimulus to all the parties to Industry. Labour, Capital, Management and the Community can have no finer incentive than that of working together toward the one end, the well-being of the community. All the parties to production have everything to gain and nothing to lose from the larger productivity which such a spirit ensures. The acceptance accorded socialistic thought and teaching is mainly attributable to a belief in the power of Socialism to evoke such a community interest and spirit. As embodied in concrete proposals for industrial reorganization, it is at least an open question whether Socialism has justified, or ever will justify, the hopes and expectations of its advocates . . . Since Labour constitutes so important a part of the community, it might seem that the Socialist State would make a strong appeal to Labour. In so far as Labour may hope for improvement of its condition, it would appear that opportunity might be found under a form of organization in which the community, in the stead of private individuals or corporations, is the owner of the instruments of production and the controller of Industry. Concrete proposals are no sooner thought of, however, than the difficulties to which they give rise become apparent. A series of disquieting questions at once suggest themselves. What is the State or the Community apart from the human beings who compose it? Is it to be expected that a change in external methods of organization will alter the inner workings of human nature? Are individuals, as politicians, likely to be better employers of Labour than individuals whose self-interest prompts them to promote Labour's efficiency? Since all cannot perform the function of management, and some such function must continue even in the Socialist State, who is to do the directing, and who is to do as he is told? . . . How, on an elective basis, are some to control and direct, and others to work under direction and control, and Industry hold its own in the arena of world competition? Is any basis of choice other than the elective feasible; or, indeed, compatible with socialistic ideals? Beset by such confusion and alarm, it is not surprising that Labour has seen little to hope for from a change in the social order of the kind Collectivism necessarily involves. Human nature senses the limitations of such a system. Psychologists are agreed that of all instincts, that of ownership is one of the most deeply rooted, and one of the least likely ever to be eradicated. Labour has long since recognized that the Socialist State is based too largely on a conception of human nature which leaves human imperfections out of account. It sees quite plainly that advocates of Socialism in its extreme forms mistake the end for the be-

ginning; that they start out with the perfect individual who is to transform an imperfect social order, not with the imperfect individual whom the new social order is intended to transform."

We think it can be gathered from the passages quoted how much Mr. King's book will contribute to our knowledge of the great social problems that face us at this day, and how they may best be solved in the interests of the State. If we are to take our place among the foremost peoples of a regenerated world, Social Service must be made an outstanding feature of our practical politics. When this is done it is to enlightened statesmen like Mr. King that we shall look for inspiration and leadership.

THE LAST FLIGHT

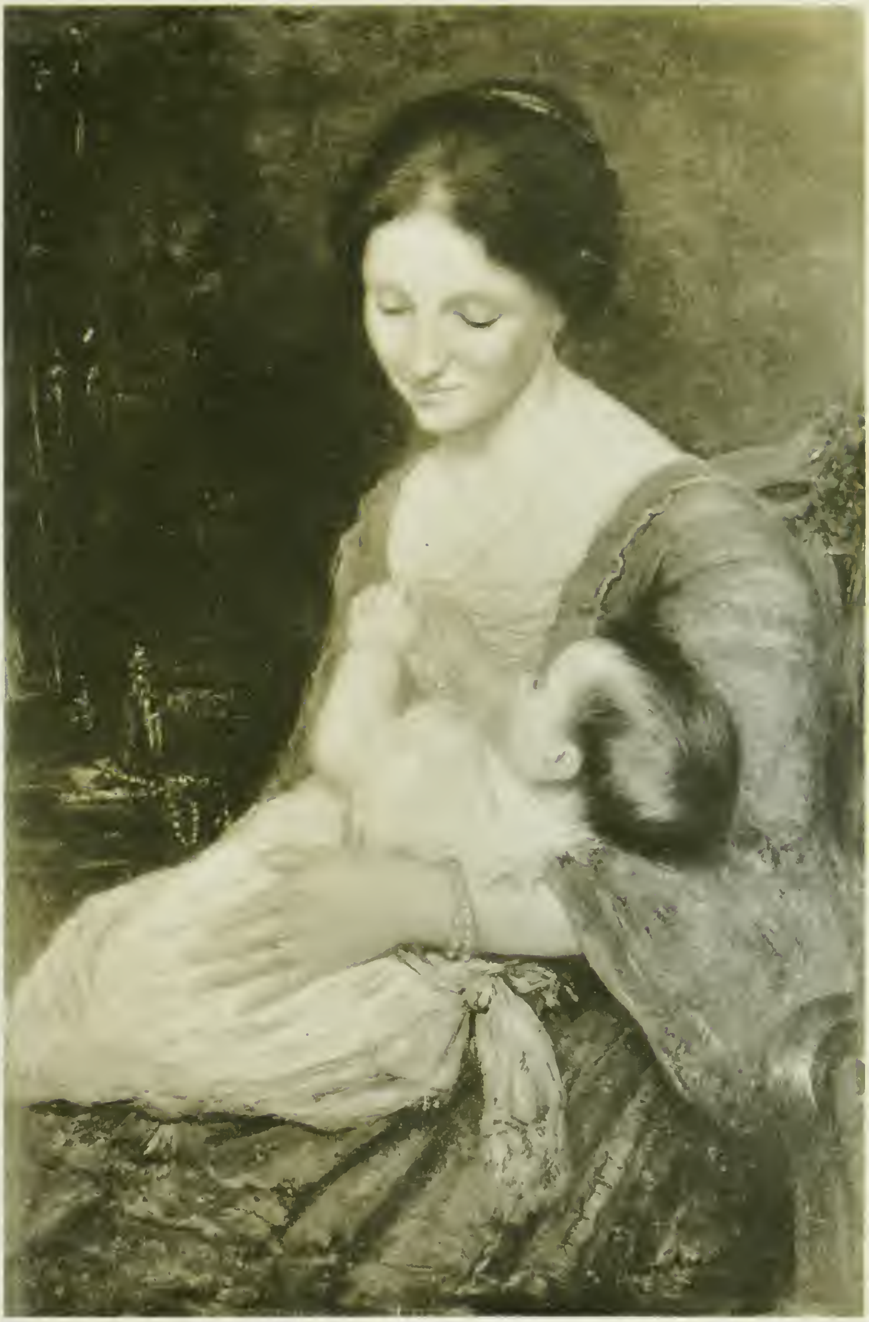
By A. R. FAIRBAIRN

BENEATH the quiet stars the jasmine blooms,
In earthly graves the fallen soldiers lie,
And in the air the sound of ghostly wings
Dies in the silence of the midnight sky.

It is a phantom ship that gently glides
Beyond the glimmer of that farthest star,
A fallen pilot on his last long flight
To his last home in mystic fields afar.

For him no narrow home of cramping earth,
No pale sarcophagus of marble white,
But, all alone, to wing his homeward way
To some dim island in the outer night.

For there the winds are sweet with many flowers,
And quiet as a sleeping baby's breath.
No more the rush of storm, the lash of rain,
But quiet sleep, and dreams—the gift of death.



THE FIRST BORN

From the Painting by Simon Maris,
in the Art Association Gallery,
Montreal

THE FLAW

BY BEATRICE REDPATH

ARTHUR DENNISON, glanced at the clock, impatient of the slowly-moving hands, then moved to the window and stood staring out into the street, luminous from the brilliance of the arc lamps shining on the snow. And again he commenced a long detour of the room, striving to curb his restless impatience. The door bell sounded sharply and he stood still, his attitude one of eager expectancy.

"Myra," he exclaimed, and the next instant he held the girl's two gloved hands in his, "I was afraid you had changed your mind—oh, you don't know the suspense I've gone through in the last hour. I couldn't have borne it if anything had happened to make you decide differently."

He was helping her off with her furs and her coat while she stood, a little shy, a trifle diffident. It was so strange to be here! She glanced away from him, from his eyes that compelled and sought her glance, to the warm comfort of the room, observing as she always observed the minute details that combined to make up the whole. A shade of perplexity appeared in her face and he was immediately aware of it.

"What is it?" he whispered. "Aren't you glad—glad to be here?"

"Yes—yes, I'm glad," she said with a firmness, as if a strong affirmation would make it true. For she wasn't sure. It was different from what she had imagined, and yet she had imagined it in a thousand ways. He was just as she liked him to be, whimsical, half gay, half serious, and wholly kind. The fault did not lie wholly with him!

The house was just what she had expected. There was colour and warmth, books lying about, a piece of Japanese embroidery just where the walls demanded it should be, while a glimpse of fire pointed long thin fingers of light into the dusk of the halls. She felt as if she were drinking in the warmth, the colour and comfort of it all, through the pores of her skin. But all the time her mind was straining out to find the flaw, the thing that disturbed her, that made her ill at ease. Perhaps she was too tired. She had said that this day, for the last time, she would go to the office in the customary way. She had been very nervous and the incessant click of the typewriter had jarred her nerves, already strained by the mental conflict which she had been undergoing. She had no compunction about what she was doing. She had battled too long, seen too much of suffering and the ruthless manner in which life inflicted pain, to have any thought for the conventionality that perhaps should have kept her at the office till the divorce was accomplished. But she was too tired to go on, too tired to resist his urging of her to abandon herself to his will. She had a right to happiness, she told herself repeatedly, and a love like theirs was big enough to thrust aside barriers, to break bonds, even to incur the sacrifice of another, if such should stand in the way of its fulfilment. Oh, she had told herself this too often to have any doubts concerning it.

The flaw was nowhere here; she must seek further.

"Where has she gone?" she asked suddenly, her dark blue eyes regarding him questioningly, as she took a chair beside the fire.

"Oh," he said, startled, as if her direct question coming unexpectedly had bewildered him, "Nancy—she's gone to her people till the affair is over. She's going abroad afterwards—I thought I had told you."

"Going abroad," Myra repeated. "That always has such a broken sound. People go abroad when someone they are fond of dies—when they have failed—when they want to be alone to suffer. Do you think she feels that way?"

Arthur Dennison laughed a little awkwardly.

"You have such an imagination, dear," he said. "You are always wondering how people feel. Most people don't feel at all, you know. It's only people like you and I—" and he leaned over the back of her chair and touched the fur about her neck. She stirred a little under his touch and thrust one hand deep in the upholstered side of the chair. She brought it up slowly, a silver point that glittered in the firelight on the tip of her finger.

"Her thimble," she said, and her eyes sought the fire and she stared into the hot coals in silence.

"I've never seen her and you've told me so little about her," Myra said, turning to him. "We've always talked about ourselves, haven't we?"

"What else should we talk about?" he responded, with cheerful egotism.

"About her," Myra insisted. "I feel I want to know about her." And then, after a pause, "Tell me about her, please," she repeated.

Arthur Dennison stared before him reflectively.

"That's so difficult, dear," he said. "There doesn't seem much to tell. I can't analyze people as you do. I can tell you the colour of her hair and her eyes, but that's not what you want to know."

"No, I want to know the woman; what she thinks, feels, and is."

"How can I tell you?" he said, "I don't know myself. We are fortunate if we know anyone in life—few of us do—and when we feel we do—it's the true dream—the great vision—what you and I know—how few others."

Myra rose and moved restlessly about the room.

"I know, dear," she said, "but I want to know about her, and perhaps I can find out by myself. A woman's instinct is surer than a man's knowledge, anyway. This room was hers, wasn't it? These are her books, her pictures. Strange she has left them all here."

She moved here and there, touching things lightly, picking up a book to glance at the title, glancing at a photograph, touching a bowl of flowers, while Arthur Dennison sat following her with his eyes.

"What is this—whose child is this?" Myra asked at length, coming over to his chair with a small white frame in her hand.

An expression of pain crossed Arthur Dennison's face as he took the frame in his hand.

"That is Jamie," he said quietly. "He died when he was a year old—six years ago."

Myra stood staring down at the picture of the child, her eyes wide with pity.

"I didn't know," she said. "You never spoke of him before—" She took the little frame back into her hands. "But she leaves it here," she went on in bewilderment, "when she knows that another woman will be here."

"She has forgotten it. I will send it to her to-morrow," he said, but Myra's hand closed over it.

"No, you won't send it," and now she sat down, her eyes fixed on a point of light on the brasses, her hands folded across the little frame.

"I think I know," she said. "I think I know what I wanted to know.

You must bring her back, for I can't stay. Oh, don't you see, dear—she cares. And she has the right. She has borne—she has suffered. It all seems to lie just in that,'' she went on with wide, staring eyes; ''those who have borne—those who have suffered—they have the right.''

''Myra,'' he exclaimed, in startled protest, ''it's impossible. You and I—we care. She seems like a stranger compared to you. Myra—oh, don't be foolish, child. It's destiny—you and I. It was meant, it was intended. She was only an incident. She is a stranger. Most people are—but you and I—the first time we met—your thought was my thought, your vision my vision, your desires were my desires. Oh, you and I are one in a thousand ways. When love comes like ours, everything must be overthrown. It is impossible what you say. You don't know. She is cold, she is not you. Her pride is perhaps hurt, but that is all. I swear to you, child, she doesn't care.''

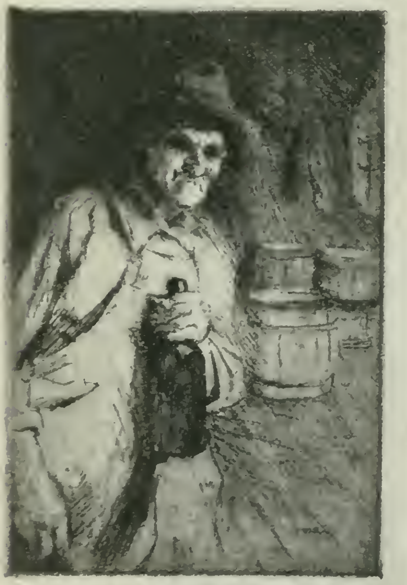
''I think she does,'' Myra answered slowly, ''and now I know why I felt so strangely when I came in here. It was her books lying about, her sewing, her thimble that I picked up in the chair over there. Little ghosts crying out in protest—little ghosts—all the personal belongings that a woman usually cherishes. She does not forget them unless she is dumb with pain, unless nothing on earth counts but the one thing, unless she is crushed and heartbroken. The picture of her baby—oh, dear, I couldn't. She has borne—she has suffered—she has the right—and she cares. You are wrong.''

He looked up to plead with her, to protest with the sole strength of his love, to cry out to her his need. Oh, theirs was the real vision, love intense, the incalculable desire! But in her face he saw the futility of it—she would listen to him, white-faced, as he pleaded, but in her eyes would be her purpose. He saw that she would not flinch from her resolve—and the words died on his lips, as he sat down, covering his face with his hands.

He did not hear her as she moved about the room, so intent was he on this shattering of his desire. Only the dull slam of the door aroused him at last to the void of the reality.

ADOLPHE BLONDHEIM: ARITIST-CAMOUFLEUR

ONE of the young artists who won distinction at the Front, going there from this side of the Atlantic, was Adolphe Blondheim, a brother-in-law of Mr. Samuel Jacobs, M.P., of Montreal. Mr. Blondheim was attached to one of the camouflage corps, and it is related as evidence of the excellent work he did over there, that when in training, among other things, he was detailed to make a sniper's suit. He had a section of landscape allotted to him, together with paint, cheesecloth, and the privilege of using anything his scheme required and on which he could lay his hands.

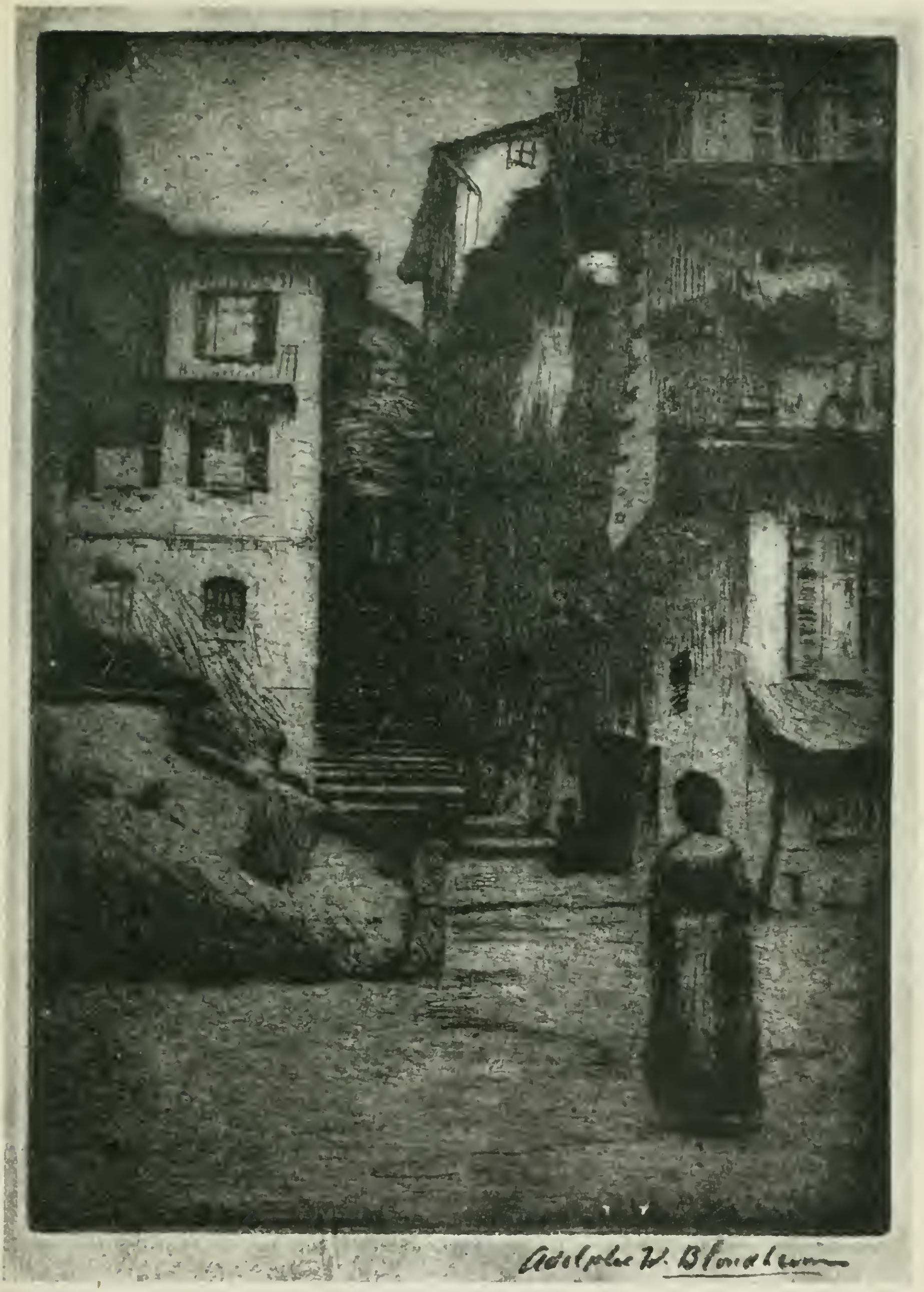


Man with Bottle
Etching by Adolphe Blondheim

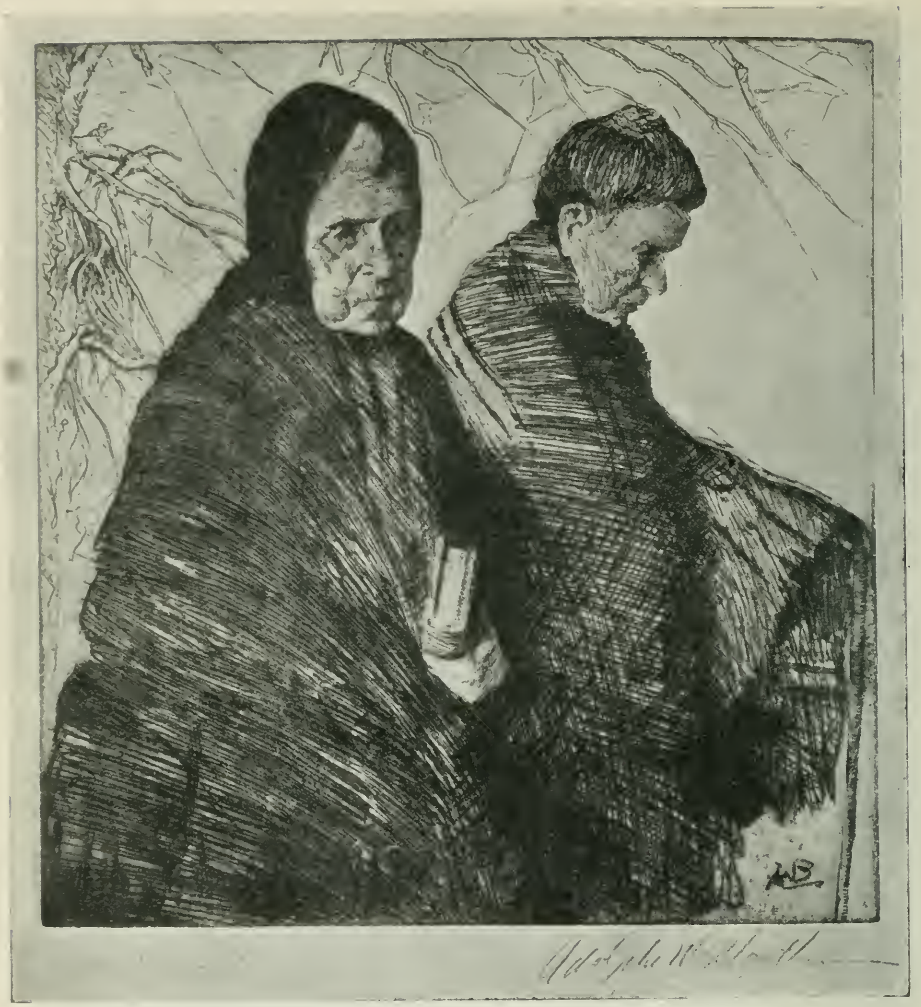
Later on a lieutenant came to inspect the work. Blondheim indicated the general direction of his sniper, a sergeant being in the suit. The lieutenant looked, stroked his chin and remarked that he had never seen a tree trunk so red, which no doubt was true, because the sergeant was discovered several hundred feet away from the tree.

But this young artist had something of a career before he went to the front. He won a scholarship in art when twelve years old, which admitted him to the Maryland Institute. Four years later he won another—to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. There he studied under Chase and Beaux and won a Topham Honourable Mention, which entitled him to a year's free tuition. A year later he won the Topham Prize. With this money he went to California, *i.e.,* he got as far as the Coast, but found, himself "flat broke". He took a job in a canning factory, working with dagoes. One day knives became so much in evidence that he quit his job, and with what capital he had purchased a donkey and outfit, and went over the Sierras with a couple of friends for a few weeks.

When the time came for the Academy, he and his friend Coolidge were so short of funds as to have none for transportation. They got a job paint-



A Street Scene
Etching by Adolphe Blondheim

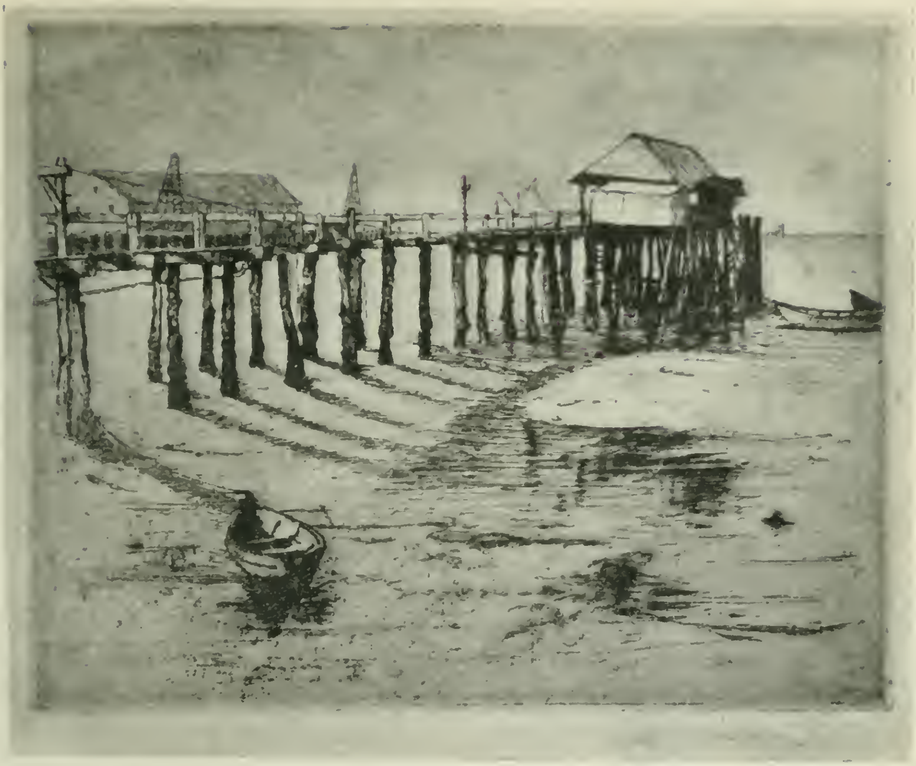


Age
Etching by Adolphe Blondheim

ing the outside of a doctor's house. The doctor liked the job so well that he commissioned Blondheim to paint his portrait.

In 1910 Blondheim won the Aurora Travelling Scholarship of a trip to Europe. He sailed that spring. When the ship docked at Liverpool, he went ashore, and, shouldering his suit case, paint boxes, etc., walked to Chester. Not satisfied with an already lengthy constitutional, he refused to stop until he had traversed the walls of Chester. From England he proceeded to France, hanging about the studios, cafés and galleries. He made excursions around Paris. On one of these expeditions, in a moment of economy, he carried his lunch along: a Camembert cheese, which was flattened out in his pocket before reaching his destination. He journeyed from Paris to Florence, and later from Italy to Munich, and then to Antwerp.

His first lithographs were made in Volendam, Holland. In the summer of 1915 he began to etch in Senseny's studio. During that summer the



Low Tide
Etching by Adolphe Blondheim

Beachcombers (an artists' club) was organized at Provincetown, Mass., and he was one of the first fifteen members, among whom were Hawthorne, George Elmer Brown, Paxton, and Senseny.

After war was declared by the United States in 1917, Blondheim and two other Provincetown artists went to Boston to pass the necessary military examination to permit them to proceed to Plattsburg Camp. He was rejected, but later in the summer his draft number was called, and after examination he was recommended for the Camouflage Service, a company organized by the War Department, and attached to the Engineers' Branch of the service. St. Gaudens, a son of the famous sculptor, was in command of the company. Before the war St. Gaudens had been stage manager for Maude Adams, and thereby had an intimate knowledge of the work required in the camouflage service.

NORTHERN LIGHTS

A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

THE V.C. OF THE FORT GARRY HORSE

THIS winner of the Victoria Cross, Lieutenant (now Major) Henry Strachan, M.C., is one of the living links which bind the old motherland and her daughter nations into an organic whole; for, though in July, 1914, he had been farming for some years at Chauvin, Alberta, he was born (in 1887) at Borrowstowness, or "Bo'ness", an ancient Scottish seaport on the Firth of Forth.

He is the third son of the late William Strachan, sheriff clerk of Linlithgowshire, and many of his people still live near Bo'ness, though some, including the Major's mother, have settled in Alberta. Having known him in his youth as "Harcus Strachan", Bo'ness folk were a little slow to recognize their fellow-townsman in the Lieutenant Henry Strachan, gazetted V.C. on Dec. 18th, 1917, but when they did realize his connection with the old town, they were filled with joyous pride. For instance, the Academy, where he had been a pupil, before his attendance at the High School and the University of Edinburgh, celebrated his triumph with a half holiday.

In his boyish and student days, Harcus Strachan proved himself "a good all-round athlete". A fine football player, he excelled both in "Association" and "Rugby". Afterwards, when living on the prairie, he took up baseball with zest, and also rode a great deal.

Upon the outbreak of the war, he was among the first of Alberta's eager thousands to offer his services in freedom's cause. But to his disappointment and surprise, he was not accepted on account of defective eyesight. This did not settle the question for him. Leaving his farm in the care of a brother, he sailed for England, with thoughts of enlisting in the London Scottish Regiment, though his farm life had resulted in a decided leaning to the cavalry service. The consequence was that, after serious trials to his patience, he was accepted, at Canterbury, for service with the Manitoba regiment, the Fort Garry Horse, enlisting as a trooper. He trained in England and was presently promoted to be lieutenant.

The year 1917 was a very eventful one for this daring and enthusiastic officer. In May, he "commanded the party of two officers and thirty-eight men who attacked the enemy's outpost in rear on the night of May 26th-27th. His bold conception, swift movement and courageous leading resulted in the capture of eight prisoners, the killing of a much larger number, and the destruction of the enemy's defensive organization in the sector without losing a single man of the party." For the conspicuous gallantry shown in this action, Lieutenant Strachan was decorated with the Military Cross.

A few weeks later, during a trench raid, the liteutenant was slightly gassed and wounded in the right elbow. After six weeks in hospital, he visited Bo'ness, and spent a week with his brother, Alexander, at the old family house of Holywood. One day, when in the town, he looked in at the Volunteer Hall, found a company at drill and gave some of the men a lecture on the handling of bombs, for he was as good at using these deadly missiles as at managing a refractory horse.

It was as a cavalry officer that his great opportunity came at last. Hitherto the cavalry had been little used during the war, but when General Byng planned his great surprise attack on the Huns in the Cambrai region, he had a place on his programme for the mounted men, and right gallantly did they respond to the call upon them. It is said that, with the exception of one or two tanks, the Canadian cavalry, with the Fort Garry Horse in the van, got nearer to Cambrai than any other British force.

The Western men were ready at dawn on November 20th, but there was many a long delay before their day's work fairly began. First their way had to be cleared by British tanks and infantry, and when word came that these had reached their objectives the Fort Garrys entered Masnières and managed to cross the river by a bridge in the main street. Beyond this was a canal, crossed by a bridge broken down under a ponderous British tank. To the south-west was another bridge, but this also needed repair before the troopers could get their horses over: and the work had to be done under concentrated machine gun fire from the Germans. Every available man, including civilians and German prisoners, was set to work and by three o'clock the bridge would bear.

Major Henry Strachan, V.C., M.C.

Quickly the men of Squadron "B" of the Fort Garry regiment got their horses over and led the way, through a gap cut in the wire entanglements by British troops, into the enemy's country. Before the other squadrons could follow, orders came forbidding the regiment to go forward, but Squadron "B" (which had lost its captain at the gap in the wire and was now under the command of Lieutenant Strachan) was already away beyond the reach of the messengers despatched to call it back.

Racing on—with the enemy to right and lift—the Canadian troopers cross "a camouflaged road" near Rumilly and charged down a slope straight for a battery of field guns. That battery was utterly wiped out, the leader himself accounting for seven of the gunners. The squadron then turned to rout a body of German infantry, before pressing on, under constant fire, toward Rumilly.

At dusk, the daring little band had penetrated some two miles into enemy territory, and Lieutenant Strachan, coming to a sunken road, dismounted his men and resolved to wait in hope that supports would arrive.

Several times the Germans tried to rush his position, but were driven back with so hot a fire that they were probably quite deceived as to the strength of the Canadians. After sending out two volunteers to report to headquarters, Strachan still waited till it was almost dark. He then stampeded his horses towards the east, whilst he and his men withdrew on foot under cover of the commotion in another direction.

There was grim fighting with the bayonet on this backward journey. Four parties of Germans were met and routed, and of these many were haled along as prisoners to the British lines, which forty-three of the Fort Garrys reached unscathed after their daring incursion into Hunland.

Through the adventure, which would have been impossible save for Strachan's "outstanding gallantry and fearless leadership," the Canadians obtained most valuable information as to the disposition of the enemy, and "effectively tangled German communications over a wide radius", by cutting three main telephone cables, discovered in the road.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE CANADIAN TRADE COMMISSION.

THE exigencies of war have led to the establishment by the allied nations of various boards and commissions for controlling the distribution of mineral, agricultural and industrial productions. Having proved their usefulness during the strain of the conflict, the work of these governmental agencies will be continued, in all probability, for some time to come, and, to a very considerable extent, Canadians will have to reckon with commissions in exporting goods for the European market.

To meet these conditions, the Dominion Government has established the Canadian Trade Commission, with headquarters in Ottawa, and a "trade mission" overseas, with its chief office in London. The immediate object of this machinery is to keep the Departments of Government at Ottawa "directly in touch with the activities and deliberations of the governmental agencies above indicated, with the view of securing orders for Canadian productions for reconstruction purposes in the devastated areas of Europe and, generally, for the promotion of the Canadian export trade". The Commission is empowered to act "on behalf of any other Government or governmental agency", in the purchase of Canadian productions and the distribution of orders or contracts amongst Canadian producers, and it aims to secure the "most effetcive unity of action" in efforts for the promotion of Canadian trade, industry and production. The movement for unity of action is not limited to the Government. Already the Canadian Manufacturers' Association has proposed that the manufacturers in various lines shall organize in groups so that they may be able to produce in large quantities, preferably in specialized plants; that their products may be standardized and that, under certain circumstances, government credits may be established.

Sir Charles Gordon,
Chairman of the Canadian Trade Commission

The Chairman of this very important Commission (which consists of the three members) is Sir Charles Blair Gordon, who has long been a notable figure in the business world of Canada.

He was born at Montreal in the Confederation year, and that great commercial centre has been his home all his life. He has had a wide and varied experience of commercial affairs. He began his successful business career, at the age of nineteen, with McIntyre, Sons & Company, wholesale drygoods merchants. Later he turned to the cotton trade, which he is said to know "from A to Z", but his interests are not limited to cotton. He has taken a share in the direction of the activities of one or two banks, an assurance and a trust company. He may well be regarded as an authority on "The Business Management Problem" — a subject upon which he has lectured—and he has had practical experience of difficulties and advantages of the unification of effort in a particular line of manufacture.

For two years, Sir Charles Gordon has been Vice-Chairman of the British War Commission under Lord Northcliffe, and has been acting for the Imperial Government in purchasing materials and supplies in the United States; and it was to him that the task of closing up the business of the British and Canadian War Missions in that country was entrusted. He is a Knight of the Order of the British Empire, instituted towards the end of the third year of the war, in recognition of the great services rendered by civilians during the struggle.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE HEART OF A FOOL

By William Allan White. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

IT is a genial and essentially good-minded show man who puts on this show for us. If he lacks a certain amount of the wholesome reality and abandon of the old Punch and Judy contrivance he is also without the unredeemed crassness and brazen ribaldry that frequently characterized Mr. Punch. Further, Mr. White, in this modern show, manifests no kinship with that bright-eyed carelessness and brimming exuberance unconscious of morality which for Puritans went to make the dominant drama of the past few hundred years so "wicked". Mr. White's kinship is rather with Ibsen and the old Moralty plays. In the intervals of his action he is always expounding or proclaiming; the action itself consists in the movements, under the guiding destiny of his superintendent moral theory, of labelled puppets bearing the names Virtue, Lust, Strength, Weakness, etc. In this lies his affinity with the old Moralities. In the passion of his homiletic mind he is like Ibsen.

The above may seem a strange paragraph of opening criticism in dealing with a novel. Its justification lies in the nature of what Mr. White has produced. One cannot easily escape the sense of the book being a show and of Mr. White as the presiding operator and showman. It is essentially a book on whose title page one could write, making a little free with the connotation of the old phrase, "Mr. William Allan White, his book". This extracts it somehow from the tradition of novel literature proper and lays upon the reviewer the necessity of placing it otherwhere.

What Mr. White is apparently after is the presentation of the high personal virtue and resolute will for social righteousness that has emerged lately as slow-grown but inevitable fruit upon the plains of the American Middle West. This slow-grown and inevitable fruit was hastened into final and sudden maturity by the heat and humidity of the war atmosphere. The Middle West of the U.S.A., Mr. White leaves us on page 614 to suppose, is now noble, pure, unselfish and very, very righteous. In a word, the life of the twentieth century, as it manifests itself in the Middle West of the U. S. A., has conquered its vices and consolidated its virtues. It would, of course, be unfair not to admit that to say this is to indulge a little in the naughty joy of caricature. Nevertheless, a main defect of Mr. White's philosophy in this book lies in the facility of his optimism. He is too much enamoured of the brilliance of the noon sun of 1918 righteousness to be capable of careful moral seeing. For him there is no detail in his shadows, and the high lights are blinding. Of course there are shadows. But from the day when the Ohioans trekked into the West as pioneers, past the days of settlement and into the era of industrial and business organization, the sun is travelling noonward. Through the entire bulk of the book until the very end it is not at the zenith, however. Therefore, the shadows, though diminishing, must show, and show black. Tom Van Dorn's lust, Henry Fenn's alcoholism, Dr. Nesbit's genial political gaming, Margaret Muller's ambition, the greed of capitalistic old Dan Sands, the iniquity of little Joe Calvin, lawyer and church man, and therefore the iniquity of the Law and the Church — all these are shadows, obvious and unfruitful, upon that developing life of high personal virtue and resolute social righteousness in the Middle West of the U.S.A. Then, lo, suddenly it is high noon. The shadows are fled away and the fruit is at once perfect and mature. High noon over all the Middle West!

"Oh blessed, blessed, country!" . . .

One could almost go off into a hymn, reading Mr. White's closing paragraphs—if one did not know that on this poor earth the sun has never yet stood still at noon, and that if it did, to the unblinded eye it would reveal all too much.

Now William Allen White: Canada is a young country on this western half of the world, touched by the spirit that touches your Middle Westerners, alert to many things as they are alert, verily a people, and the neighbours of your people. Do you mean to tell us that on your Western plains the war is all over and righteousness sure? This slow and, now in this day, surely matured fruit that is your nation's life there under the sunblaze, do you not see the twentieth century cankers upon it? Surely you see that it is not after all a perfect fruiting that has come to pass, that other seasons must move and go to bring mayhap in some other day, out of effort and love, the happy, perfect yield? Surely you are blind, William Allen White, or neglectful, that you have seemed to miss this as you close your big book. It is as if you have gazed so steadily at the sun of righteousness that you cannot see the very detailed realities of the life about you that that sun is suited to reveal. Your Grand Adams was splendid, but has he solved the problem? Your Laura was noble, but was she comprehendingly capable, and is Henry Fenn's fight won forever? You have jerked the puppets of that American life of yours about before us, and we have been tremendously interested in their bangs and clashes. But have you done what you set out to do?

Take Tom Van Dorn—a desperately awful character. But surely many a man less lustful is worse and many a man more lustful is better. You don't seem to make provision for the implications of this truth. Therefore Van Dorn is not really a character study; he is your dressed figure, with that essential black moustache (did you put it on just to be able to shave it off?). Van Dorn becomes for you a free ticket into the arena of your optimism. Having used him, you are done with him. But you have not made him a man. Lust is universal and in presenting its awfulness, its selfishness, its degradation, you have done us all a real service, of which some of us should be appreciative. But in presenting lust you have made us forget Van Dorn is human and real, whereas, in presenting Van Dorn, you should—dare one say it?—you should have made us forget lust. That is, you should have made us forget lust as an abstract vice. Instead of completely accomplishing this you have run the risk with all your characters of dehumanizing virtue and vice. The danger is that humanity will read your book and nod wisely over the rising up and the falling down of your abstract Virtues and your abstract Vices, and be able to get away scot free from the arrest and shock of the personal contact with reality which apparently you desired to provide. The male among us, for instance can too easily comfort himself from your pages that he is not like Van Dorn and go on peeking at neat ankles and skirted thighs until disaster. If you book allows this, you have failed to that extent in your own manifest and great-minded purpose.

THE TRIUMPH OF JOHN KARS

By Ridgwell Cullum. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Company.

LIKE many of this author's novels, the scene of "The Triumph" is laid in the frozen North. John Kars goes there for the purpose of discovering the secret involved in the death of a trader, and as a result of his indomitable will-power he overcomes every obstacle and at the same time wins the love of a charming young woman. The book is melodramatic and at times thrilling, but these are features one must expect in Mr. Cullum's work.

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THE VILLAGE

By Ernest Poole. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

WE have grown accustomed to reading books and news despatches and, sensing in them insincerity or bias or misrepresentation, saying "Oh, I guess it's just propaganda!" Probably no situation, bar the Peace Conference itself, since the signing of the armistice has been so fraught with the issues of world destiny as has the Russian situation. And concerning no situation have we felt so at sea for lack of measurably complete information. The only uncensored news has been smuggled out in the heads of physically and mentally dismantled merchant princes, fleeing Imperialists, enamoured radicals or romantic zealots. Kerensky's voice mingles but does not blend with the disharmonious racket raised by high officials, army officers, Raymond Robins, and John Reed. Added to this is the pandemonium of cries from the "eye witnesses" who have possibly peeked over the border or skipped across some corner of a territory covering a sixth of the area of the globe.

It is gratifying, therefore, to discover a book that seems so dilatory and casual and unmindful that one has to wonder what the opinion of its author really is about Russia. It may be that Ernest Poole is not an informed person. We have had no access to his credentials. But it is apparent to the critical that he is at least superficially familiar with Russian life. He has so managed his style that the ordinary reader is inveigled into believing his book is intimate and revealing. Possibly it is. It is good reading at any rate. His descriptions are captivating with a fluent directness when he tells of his Russian friend, of the first exaltation of the Revolution, of the lapse from that exaltation of blind idealism back into the midst of the hostile inertia of difficulties cluttered in the realm of real seeing. One reads with understanding and sympathy of the consequent dismay and chagrin gradually turning to desperation. The sense of contact the book gives with the wide countryside lying back of the revolution is real. One visualizes country stores, a saw mill, school houses, parish priests, and huts by the river. As he tells of all these things Mr. Poole successfully lives up to the sub-stitle of his book. He provides us with impressions. It is conceivable that just now impressions of Russian life are as valuable as the documented propaganda that is so precisely levelled at our heads. Because Mr. Poole never yells at us to surrender or to put our hands up, one is rather inclined to like him.

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THE RED COW AND HER FRIENDS

By Peter McArthur. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons.

THE author of this book of sketches has been contributing for years a weekly letter to the daily press, and as a result this book appears, giving in collected form some of the latest and perhaps the most attractive sketches of the series. His comical conceits are not quite so obvious as Stephen Leacock's, but nevertheless he displays fine flashes of humour and evidences of a quaint kind of philosophy.

His articles are written from his farm at Ekfrid, Ontario, and they almost show clumps of the good brown earth sticking to them. They actually are redolent of the soil. But apart from their redolence, which really is the redolence of ripe applies, clover and honey bees, they are unusually entertaining, especially to all who have a knowledge of farm life. Homely incidents are treated with superfine appreciation, and altogether the book is such as will delight thousands of readers in towns and cities as well as in the country. We quote one paragraph:

A SICK COW.

This week the monotony of the winter has been broken. I have been sitting up with a sick cow. Fenceviewer I. has suffered the first check in her career of rapacity, voracity and capacity. A couple of days ago it was noticed that she was off her feed—that she only nibbled at the blue grass when it was put in her manger. Knowing that in her normal condition she is an incarnate appetite—"A belly that walks on four legs"—I knew that something was the matter. I could not imagine her refusing to eat until Death had "clawed her in his clutch," so I took the matter seriously from the beginning. I also noticed that she did not take kindly to water, but stood over it and shivered. There was no doubt about it. She was a sick cow. After a hasty consultation, it was decided to give her a dose of salts, and I commandeered all that we had in the house—about a pound at least. After this was dissolved in about a quart of warm water I took some further advice and added to it, for her stomach's sake, a couple of tablespoonsfuls of a sovereign liniment and embrocation, good for man and beast, and paramount for poultry, a remedy for all ills that any kind of flesh is heir to, may be used internally or externally at any time of the day or night without regard to the phases of the moon or the signs in the almanac. All I know about this remedy is that it is a red fluid made of red pepper, red whiskey and all the other red-hot things in the Pharmacopoeia. It is the stuff that was once given to an ailing coloured woman, and when she was offered a second dose she declared with vigour, "No thankee! Ah've done made up ma mind never again to take nuttin' that wattah won't squench." Having added this mixture to the salts, I put it in a quart bottle, called for help, and proceeded to put the red dose into the red cow.

THE NEW WORLD

By Lawrence Binyon. London: Elkin Mathews.

THIS is a little book of war verse by one of the older present-day English poets who have risen to the recent great occasion and been able to stand aloof from tremendous events, as the seer always should stand, and record impressions in the fine manner that real poetry always records them. We quote a poem:

SPRING HAS LEAPT INTO SUMMER

Spring has leapt into Summer.
A glory has gone from the green.
The flush of the poplar has sobered out,
The flame in the leaf of the lime is dulled:
But I am thinking of the young men
Whose faces are no more seen.

Where is the pure blossom
That fell and refused to grow old?
The clustered radiance, perfumed whiteness,
Silent singing of joy in the blue?
—I am thinking of the young men
Whose splendour is under the mould.

Youth, the wonder of the world,
Open-eyed at on opened door,
When the world is as honey in the flower, and as wine
To the heart, and as music newly begun!
O the young men, the myriads of the young men,
Whose beauty returns no more!

Spring will come, when the Earth remembers,
In sun-bursts after the rain,
And the leaf be fresh and lovely on the bough,
And the myriad shining blossom be born:
But I shall be thinking of the young men
Whose eyes will not shine on us again.

* * *

TWENTY POEMS

By Rudyard Kipling. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE coolest and most immaculate high-brow could surely not be assaulted or offended by this chaste blue little booklet containing twenty poems from Kipling. It is a volume like this that reveals Kipling. Something in his rhyming power and in his power to be commonplace with all the glory kept, has put him dominantly into what may be called the Empire's business tradition; there is a sure relicacy in certain of these twenty poems that has put him into the world's literary tradition. No one can read these poems without feeling in them that inevitable sureness of fundamental simplicity which belongs to the great artist. The words of the poems fall upon the ear and their meanings into the mind with such swift ease and graceful vividness that the resultant sense of dignity and power is certain and exalting. We often talk of our "modern Kiplings". We have often called R. W. Service our Canadian Kipling. But no man deserves comparison with Kipling who only has his gaudy clamour and splendid grandeur. Kipling's artistry is deeper than his most obvious effects. Herein Service lacks. Service has clamour and grandeur in measure. But he has not the dignity nor the power nor the richness of fine simplicity. Kipling's gargoyle effects always repay a study carrying one beyond the bizarre tremendousness of first impressions; there is a detail about them of fine lines and studied harmonies. Service, after he has given us his first splendour, has nothing further to offer; his detail is crude, his harmonies careless. There is no background of fine art about his work in which the eye and soul may rest after it has become a bit weary of the grand or the grotesque or the spectacular. In these twenty poems of Kipling's one may rest one's artistic senses with a fine delight.

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THE UNKNOWN WRESTLER

By H. A. Cody. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

H. A. CODY is rather typical of a certain strand in Canadian fiction writing. His is the kind of story that, without profundity, is yet without utter cheapness. We have many such books. A great number of the Connor output are of this order. This particular tale is about a young Anglican clergyman who went to his parish two months ahead of time "unbeknownst" and worked as a farm hand, thereby planning to study conditions as a man before he undertook handling them as a minister, a rather novel and somewhat dubious experiment in spying out the land, it seems to the worldly wise reader. But Cody saves his situation by having the young clergyman enlist and leave the parish at the end of the two months to another incumbent. In the meantime he has fallen in love. Whereby hangs much of the tale.

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ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Edited by Hon. Capt. Alex. Ketterson. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

THIS is a collection of quotations gathered from the officers of Canada's military forces, some of them bona fide fighting men, some of them not. The quotations are set down under the dates of the year. Many people will be interested in the book on general principles, some because a friend happens to be credited on its pages with a quotation.

There is always something a bit harsh and mechanical about such collections as this. Yet it is, in a sense, a sort of human document. The favourite quotations of men which they offer for publication sometimes reveal the authentic aspiration and bias of the mind.

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KHAKI

By Freeman Tilden. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

STORIES of the war are still being written, and this one, which tells how Tredick, a sleepy, self-satisfied New England town, got into it, could be duplicated in many a Canadian town. The hero is a young man who shunned the war at first, but when it came to the crisis he was "straightened up", like others of the menfolk of Tredick. There is a pleasing love story running through the book, which furnishes an evening of enjoyable reading.

THE JOHN BERTRAM & SONS COMPANY

A Splendid Record of Industrial Development

BY RANDOLPH CARLYLE

THE Town of Dundas, in the Province of Ontario, is situated in one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys in all Canada. In age and historical interest it exceeds its ambitious neighbour, the City of Hamilton, and while it still is a flourishing industrial centre, it has been in its day one of the most important commercial towns in Upper Canada. Up to the date of the completion of the Great Western Railway it was the head of navigation on Lake Ontario, being connected to Burlington Bay with a canal, the outlines of which can still be seen, and many early settlers from Scotland had the novel experience of travelling all the way from Glasgow to Dundas by boat. No matter how it is approached, except, of course, by the old canal or from the low levels of the valley, Dundas is revealed in superfine panorama from any one of several overlooking hilltops. The railway trains which run along the face of the escarpment to the northward give an excellent view of the whole valley, which begins shortly after leaving Hamilton, proceeding westward, and which is greatly enhanced by this active, wide-awake town.

That the names of "Dundas" and "Bertram" are so universally associated in the minds of Canadians from coast to coast is no result of extensive advertising but is a tribute to the growth and solidity of the company which holds so much in common with the business and social life of the town that wherever its townspeople may wander they hear the fame of its premier factory on proud and friendly tongues. The plant is more to the townspeople than a mere factory—it has become to them an "institution" whose welfare and theirs are joined and have been joined inseparably together from generation to generation. No greater tribute to the company can be found than the fact that son has followed father to the third generation on its pay rolls. The names of Kyle, Turnbull, Hendry, McEwan, Douglas, Henderson, Manning, Millington and Fisher were familiar in the plant thirty, forty or fifty years ago, and sons and grandsons of these early employees are to-day valued employees in the same

The Late John Bertram

works. "Geordie" Turnbull, who was one of the first apprentices, whose term of service dates from 1863, is still assisting in the work. He was a fellow apprentice with General Bertram and part of his duties in those days was to fire the boiler and run the engine while "Alick" (now Sir Alexander) had the more exciting work of driving a horse and cart, hauling from the E. & C. Gurney's Foundry in Hamilton the weekly supply of castings for the miniature machine tools of those days. The late Edward Gurney, of Toronto, was the clerk who used to weigh out the castings at that time. George Turnbull is one of several employees of to-day whose terms of service date back forty years or more. Almost scores of men have been with the company for thirty or more years and the "newcomers" of twenty years' standing number more than one hundred.

One of the first things to attract the eye in looking on Dundas from a distance is a large white water-tank, which already has become a landmark, standing out as it does like a huge monument in a sea of green. One has to go closer, however, to learn the full significance, for although the name "Bertram" is painted in huge letters upon its surface, the distance from the farthest elevations is too great for its deciphering, unless one uses a field glass or has the eye of a Pacific Coast Indian. But to all but the stranger it signifies what the name of John Bertram and Sons has meant for almost half a century—integrity, uprightness and a first-class product.

When in the year 1852 the late

Mr. Henry Bertram
Managing-director of The John Bertram & Sons Company

John Bertram, who actually was the designer of the great modern machine tool manufacturing plant as it stands there to-day, went to Dundas, he was but twenty-two years of age. He had served his apprenticeship in the machine shop of the late Thomas Aimers, in Galashiels, Scotland, and although he did not possess an education in the academic sense, he was a scholar at heart, and he possessed a keen, absorbent and retentive mind. While he was a practical man at his trade, practical in the same sense as his two sons, General Sir Alexander Bertram and Henry Bertram are practical, he was a thorough business man as well, one of those sound, sturdy, progressive men of affairs who at about the time of Confederation laid the foundations of Canada's present high standing as a producing country. There was no humbug in John Bertram. He regarded the affairs of life seriously, and even apart from his business he was always trying to improve the understanding of himself and his family, and towards that end devoted a great deal of time to reading and demonstration.

He had an extraordinary talent for reading aloud, and it was his wont of an evening to practise what was with him really an art, with his family as audience. He took a lively interest in the development of history, in geology, astronomy and in what was then a new discovery—electricity. So keen was his interest in astronomy that he made and ground with his own hands a metallic reflecting lens on the same principle as the great lens now in use in the Dominion Astrophysical Observatory at Victoria. He also made one of the first galvanic batteries in use in Ontario and in other ways he

Brigadier-General Sir Alexander Bertram, Kt.

experimented with that mysterious power that since then has revolutionized the motive-producing systems of the world.

One can only speculate as to whether John Bertram could have had any foresight of the great changes that electricity has since wrought even in the business that, great as it now is, was going along very modestly indeed when in 1865 he became a partner in the firm of McKechnie and Bertram.

This partnership was dissolved in 1886. The factory building of those days was known as The Canada Tool Works, and though a portion still stands and is used, it is a miniature affair compared with the big modern, well-lighted, well-heated, well ventilated, thoroughly-equipped structures that now surround and encompass it. The fine new office building is larger than the original factory, while the various shops, storage plants, moulding and pattern rooms of the present system cover acres of ground and are a veritable town in themselves. There are 1,200 employees on the pay-roll. But we must go back to the old factory and the old methods before we can properly appreciate the magnitude of the present plant.

In the old days the important details in the making and building of machine tools was entrusted to memory, and instances are cited of men who were almost phenomena in this respect. Where to-day records are kept by a specification chart of every item in the make-up of every simple or intricate piece of machinery, in former days all these details were entrusted to the memory of the foremen or workman. The draughting-room to-day comprises a big department in itself, where drawings and designs are made as guides for the workmen, and tracings of these are filed in what is a library in itself, working blue prints only being sent to the shop. In the old days the memories of the foremen were practical encyclopedias, and to each one's memory was entrusted the details of the machines constructed under his immediate supervision.

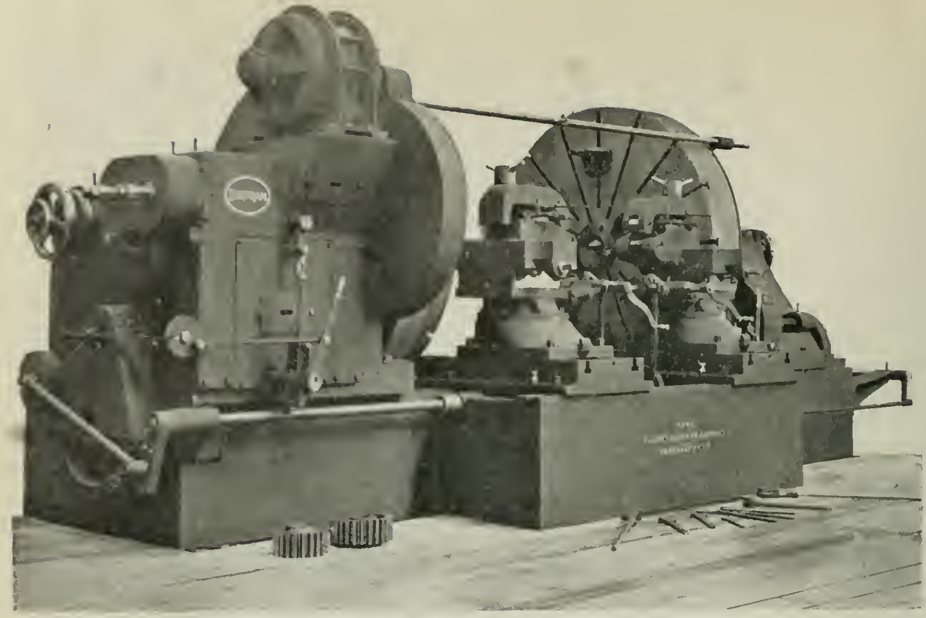
John Bertram was a thorough mechanic in this respect. Perhaps his memory was more capacious than specially trained. He could read a book, for instance, and then quote much of its actual contents and give readily a comprehensive digest of it. He was a constant reader of the Scriptures and from them, even from the Old Testament, he could quote freely and accurately and to an amazing extent. All the old tribes of Israel were familiar to him, and he knew their origins and their destinations. He took a keen interest in Egyptology, especially as it pertains to the Bible, and he was familiar with, and made a study of, for instance, the Elgin antiquities and such other Egyptian relics now stored in the British museum, London.

All this, of course, was apart from business, but it had its affect on business and on those who were associated with him. Certainly one can find traces of this training in the two sons who have succeeded him in the business.

John Bertram's attitude of mind no doubt had much to do with the business ethics of the concern. He was a stickler for perfection, if perfection could be attained, and he insisted on quality and good value. In one of the early illustrated booklets issued by the firm we find this statement of policy:

> "It has been our aim and ambition, as the pioneers of this branch of business in Canada, ever to stand foremost among the numerous competitors for public favour and patronage. How we have succeeded in accomplishing this is not for us to say; we leave it to the judgment of a public which

The Great Water-tank of John Bertram & Sons, illuminated on "Peace Night"



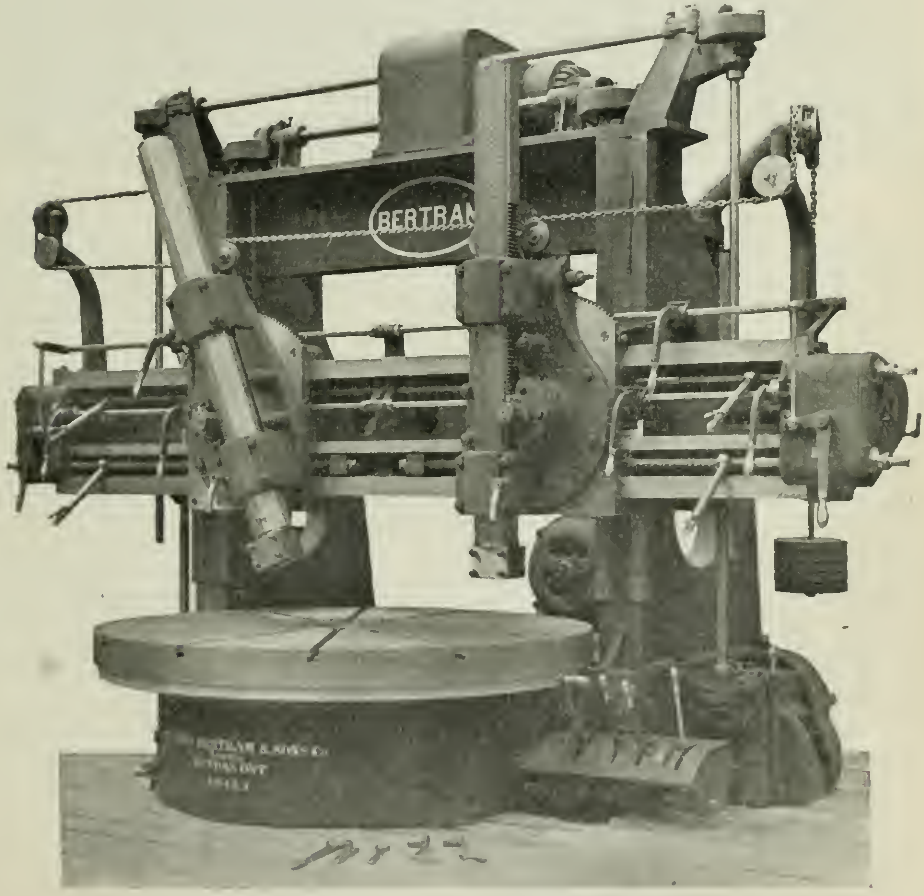
A Bertram Product
A Railway Machine Tool, a specialty of The John Bertram & Sons Company.
A 90″ Heavy Driving Wheel Chucking Lathe, motor driven, and fitted with pneumatic tool clamps.

we have ever found fully appreciative of our endeavours to meet the demands of the machinery trade. With our long experience and our practical personal knowledge of the business, added to the fact that we have always in our employ talent second to none in the country, constantly engaged in perfecting and improving the different machines, we can, with confidence, recommend our goods as complete in every respect, and unsurpassed either in improvements or workmanship. We are bold to make this statement, strengthened as we are, and always have been, by the testimony of some of the most practical men in the country.''

''Every machine we build is what it is represented to be. Each machine is put together and tested on the work it is designed to do before leaving the shop, thus giving us the best evidence, that of actual use, that it is perfect.''

That policy was maintained throughout John Bertram's long connection with the firm, and it is being maintained to-day under the present management. But tremendous advancement has been made and tremendous changes. In the early days the workmen were all known personally by the heads of the business, and the foremen, in some instances, were intimate friends of their employers. Nevertheless, with the personal interest removed, a condition rendered necessary by the magnitude of the concern, another interest, even a greater interest than the former, has taken its place. To realize this one has only to look at the conditions in which the employees work now as compared with what prevailed in all factories even twenty-five years ago. All the new factories of this concern, either completed or in course of construction, are almost absolutely fireproof. The floors, however, even in the basements, are of hardwood or wood blocks laid on concrete, for the present management believes that concrete floors or floors of any suitable and available material but wood could not be conducive to the health and comfort of the workmen. The walls are finished in a pleasing light buff tint; and indeed the whole effect would be well in keeping with the requirements and expectations of a modern office building. The sanitary conditions are excellent. The thought given to the comfort of employees reminds one of the equipment of a country club. There are individual stationary porcelain washstands and individual lockers. A "first-aid" room is provided, and as each factory is completed steps are being taken to beautify the outside with grass, flowers, shrubs and vines. The lighting, heating and ventilating of the buildings has received extraordinary consideration, and no expense has been spared to make each of these features first-class. The amount of glass used has been enormous, but the interior results in lighting has justified the means. Some persons might fear that so much window space would cause the rooms to be cold, but any danger in that way has been removed by the installation of a great steam-heating plant, so that the several factories can be kept at a desired temperature all the time. The windows open on the swinging principle, so that fresh air can be admitted at will. All these improvements have been made over conditions that everyone knows existed formerly in all factories, because the present management has learned that more work and a better product are the result of fresh air, good light, warmth and excellent sanitary equipment.

Then there is the question of space. It has been demonstrated that men working in cramped and cluttered quarters cannot do as much or as good



A Bertram Product
83" Boring and Turning Mill.

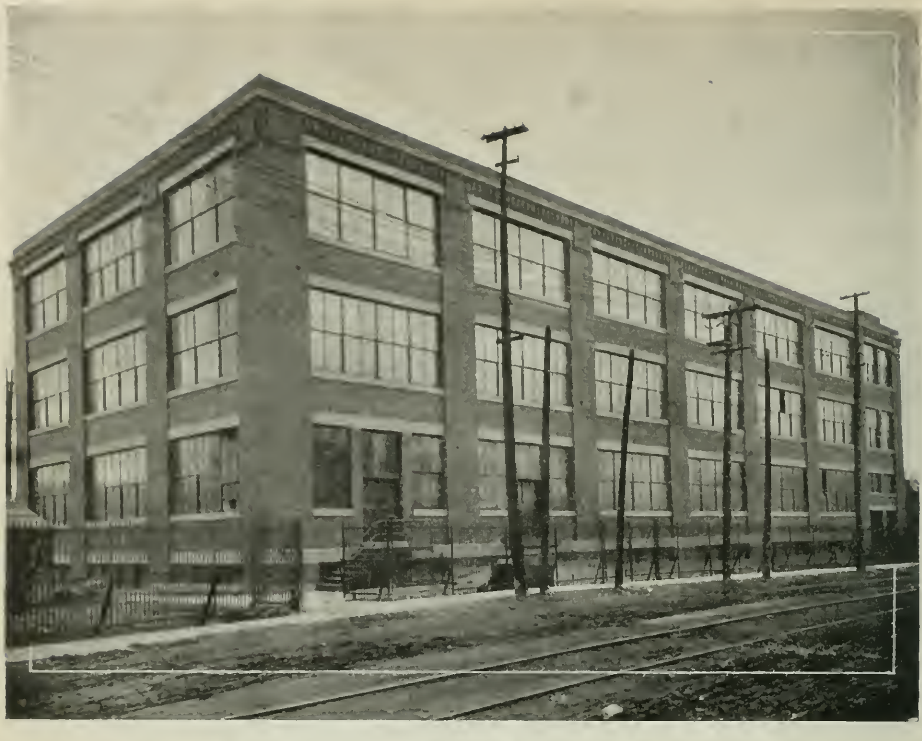
General Offices of The John Bertram & Sons Company, and the Pratt & Whitney Company of Canada

work as when they have plenty of room. The business of the company has been increasing so rapidly that constant additions have had to be made, but heretofore the fact was not fully appreciated that a man, working under restrictions as to space could not do so well as if he had plenty of room. So that now the space for each workman is greater than it used to be. The whole experiment is a splendid lesson in economy. It is a lesson that has been learned as a result of continual experiment, because there have been periodical additions, extensions and new factories ever since the business was inaugurated. Not until within the last few years, however, have these improvements been made on so large and so generous a scale.

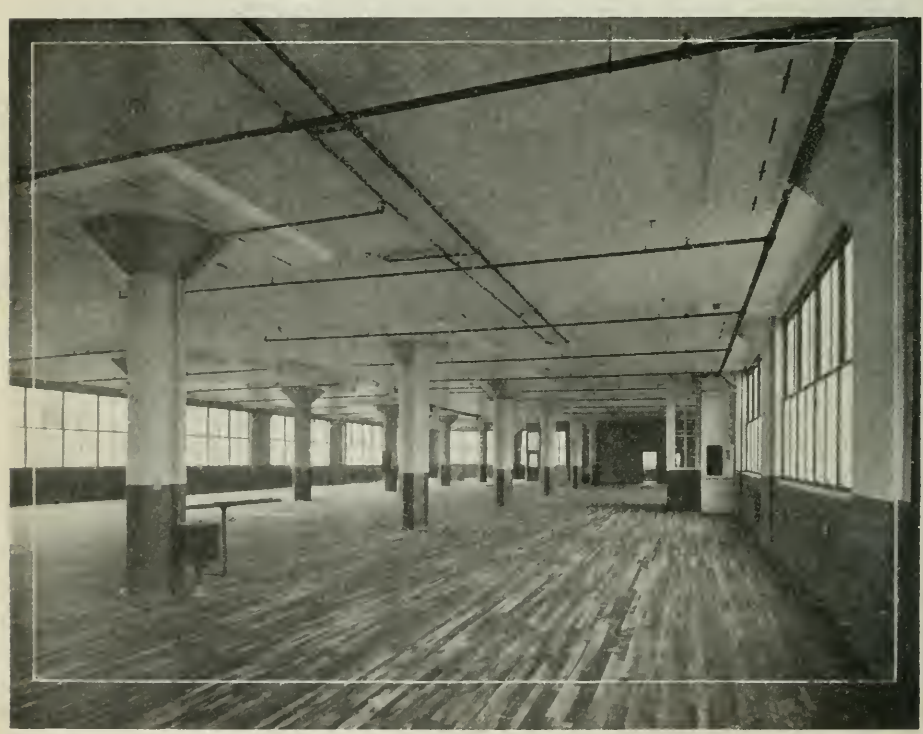
The war activities of the company date from the declaration of war by Great Britain. The morning after war was declared a telegram was sent Sir Robert Borden placing at the disposal of the Government the entire plant and engineering staff for any purpose for which Canada or the Empire might be able to use it. When it was arranged to place orders in Canada for 18 pr. shrapnel shells, the Bertram Company was one of the first to proceed with the equipping of a plant for their manufacture, and so carefully and thoroughly were their methods of manufacture thought out and designed by their engineers that they immediately became the standard, and nearly all machinery and attachments used for this work in Canada were either the product of the Bertram plant or designed along the lines laid down by them. Indeed some of the largest American concerns sent representatives to this Canadian plant to obtain data for the equipment of large plants in the United States, which were afterwards equipped on the Bertram plan of manufacturing. Fur-

Time and Cost Department

Draughting-room of The John Bertram & Sons Company,
showing steel furniture and method of lighting

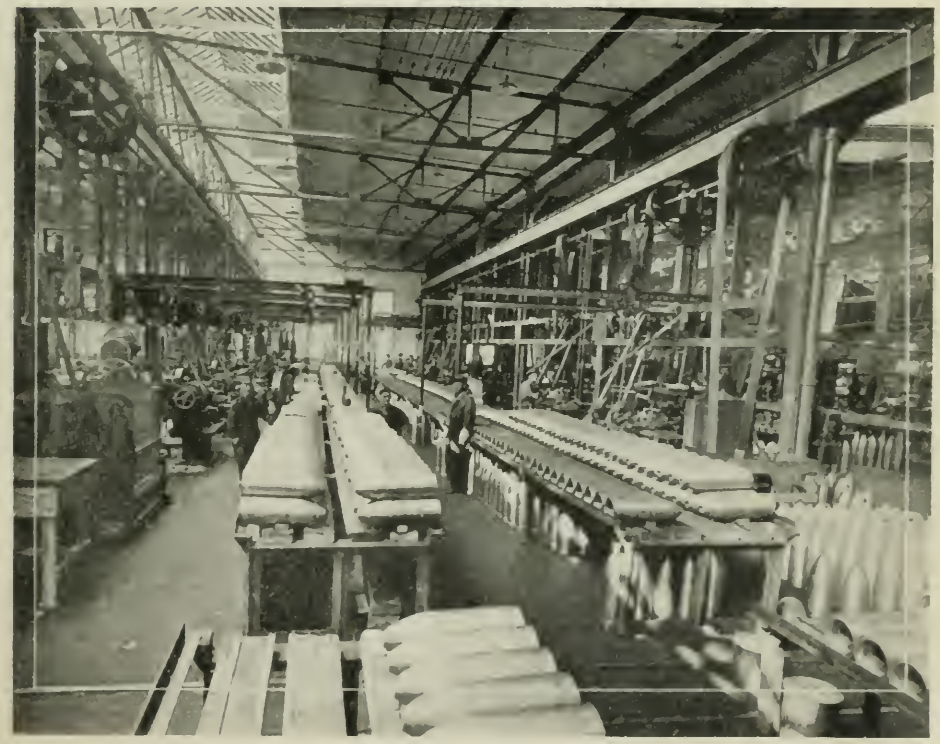


The New Factory of The Pratt & Whitney Company of Canada, (makers of small tools) which is amalgamated with The John Bertram & Sons Company

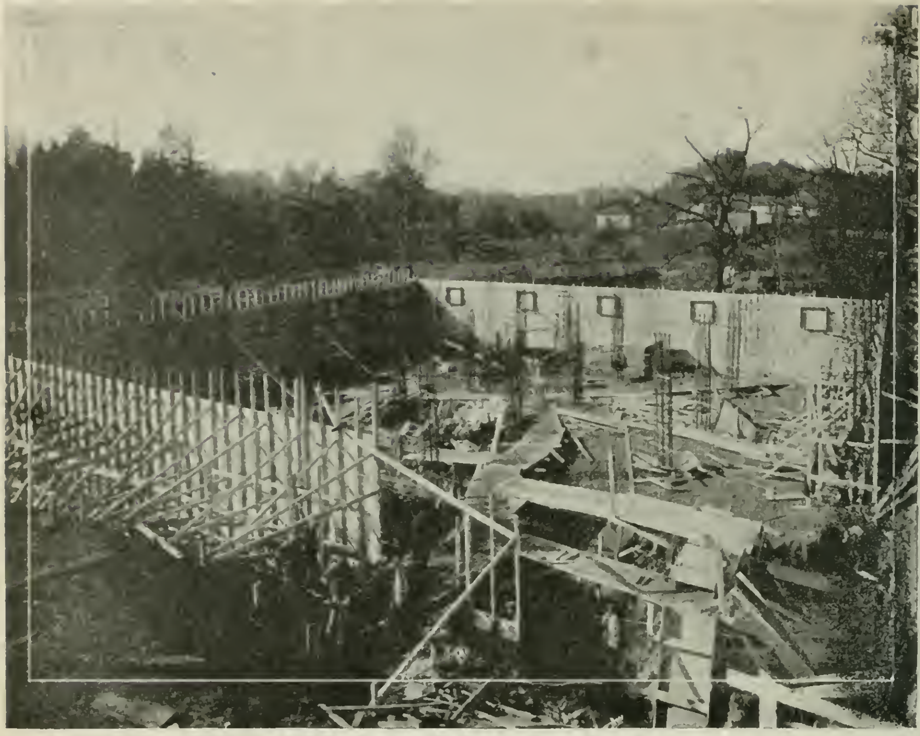


The General Manufacturing Floor of The Pratt & Whitney Company of Canada

A general view of one of the Machine Tool Shops of The John Bertram & Sons Company



Large Shells in process of finishing at The John Bertram & Sons Company



Pattern Storage Building under construction, showing on the hill to the left the residence of Mr. Henry Bertram

thermore, not one of the numerous attachements designed by the Company was ever patented, and as a result anyone engaged in the manufacture of shells was not only at liberty to manufacture or have manufactured for themselves any of these attachments but the plant at Dundas was open to anyone who wanted help in laying out their plants and hundreds availed themselves of the privilege of visiting the plant and discussing their problems with the engineers in charge of shell operations.

As the requirements of the Allies developed into a need for large shells, the Bertram Company equipped what was admitted to be the most complete large shell plant for its size in America and produced 8-inch shells for the British Government, and at the same time equipped several of the larger big shell plants with the necessary machinery and attachments for the larger size of shells.

The making of shells demands a high degree of skill on the part of the workmen and workwomen (in Dundas women and girls work on the smaller shells), and each shell has to be almost perfect. A nearer approach to perfection is demanded in machine tools, the regular business of The John Bertram and Sons Company, and it can readily be seen that work-people who have been trained to the rigid demands of shell-making can readily turn to the equally rigid demands of tool making. For this reason, if for no other, Dundas is bound to be the home of an even greater machine tool industry than ever before and the management is aiming with the completion of the present splendid plant to keep the present, or a greater, staff of 1,200 employees regularly engaged after the war is over. There is genuine patriotism and real public spirit in that ambition. Many concerns have been willing to make

Pattern Storage Building, showing Steel Pattern Racks

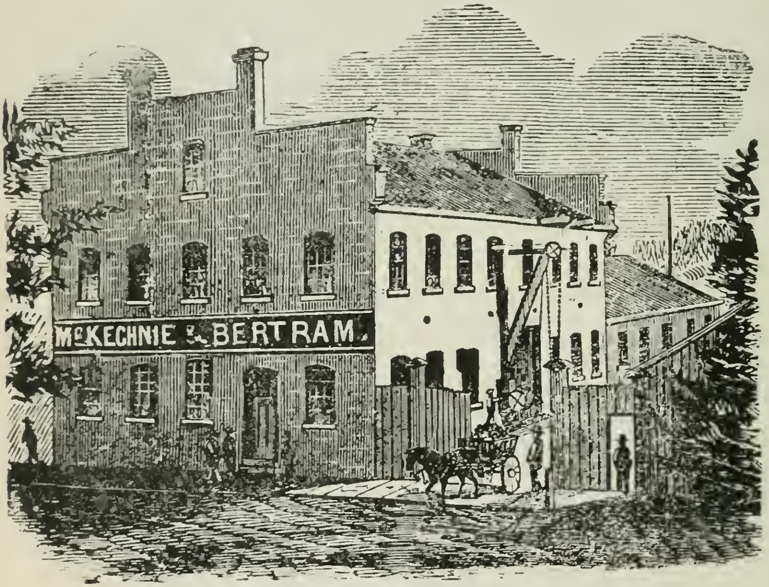
money out of the war, but have not reinvested the money in a way to provide work for the thousands who will be looking for work when hostilities have ceased in Europe.

The product of the Bertram Company, originally confined to light and medium weight machinery for general machine shop work, has gradually been extended to a specialty of extra heavy machine tools for locomotive and car shops, shipyard and boiler shop equipment and structural iron working machinery. It is interesting to note that a large part of the mammoth tools used by the St. Lawrence Bridge Company in the fabrication of the famous Quebec Bridge over the St. Lawrence was designed and built in the Bertram shops.

Employees of the Bertram Company to the number of nearly one hundred and fifty enlisted for overseas service during the course of the war, of whom eight made the supreme sacrifice. In addition the Bertram family was represented by five of its members: Major James K. Bertram, Adjutant, 20th Battalion (killed in action); Lieut. Aimers S. Bertram, 58th Battalion (died of wounds); Sergt. Marr Stirling (killed in action); Sapper Bertram Stirling (Engineers) and Major Leonard H. Bertram, M.C. (wounded at Langemarck), who enlisted as a private in 1st Battalion and earned his commission on the field.

In 1905 the Bertram Company associated themselves with the Niles-Bement-Pond Company of New York, who are by far the largest builders of machine tools in the world. This new connection has made possible the addition of lines of heavy railway and general machine tools which the comparatively limited market of Canada could not have warranted as the Bertram Company have the benefit of the research work of the immense experimental and engineering departments of the Niles-Bement-Pond Company, as well as the use of their many patent rights and their association with the larger concern has opened up markets for Bertram products in all the principal countries of the world.

The association of the Bertram Company with the Niles-Bement-Pond Company was followed in 1906 by the organization of another associated company in Dundas, the Pratt & Whitney Company of Canada, Limited, for the manufacture of taps, dies, reamers, milling cutters and similar small tools; and under the same management as the Bertram plant the new company has outgrown its original factory, has just completed the erection of one of the most up-to-date manufacturing buildings in Canada.


McKECHNIE & BERTRAM.

The Original Factory of McKechnie & Bertram.
Built in Dundas, Ontario, in 1867

IMPERFECT ELIMINATION

Civilization's Greatest Enemy

WHY WE SHOULD BATHE INTERNALLY

BY WILLIAM A. GRIFFITHS, Phm. B.

THE word elimination as applied to the human system means the freeing of the Intestines from all waste matter which nature intended should never be allowed to accumulate in the body. This matter is not always completely discharged in a proper and regular way. The constant accumulation forms a deadly poison and by degrees is absorbed into the blood, until finally all power of resistance is overthrown and the body readily contracts various forms of disease. Rheumatism, Typhoid Fever, Headaches, Kidney Trouble, Impure Blood, Colds, Appendicitis, Hardening of the Arteries, and nearly every serious human ill is directly traceable to this one cause—Imperfect Elimination.

Constipation or retarded elimination is to-day the greatest and most prevalent affliction of modern civilization, and is principally accounted for by our present mode of living, sedentary occupations, and lack of sufficient out-of-door exercise. Conspitation is claimed by the best informed physicians to be the primary cause of most every form of sickness and disease. We all realize this to be true, and seek to remedy it as best we can, but not always in the wisest and best advised manner. The use of Drugs, under various names, is resorted to; Laxatives, Physics and the like. When eventually the so-called cure which is only temporary relief proves to be an aggravation to the trouble, larger doses are frequently resorted to and finally a Chronic condition is the result.

The writer has been connected with the Drug business for thirty years and has yet to learn of a single case of Constipation that has been permanently relieved by the use of Drugs of any kind. They cause temporary relief by irritating the membranes, thus causing a secretion to form which assists elimination for a time. But these laxatives react as a poison to the system, gradually weakening the muscles, each dose lessening the natural secretion. In fact they are the most unnatural and harmful means of treating constipation.

Internal Bathing by the "J. B. L. Cascade" is Nature's own way of keeping these Intestines clean for just purified warm water is used to flush the Colon or the Large Intestine. The system is then left pure and clean and Nature will do the rest in restoring you to perfect health. An occasional Internal Bath not only rids the system of all impurities, but keeps you in robust health, prolongs life, makes you sleep and eat well, and feel equal to any occasion.

Nearly one-million bright, enlightened Canadians and Americans have proven these statements, and when a family knows the advantages of Internal Bathing the yearly doctor's bills, in most cases, are reduced to nil. A jeweller in Cobalt, Canada, told the writer a few days ago that their doctor bills used to run about $200 per year, but for the past two years since getting their Cascade no doctor has been needed.

Now, whether you are sick or well it will pay you to investigate the "J. B. L. Cascade." Nothing else has ever done so much to uplift health and lessen disease as this wonderful invention of Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York.

Dr. Tyrrell over twenty years ago restored his own health and has prolonged his life many years by Internal Bathing after all other known means had failed, and has since devoted his study and energies in this direction. Dr. Tyrrell has embodied his vast experience and those of others in a valuable and interesting book called, "The What, The Why, The Way, of Internal Bathing," which you can have absolutely free for asking. Address Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, Room 533, 163 College St., Toronto, mentioning having read this article in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, and the book will come to you by return mail.

Internal Bathing has become better known and appreciated during the past twenty years and those who have proven its value have done most to spread its virtues by recommending the "J. B. L. Cascade" to their friends. If you want to regain your health; have a new lease of life, and enjoy your being, just send to-day for this interesting book and when you have learned the advantages of Internal Bathing you will have reason to be thankful. Just write to-day before it passes from your mind.

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